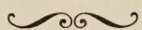
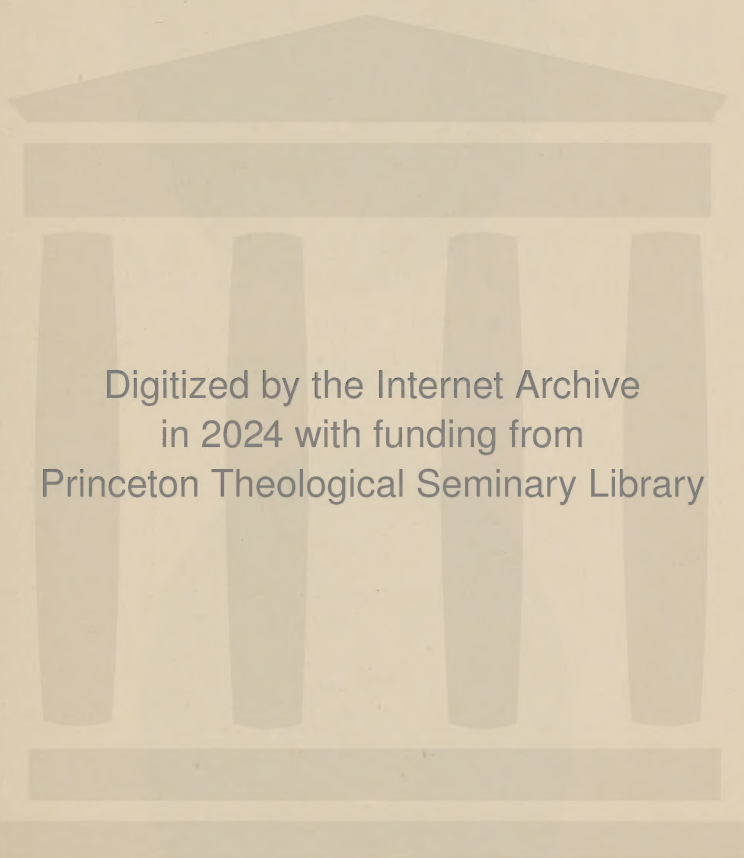


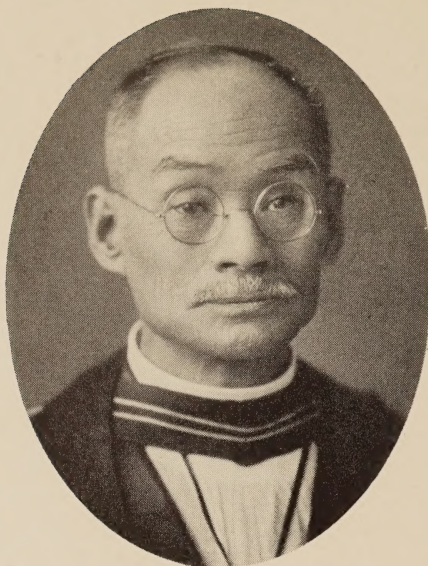
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Exploring the silent shore
of memory

EXPLORING
THE SILENT SHORE OF MEMORY





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EXPLORING
the
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of
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BY
Henry St. George Tucker

1951
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IN LOVING MEMORY
OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER
BEVERLEY DANDRIDGE TUCKER
AND MARIA WASHINGTON TUCKER



Author's Preface

IN the passage of Wordsworth's "*Excursion*" which suggested the title of this book, mention is made of what is left deposited upon the silent shore of memory. My exploration of this silent shore disclosed a large bundle of letters written to members of my family from Japan. As this refreshment of my memory formed the basis of the major portion of this book, it deals almost exclusively with my personal activities. While in itself the account of the work of a single missionary has little interest, it may serve to illustrate concretely the methods used and the problems encountered in the effort to integrate the Christian religion into the lives of Japanese people. My excuse for including an introductory section about my early life in Virginia is that I owe to my home and school training whatever qualifications I may have had for work as a missionary. As one of the human agents used by God to promote the growth of the Seikokwai during the period covered by these memoirs I would like to conclude this preface with a grateful tribute to my fellow workers, both Japanese and foreign, in this great enterprise. Their work forms a context so important that the chief value of the content of this narrative will be to direct attention to it.

H. ST. GEORGE TUCKER

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EXPLORING
THE SILENT SHORE OF MEMORY



Boyhood in the Warsaw Rectory

I WAS born on July 16th, 1874, in the rectory of St. John's Church, Warsaw, Lunenburg Parish, Richmond County, Virginia. The rectory, to quote my father, "was not a pretentious building, but a two-story frame house with four rooms, and a porch lacking a roof." Virginia at this time had not recovered from the effects of the War Between the States. While there was little actual fighting in that section of the Northern Neck, as the country between the Rappahannock and the Potomac Rivers is called, the war years had taken their toll. The Southern soldier returning to his farm from the army faced many of the same problems that prevail in postwar Europe. One difference was that they were not so widely publicized and there was no outside source from which sympathy and aid could be expected. The responsibility for reconstruction was philosophically accepted. Those of us who were born during this period of extreme poverty and external desolation did not as we grew up realize that there was anything exceptional in our circumstances. Cheerfulness rather than self-pity or a sense of inferiority characterized the atmosphere in which we were reared.

This section of the Northern Neck was physically extremely isolated. The nearest railway station, Fredericksburg, was sixty miles distant from Warsaw. Transportation by the river steamers was uncertain. The roads were notoriously bad. On the other hand during the formative period of our nation's history the Northern Neck had contributed a surprisingly large proportion of distinguished leadership. Washington, Madison and Monroe among our early Presidents, the revolutionary patriots, Richard Henry Lee and George Mason, Gen. Lighthorse Harry Lee and his still more famous son, Robert E. Lee were all born within its limits. Their contribution to human welfare was world wide in its scope. The memory of their achievements tended to call forth in those who followed them an interest in national and world affairs, which saved some of them at least from the provincialism which is often the penalty of remoteness.

As I look back at my childhood, the Rectory and its surroundings seem to me to have furnished an ideal environment for the upbringing of a small boy. Warsaw was a village with a population of perhaps 125 people. There were three stores, a courthouse, a small jail, a tavern and on one edge, far enough separated from the other buildings to ensure quiet, a simple but attractive Church. The village itself did not offer much in the way of excitement except on court days or on rare occasions when there was a political rally. At such times the rectory children were not allowed to go there unaccompanied by their elders.

If, as I believe, the most vital factor in the development of a child is the influence of the home, we whose early childhood was spent in the Warsaw rectory were peculiarly fortunate. My father's formal education had been interrupted by the War Between the States. After a year or so of primary school in Washington, he went to England, where my grandfather had been appointed U. S. Consul at Liverpool. After about two years of schooling there, my father and two of his brothers were, on the advice of doctors, sent to Switzerland. There they were entered in Bellerive, a school near Vevey conducted by a Mr. Sillig. The boys remained in this school until they were old enough to come back to Virginia and enter the Confederate army, which my father did at the age of 16. Soon after the close of the war he went to Canada to join my grandfather who was "refugeeing" in that country. While there he studied for one year at the University of Toronto. Though his formal education was thus very limited, it did furnish him with a foundation and an incentive for private study, as a result of which he became one of the best informed and most cultured men whom it has been my privilege to know. He had the gift of making the worthwhile interesting. From him I acquired an appreciation of culture and an eagerness to learn which were invaluable in helping me to take fuller advantage of the educational opportunities offered by school and college. I mention this not primarily as a tribute to my father, much as he deserves it, but even more in the hope that it may serve to call attention to the important part that parents ought to play in the education of their children.

The mother's part in determining the quality of family life, while often less spectacular, is fundamentally more significant than that of the father. One of Moliere's characters discovered that he had been speaking prose all of his life without knowing it. Similarly the time came when I awoke to the fact that I had been living in the presence

of greatness without realizing it. My mother made goodness, sympathetic understanding, sound judgment and the other qualities that make up greatness of character so natural that her children took them as a matter of course. Whatever has been good in my own religious and moral development I attribute mainly to her example and influence. The older I get the more assured I am that she "trained up her children in the way they should go." Moreover my own experiments in wandering from this way have been attended with such extreme discomfort that I have hastened to retrace my steps and so can bear testimony to the truth of the writer of Proverbs' assertion "and when he is old he will not depart from it." My father in an article called "The Parson's Wife" said about my mother, "Her philosophy of life seemed to be based on Christ's injunction, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' She had learned the art of putting first things first and for her first things meant God's things."

Besides my parents, the Rectory family included a sister of my mother who spent much of her time with us. She was exceptionally well read and had travelled rather extensively for a Southern woman of that period. As she was fond of children and a born teacher, my early education owed a great deal to her. In particular she aroused in me an interest in history which apart from any other benefit furnished me with a life-long hobby that has proved a sure preventive against being bored. Another very important member of the Rectory family was a white nurse of Irish extraction though a good Episcopalian. She remained with us until the youngest of 13 children reached the age when nursing care was no longer needed, so that she felt free to get married. To my mother she was a veritable "Fidus Achates." As children we recognized both her devotion to us and her right to correct us. She seemed to us endowed with the gift of omnipresence, for there was no escaping her notice when we were engaged in saying or doing something of which our mother would have disapproved. I am glad to pay this tribute to her and to the part she played in my upbringing. Family nurses of this type are probably now a thing of the past, but formerly they performed an important function in the training of children which is often overlooked. Exactly how my father on a salary of \$600 a year financed a nurse is one of the unsolved mysteries.

The family itself supplied to a large extent the need of child companionship. Six of us were born during the Warsaw era. When we

needed reinforcement in our games there were several colored children available from the families of our cook and laundress. Across the road from the rectory the village shoemaker had a son about my age, who was a partner and companion in the various activities which Clarke's Run and the neighboring woods suggested to small boys. Those were days when visiting was an all day affair and in some of the families connected with the church there were boys with whom I could play while our elders were talking. As I look back over the years the Warsaw community impresses me as a kind of child's Paradise, though doubtless there were "forbidden fruits" in which like our first parents, we indulged with unpleasant consequences. On the whole I have to give my heredity and early environment credit for any successes that I have attained and take personal responsibility for my defects and failures.

I do not remember whether at that time there was a public school in the neighborhood of Warsaw. If so it was not patronized by people who wanted their children to have an opportunity for real education. This need was met either by employing governesses or by a community private school. At Belleville, the home of the Brockenbrough family, there was a small school, begun originally, I suppose, to provide educational facilities for the children of the family, but at the same time opening its doors to students from the local and neighboring communities. It was here that at the age five I began my formal education. While it was primarily a school for girls, there were two male students, myself and a boy from the village. I was too young to enter any of the regular classes. My first teacher was a cousin of my mother's, who was very indulgent to me with the result that I did very little studying. I still remember my surprise when her successor came down upon me like a ton of bricks and succeeded in transforming me from a playboy into a fairly diligent student. The girls who were considerably older than I was used to tease me during the recess period by chasing me around the yard threatening to kiss me. One incident stands out very clearly in my memory. The Belleville dog made a dash at me one morning as I was crossing the yard and while he did not bite me, did considerable damage to the seat of my trousers. One of the Belleville ladies rescued me from this embarrassing predicament by taking me up to her room and making the necessary repairs so that I could enter the school room a little late but decently apparelled.

Most of my religious instruction was given me at home by my mother. Family devotions were conducted by my father. They were as much a part of the daily routine as were the meals. Everyone including the baby and the servants was expected to be present and as I remember the attendance was always 100 per cent. They were quite informal, consisting of the reading of the Bible and an extempore prayer, with the addition sometimes of the singing of a familiar hymn. While the little children were often restless, yet my father's earnestness in reading and praying led us gradually to realize that we were in God's presence and that communion with Him was a vital part of our daily life. My own experience leads me to conclude that family worship so conducted as to become a vital part of family life plays a part second to nothing else in importance in the religious development of children.

My mother superintended our private devotions. She taught us to say our prayers each morning and evening. She read to us or had us read a short passage from the Bible and also repeat after her a verse of scripture and often one or more verses of a hymn. By this means without any particular effort many passages of the Bible and many hymns became indelibly fixed in our memory. Habits formed in childhood are difficult to shake off. I have never been able to go to sleep comfortably without saying my prayers and reading my Bible or, if there is no light, repeating one of the passages learned from my mother as a little child.

On Sundays we went to Sunday School, after which we children always stayed through the entire service at St. John's Church. While much of the service was doubtless beyond our capacity for comprehension, yet we accepted "going to church" on Sunday as part of the normal routine of life. It became a habit whose hold upon me I have never been able to break. The services in this little country church were simple and yet reverent. This combination to which I became accustomed as a young child has never lost its appeal for me. When the sermon was beyond my understanding, I could look through a window and watch the leaves of the aspen trees trembling in the breeze or the clouds floating across the sky. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handywork." Whether or not this looking out of the window is responsible I cannot say, but all during my life the observance of the beauty and the wonder of nature has been more effective in leading me to an awareness of God's presence than ecclesiastical art and the ceremonial side of worship. Of course

I realize the importance of these latter as aids to fellowship in worship where the "two or three" have been expanded into a great congregation. While it is true that our Lord's dealings with the multitude were for the most part "out of doors," this was due to circumstances which no longer prevail in our modern life.

What has been written above will not, I hope, give the impression that religion was the all absorbing and exclusive interest of our family life. It was woven into our lives not obtrusively nor ostentatiously, but quite naturally as one of the elements that go to make up life. We didn't talk much about it. On the contrary like most Episcopalians of that section and period we tended towards too great reticence and reserve on the subject of religion. There was a small Methodist Church across the road from the rectory and sometimes my mother would let my nurse take me to the afternoon service there. I can still remember my surprise and embarrassment at the very free way in which the people would give testimony about their religious experiences and am afraid that I did not profit as I should have done from being brought into contact with this different type of religious expression. One amusing incident still stands out in my memory. An offering was being taken for some purpose. As the expected amount was not received from the first collection, the plates were passed around a second and then a third time. The third solicitation seemed to exasperate an elderly woman sitting in front of me. She called out in a voice that could be heard all over the church, "I done told you twice I ain't got nothing. You had better be agiving it to me than ataking it away from me!" Once our negro cook took me to what she called the "tracted" (protracted) meeting. There I saw extreme emotionalism expressing itself through rather grotesque vocal and bodily activities. My mother, however, explained to me that I ought not to criticize or laugh at other people's ways of worshipping God, but to respect their sincerity. While I didn't realize it at the time I can see now that she was trying to develop in me an attitude of what might be called positive tolerance. By this is meant a tolerance which is based primarily upon an appreciation of the good that is in those who differ from us rather than one which represents only a silent and sometimes patronizing endurance of differences.

This applied to social and political as well as religious differences. I remember once in later years asking my father whether a certain person was a gentleman. "It depends," said he, "upon what you mean

by gentleman. For example, I think that Mr. Adams, the hack driver, is the finest example of a Christian gentleman that I know." On one occasion an elderly gentleman and his wife who had been a governess in my mother's family before the war, paid us a visit. Before their arrival, my mother cautioned me not to hurt their feelings by any uncomplimentary reference to Yankees. One morning when I was sitting in my father's study talking to the old gentleman, he saw on the desk an envelope with a Confederate flag as a letterhead. He picked it up, tore it in pieces, dropped them on the floor and stamped upon them. I managed to keep quiet, remembering my mother's caution. When I later told her about it, she laughed and said, "Well I am glad you didn't allow an old man's failure to restrain his feelings to tempt you to violate the courtesy due to a guest."

These anecdotes trivial as they are will at least serve to show that at a time and in an environment which were favorable to the formation of prejudices, the training which many children received in what might be called basic principles freed them from enslavement to the temporal and irrational, and prepared them to meet new conditions realistically. We have a sentimental attachment to our past, which may keep us from jumping precipitately to new conclusions, but does not prevent us from following the guidance of principle in forming our judgments as to the present. When finally our course of action has been thus determined we are able to transfer to it the driving power, the enthusiasm and the loyalty which were preserved for us by what I have called our "sentimental attachment to the past." My apology for this very labored and abstract exposition is that many peoples' idea of the South is determined by the rather vocal utterances of so-called "professional Southerners." There is, however, in the South a leaven, composed as it were of the permanent values derived from our past, which like that of the parable will, if not unduly interfered with, work until the whole is leavened.

Preparation for College

1882-1891

IN the summer of 1882 my father accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Norfolk, Virginia. The children of the family were greatly grieved at the prospect of leaving Warsaw, but when in the autumn the move was finally made, we quickly adjusted ourselves to the new environment. Norfolk was at that time a comparatively small city both in area and population. During the greater part of the War it had been occupied by the Northern forces which meant that there was very little opportunity for business activity for those whose sympathies were strongly with the South. There was very little wealth. It used to be said that except for doctors only two families in Norfolk had private carriages. Since social eligibility could not be based on material possessions, an opportunity for leadership in the life of the city was given to many who were qualified not only to add to the gaiety but also to help raise the cultural level of society. In short, Norfolk provided for a growing boy both satisfaction to his desire for pleasure and stimulus for his intellectual development.

In the early eighties, public school education had not developed beyond the primary grades. I can, myself, remember the establishment of the first public high school in Norfolk. There were, however, a number of excellent private secondary schools both for boys and girls. The largest and the oldest of the schools for boys was the Norfolk Academy. It had been founded in 1740 as a borough school and had developed into an institution which not only prepared its students for college, but also provided a sufficiently advanced training in the liberal arts to meet the needs of those whose formal education came to an end with their graduation from the Academy.

In the autumn following my tenth birthday I was entered as a student in the Norfolk Academy. It was a new and rather terrifying experience to me. Up until that time except for two years at the Belleville school for girls, I had been taught at home by a governess. Never hav-

ing studied in a class with other children, I had no way of estimating my scholarly ability and was fearful as to my capacity to meet the requirements of a real school. Also, as I was naturally a very timid child, the prospect of being plunged into a crowd of an hundred or more boys was as frightening as though I was about to be thrown to the mercy of a pack of wolves. However, my fears were soon dissipated. The boys in my class were very friendly and my report at the end of the first month showed that I had made an average of 99 in my studies.

The Academy was old-fashioned in its methods of teaching and entirely lacking in the physical equipment that is considered essential for a modern school. It had, however, two men as associate principals, Dr. James Dillard and Mr. Robert Tunstall, who were excellent disciplinarians and also the best teachers I have ever known. Mr. Tunstall never allowed a boy to wriggle by with an evasive construction of a passage of Latin, but at the same time he would keep up our interest with an amusing story bearing on the point in question. I remember one that he told us when we were struggling with the use of the gerundive. Some one had boasted that he could make a rhyme on any word that might be suggested and was asked to find one for the case endings of the gerundive, *di do, dum*. He came back immediately with:

When Dido saw Aeneas did not come
She wept in silence and was Di do dum(b).

Dr. Dillard made the principles of mathematics so clear that when at the age of 15, I was confronted with Puckle's conic sections, I was able to find my way along its tortuous paths without undue difficulty.

The six years spent at the Norfolk Academy were of great value in promoting my intellectual, moral and social development. I was trained to think accurately and logically. It may be that the emphasis in the teaching was too exclusively confined to the classics and to mathematics. There is, however, something to be said for the principle that the thorough mastery of some one or two subjects is, if not the best, at least a good way to prepare one to deal with the problems that arise in one's subsequent career. While I personally have found this to be true, I cannot help regretting that the time allotted to such subjects as history and the sciences was not used to better advantage. These courses were delegated to inexperienced assistant teachers. Fortunately in my case their capacity for making history dull did not destroy the interest in that subject which had been aroused by my home training.

The greatest defect of the Academy system was the lack of any serious effort to train the students in English composition. After six years there I was much better trained to express my thoughts in Latin or Greek than in my own language. Even to this day when I pick up my pen with the purpose of writing on some subject in English, my mind becomes a blank. These memoirs will be a sufficient demonstration of my failure to acquire a literary style.

The moral atmosphere of the Norfolk Academy was excellent. The school was operated on what is sometimes called the honor system. While we did not have the name, we did have the reality to which it is applied. The only formal requirement along that line was the attachment to our examination papers of a written pledge that we had neither received nor given aid in answering the questions. In my six years at the school I never heard of a single instance in which a student could not write that pledge with a clear conscience. This was the only formal requirement, but the spirit of the examination pledge extended to every sphere of student activity. Outside of the realm of truth and honesty there was of course ample need for the exercise of discipline and the need was promptly and fully met. As there was at the time that I entered the Academy no public high school, the student body represented a cross section of the population of Norfolk. This afforded the boys an opportunity for training in the principles of democracy, which in my own experience has proved of real value.

There was no organized athletics, but during the recess periods the whole student body poured out into the grounds and dividing up according to age, engaged very strenuously and enthusiastically in whatever game was appropriate to the season. I, myself, being tall, thin and awkward, ranked very low in athletic skill, but for this reason perhaps I was eager to take part in whatever game was going on, with the result that I still bear the scars of injuries received from being knocked around by stronger boys. However, the exercise promoted my general physical development. Like old Father William, I can say that the muscular strength that it lent to my legs (not jaws) has lasted me all of my life. In later years I was able to hold my own in such sports as walking, running, swimming and mountain climbing.

I have described Tidewater Virginia as a kind of nineteenth century paradise. It did, however, have at least one very serious drawback, the prevalence of malaria during the summer season. No one, of course, at that time knew anything about the part played by mosquitoes in

spreading the disease. Night air was supposed to be one of the inducing causes. As children, we were told not to go out until the dew had dried off the grass. The only real preventive was to send us off to the mountains, a treatment which was beyond the reach of most of the inhabitants. Some of my mother's sisters and brothers had homes in the Valley of Virginia and in Fauquier County. With the hospitality characteristic of that period they offered their homes as a haven of refuge to their Tidewater nieces and nephews. In my early childhood most of my summers were spent at Rock Hall, a wonderful country place, whose accommodations seemed unlimited so far as children were concerned. To me it was like a second home and the Rock Hall children were more like brothers and sisters than cousins. Both my aunt and her husband, Mr. Nathaniel Willis, had a remarkable gift for dealing with and winning the affectionate respect of young people. He was the only man I have known who read the Congressional Record from start to finish. Even when I was a small boy he would explain and discuss the various political issues with me with the same seriousness as though I had been a "grown-up." It formed a real part of my education and perhaps explains my life-long, rather exaggerated partiality for the Democratic Party!

As time went on our family increased to the point where it was impracticable to transport all of the children to the mountains. My father solved the problem by building a simple cottage at nearby Virginia Beach. In the eighteen eighties Virginia Beach was a very different place from the popular, crowded and gay summer resort into which it has grown. Conditions were very primitive. We had no modern conveniences. There were only a few cottages and these were occupied by the families who owned them. A quarter of a mile of sand dunes separated them from the hotel and from a pavilion built for use by excursionists. It was an ideal situation for children. As the years went by, the number in our own family increased to 13. When you add to these the friends who came to stay with us and casual visitors, you get a multitude who possibly could be counted, but whom I will not for fear of not being believed. On one occasion when we were having dinner, a man came in and occupied a vacant chair. Each of us thought he was a friend of some other member of the family. After the meal was over he asked my mother how much he owed her and was much embarrassed when he found he had mistaken an oversized family for a hotel.

After the members of the family grew up and were scattered all the way from China to New England, the beach cottage continued to be a rallying point until the death of my father in 1930. It became so much a part of my life, that whenever even on the other side of the world I heard the sound of surf I had a momentary feeling of being at home.

In June, 1890 I was graduated from the Norfolk Academy. As I was not quite 16, it was considered wise for me to wait a year before going to the University. My great uncle, John Randolph Tucker, who was a member of Congress, secured a position for me in the U. S. Geological Survey. I immediately set to work reviewing my mathematics night and day, but it proved to be "Love's Labor Lost," for my first job consisted in holding a rod and even the man for whom I held it found the solution of his mathematical problems in a book of tables. While my year as a surveyor did not afford me much opportunity for scholastic activity, in other respects it proved an invaluable preparation for college. We lived in tents and all of my work was done on horseback or muleback. This transformed me from a living skeleton into a fairly substantial youth. Earning my own living developed in me a sense of responsibility. I was able to save enough money to provide in large part for the expenses of my first two years in college. Life in a surveying corps afforded real opportunity for moral testing and consequent development of character. In short, it taught me that I, myself, was responsible for making my way in life and gave me valuable training in the requirements for successful achievement.

The section of the country in which we worked was mountainous. After a month or so I was promoted from rodman to "meanderer." This meant that in places where it was impracticable to drive a wheeled vehicle, I was sent with a mule and a plane table to fill in that part of the contoured map we were making. Distance was estimated by counting the mule's steps and elevations were determined with an aneroid barometer. I would not vouch for the accuracy of the map so made, but one thing that it did for me was to engender a love for mountains and climbing that has been both a source of pleasure and up to the age of 70 provided me with a delightful hobby. On these mountain trips I frequently ran into moonshiners. They are naturally suspicious of strangers, especially those whose equipment is all marked with the letters U.S.A. A friendly word or so, however, would quickly dispel their anxiety. Then, they would become cordial and often invite me to

stay in their homes. Apart from their violation of the Internal Revenue law, they seemed to me to be unusually generous and often fairly strict in their moral standards. One part of their generosity of which I fortunately was wise enough not to avail myself was the constant offer of abundant supplies of corn whiskey.

The chief of our corps was a very fine man, Mr. Charles Cooke. Although I was not conscious of it at the time, his friendly attitude and wise guidance kept me out of mischief and stimulated my interest in the duties assigned to me. There were two assistant surveyors, one of whom, Rees Evans, became my life-long friend. I was assistant to Mr. Cooke. In addition to these we had a young white man as hostler and an old negro cook. On one occasion a Major Thompson was sent from Washington to inspect our work. I was delegated to look after him. He told me that in his part of the country pumpkin pie was the national dish, but as he understood that in the South sweet potato pie was the *piece de resistance*, he would like to have our cook make one. I was a little skeptical as to his pie-making qualifications, but he undertook the task with complete assurance. At dinner that evening he brought us a vessel with a nice looking crust on top, underneath which were some whole sweet potatoes floating about in warm water. Though the Major was too courteous to offer any criticism, I am afraid that the South's culinary reputation suffered a severe blow.

We finished our work about the middle of February. On my return to Norfolk my sisters welcomed me with the same pride and adulation that the ancient Romans gave to one of their generals returning from a great victory. Fortunately, I escaped having my head turned. As I had developed a liking for work and needed to reinforce the funds which I had accumulated for my college expenses, I secured a minor position on a local surveying corps.

The selection of a college presented no great difficulty. From the time that I was a small boy my one ambition was to go ultimately to the University of Virginia. It was always referred to as "The University." My two grandfathers had studied there. The teaching at the Norfolk Academy had been pointed towards preparation for its courses. On my graduation from school I had been awarded the University scholarship of \$100. That, with the money I had saved on the surveying corps, went far towards solving the financial problem, which was a real one at that period in Virginia.

The University of Virginia

THE University of Virginia was founded by Thomas Jefferson with the idea that it would serve as the capstone of a system of public school education. This plan was vitiated by the fact that he was unable to persuade the state of Virginia to undertake the responsibility of providing the substructure of public primary and secondary schools. For a great many years the student body of the University was made up almost exclusively of men who had been trained in private institutions. While this represented a failure in carrying out Jefferson's purpose of democracy in education, it did ensure a social and cultural homogeneity that made life at the University very pleasant for those who were privileged to share in it. It also made possible a rather extreme individualism. There was a minimum of rules and regulations. Both as regards conduct and study it was a kind of "swim or sink" proposition. Fortunately most of the students had been trained under the "Honor System" in school so that they did not need either compulsion or instruction to enable them to conform to the standards of truth and honesty that were traditional at the University. In other spheres of conduct the results of the swim or sink policy were rather mixed, but under the conditions then prevailing provided a reasonably good preparation for meeting the subsequent problems of life.

Educationally, the advantages of such a policy were much more questionable. The entrance requirements were not rigid, but those for graduation were so difficult that a large portion of the students in the academic courses gave up any hope of meeting them. The only thing that counted was the final examination. Responsibility for preparing for it was placed entirely upon the student. There was no particular penalty attached to failure to keep up with class work. To the good student this was a challenge to hard and long study and to thinking out things for himself. To others it was an opportunity to enjoy life in their own way. In one of my mathematics classes there were over an hundred students, of whom only eleven passed the final examination.

This was of course an extreme case. Math was such a difficult subject that no great disgrace was attached to failure in it. The situation was quite different in the professional schools. Men who had loafed their way through a year or so of academic courses when they entered the schools of law or medicine were miraculously transformed into ardent "burners of midnight oil."

None of these opinions represent my state of mind, when in the fall of 1891, at the age of 17, I matriculated at the University. To me then it stood for near perfection (doubtless with the adjective omitted) and I entered its precincts with pride and awe. I shall never forget my trepidation, when accompanied by two other students I went to call on the Latin professor to ask his permission to enter the senior class in that subject. Colonel Peters had been a famous officer in the Confederate army. He received us graciously and asked only one question, whether we had any acquaintance with Latin metre. One of my companions unwisely answered yes. At the very first lecture the Colonel picked him out for questioning and soon brought him to an acknowledgement that in his classroom at least the Socratic axiom is true, the wise man is one who knows that he knows nothing. Colonel Peter's pedagogical technique was that of a drill master. He confined his teaching largely to the anatomy of language. Cicero was his model. In Latin composition he would accept no construction which originated in a later author. We were required to use a terminology of his own invention. In his classroom the word gerundive was tabooed and woe to the man who forgot that it should be called the future passive participle. In translating certain Latin phrases we had to use a unique combination of English words such as "that thereby the less," an expression which I have found in no English author, either early or late. His severest rebukes were reserved for the best students. When our Latin compositions were returned to us, if there were a large number of mistakes there would be no comment. If, however, there were only two or three corrections, you would find written across the paper in red ink such criticisms as, "Too little Latin in this exercise. I don't see how you can possibly make my examination." We comforted ourselves by the assumption that he was following the Biblical principle, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." His method of teaching often called to mind Moore's lines:

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

However, I learned afterwards the value of the year's training in precision and accuracy. When I went to Japan, thanks to Colonel Peters I was able to grasp with little difficulty the structure of the Japanese language. The great and most lasting benefit that I derived was the personal influence of a high-minded Christian gentleman. While I have forgotten most of the subject matter that I was taught at the University, the teachers have always remained fresh in my memory and have been permanent factors in helping to shape my subsequent career.

There was no class system at the University. The requirement for a M.A. degree was graduation in eight or nine schools (eight I believe if the subjects selected included both Latin and Greek). They could be taken in any order that one chose. In any one year you were supposed to enter at least three classes, but so far as I know there was no maximum limit. As graduates from good private schools had already covered the requirements for B.A. work in certain subjects such as Latin and Greek, it was possible to enter the senior classes and thus to fulfill the requirements for a Master's degree in three years, although this meant hard work and long hours of study. For example the final examination in Latin or Greek was based on the assumption that the student could translate at sight any passage from the whole range of their respective literatures. Preparation for such an examination required an immense amount of parallel reading, for the one thing certain was that none of the examination passages would be taken from what had been already read in the classroom. In my first year I took senior (M.A.) Latin and Greek and Intermediate mathematics, as that was required. The math was easy as I had already covered the ground in the Norfolk Academy, but in the other two subjects I had "to scorn delights and live laborious days." My mathematics professor was Colonel Venable, who had been a distinguished member of General Lee's staff. He didn't need any other recommendation to command the respect of his students. While in earlier years he had a great reputation as a teacher and as a mathematician, in my time he was getting old and was very absent-minded. He let us do pretty much what we chose and we had to puzzle out most of our mathematics for ourselves. When we would use a roundabout method of solving a problem, he would accept it with the comment, "You are using buckshot to kill blue birds." On one occasion he asked us to remain for a few minutes after the lecture. We were somewhat alarmed, but what he

told us was, "Young gentlemen, I hear that a practice has grown up on the football field, of men who are winded pretending to be hurt, in order to regain their breath. I simply wish to say that I do not think this is conduct becoming a gentleman." His mathematics I have long since forgotten but this pronouncement so characteristic of his high sense of honor I still remember and try to live up to in other fields than football.

I have already indicated that I was not much of an athlete. However, I did go out for football, although I never advanced beyond the scrub team. My position was center and my chief function was to be bowled over and rolled on the gravel strewn field by the Sampsons of the first team, who never so far as I can remember showed any concern for the state of my health or my skin.

My social activities were limited to very pleasant intercourse with my fellow students. The University was not coeducational. A proposal to make it so was abruptly terminated by the famous head of the Law School, John B. Minor. He announced very positively that if women were admitted he would move his law school outside of the University boundaries and carry it on as an exclusively male institution. Charlottesville and the University community offered ample opportunity for supplying this lack in the student body, but perhaps because of an extreme bashfulness so far as the opposite sex was concerned, I never took advantage of it. If, however, contact with fellow students is, as I believe, of no less value than the theoretical knowledge acquired by study and classwork in preparing one to engage in the battle of life, I owe a great deal to the opportunities which the University offered in this respect. My room on West Lawn was centrally located and furnished a convenient meeting place, so much so that it was difficult to find any time for study. Fortunately I was an early riser, so that when hard pressed I would put in several hours of work before breakfast. Someone has described an early riser as a person who is conceited for the first two hours of the day and stupid all the rest. There is an element of truth in this definition, so that I would not recommend early rising unqualifiedly. On the other hand for some people the Psalmist's words prove true, "Heaviness may endure for the night but joy cometh in the morning." It is a question of expediency rather than principle. Each person must learn from experience the particular hour of the morning when "joy cometh."

Formal religion did not play a very conspicuous part in university life in the early nineties. There was a chapel in which services were

held every Sunday morning. Attendance was of course voluntary as the University was a State institution. They were conducted by a Chaplain. In order that there should be no denominational partiality, his term was limited to two years, after which a man from another church took his place. This system may have ensured impartiality but it certainly did not promote efficiency. When I first entered the University the Chaplain was an Episcopalian. So far as I could see his responsibility did not extend beyond the holding of the Sunday morning service. I never met him personally, which may have been my fault. The next Chaplain was a Baptist, a delightful old gentleman, who had been a Chaplain in the Confederate army. He reminded me of a story that my father was fond of telling. A country parish in southern Maryland, being vacant, applied to Bishop Paret for help in securing a rector. The one qualification which they prescribed was that he should have served in the Southern army. The Bishop complied with their request and sent them a man whose one theme both in conversation and in preaching was the Confederacy. After some years he left and the vestry again applied to the Bishop but this time their condition was a man who had never had any connection with the Confederate army. We, ardent southerners as most of us were, felt somewhat the same way about our Chaplain and would have welcomed an occasional change of subject.

Christ Church, Charlottesville, provided Episcopal students with an alternative place of worship. Unfortunately the rector, who had been in his younger days one of the most distinguished clergymen of the Diocese, had become so feeble that he was unable to make himself heard, so that we were confronted with a choice of "evils" so far as attendance at Church services was concerned. The only real attempt to bring the influence of religion to bear upon student life was made by the YMCA. It did very effective work under able leadership, but its type of religious expression and its rather puritanical attitude made an unfavorable impression upon just that element in the student body which was most influential in the various spheres of college activities. Many of the professors were fine Christian men. Their example and in some cases the Bible classes which they conducted for those who cared to attend were the chief means of preserving at least a respect for religion on the part of students. The religious attitude of many of them during their life in college was similar to that of the French King, Louis XI I think, who took off his hat when passing a church. One of

his companions expressed surprise, as this particular King was supposed to be indifferent if not an actual unbeliever in God. The King's reply was, "We salute but we do not speak."

One of the good things done by the YMCA was the establishment of Sunday Schools for the very primitive people in the nearby Ragged Mountains. I, myself, taught a class in one of these. It was my first experiment in teaching. The conditions were not very propitious. The school was divided into two classes according to sex. I was responsible for the females whose ages ran all the way from a little girl of three to an old woman of 80. They were all equally illiterate and I have often wondered whether they really took in anything of what I was trying to teach them.

My own attitude towards religion was not particularly affected either positively or negatively by the conditions which I have described. Thanks to my home training it had become an integral part of my life. The process of integration was natural and gradual. I had never experienced that spiritual crisis which is known as conversion. My difficulties had been largely confined to the frequent conflicts between conscience and inclination. Too often like Ovid I had to confess, "I see and approve the better, but follow the worse." The lashings of a rather sensitive conscience kept me from making such confessions with Ovid's seeming complacency. The inner discomfort that followed moral lapses and my belief in Christ as the Saviour from sin prevented my succumbing permanently either to the enticement or to the inevitability of wrong doing. In short, my religious difficulties were in the sphere of the will rather than in that of the intellect. Even the reading of Gibbon's history had not raised in my mind any doubts as to the basic truths of Christianity. There was nothing in the lectures of my chemistry and physics professors to suggest any conflict between science and religion. The professor of philosophy, Noah K. Davis, was a Baptist minister. He was a great teacher and had the faculty of enabling his students to comprehend the meaning of those philosophers who seemed to take a delight in expressing their thought in language unintelligible to the ordinary mind. Even so, like Dr. Samuel Johnson in his reports of Parliamentary speeches, he always managed to see to it that "the Whig dogs didn't get the best of the argument." As a consequence his expositions of Hume, Kant, Hegel, Spinoza and even Schopenhauer left my religious convictions undisturbed.

My first intimation of the need for a reconciliation between traditional religious beliefs and modern thought was derived from my private reading. I had picked up somewhere a copy of Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*. In glancing through it I came across his definition of evolution: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." What first attracted my attention was its "wordiness," reminding me of Dr. Johnson's definition of a net as "any reticulated substance with spaces between the interstices." Then, being curious to find out what he was talking about, I read the book. From that I went on to read other books such as Darwin's *Origin of Species* and some of Huxley's essays. The theory of evolution seemed reasonable but I was not prepared to accept the agnostic theological conclusions drawn from it. As there was no one to whom I could go for help, I set about the task of reconciling two apparently contradictory truths, Christian theism and the naturalistic theory of evolution. It took a number of years to accomplish this, but I finally arrived at a solution satisfactory at least to myself. Many years later Dr. Huntington of Grace Church, New York, gave me a copy of Ward's Gifford Lectures, *Naturalism and Agnosticism*. As I read it I was impressed with the crudity of my own efforts, but was gratified to find that despite a good deal of circuitous wandering I had arrived at a goal the validity of which was substantiated by a recognized authority in that particular field.

My excuse for recounting this experience is two-fold. It shows the value of wise and thorough religious training in childhood. When like St. Paul we have come to know Him in whom we have believed, no physical suffering and no encounter with adverse intellectual concepts can shake one's belief in God who has proved Himself real in one's experience. Moreover, the working out of a problem for oneself is a valuable preparation for dealing with the many and various problems that one must encounter in life. Intellectual honesty requires compliance with St. Paul's injunction to prove all things, but practical wisdom suggests that in doing so we should also heed his accompanying counsel to "hold fast that which is good."

These comments represent subsequent reflections. At the time, this subject was but one among the many interests of a young student's

developing life. I did not then recognize, as I do now, that it had any peculiar relevance to my future career. In fact, at that period I had not come to any decision as to what vocation I should choose. For a while I dallied with the idea of becoming a civil engineer, due perhaps to my year on the U. S. Geological Survey and to my interest in mathematics. There is an old Chinese story about the mother of Mencius. She was apparently a widow and her first choice of a residence was in the neighborhood of a graveyard. Mencius, she noticed, amused himself by imitating funerals. As she did not approve of this, she moved to a place near a market. There Mencius played at being a merchant. This again did not please her, so that she again moved, this time to the neighborhood of a school. Here Mencius amused himself by imitating the scholars. This, his mother said, is indeed the place to bring up a child. The moral of the story is that as a result of this environmental influence Mencius became a famous philosopher. It is doubtless true that association plays a real part in one's choice of a vocation, even though one is not conscious of it. After leaving my home I was brought into contact with various spheres of activity that interested me greatly, so that from time to time I played with the idea of becoming this or that. I can see now, however, that the kind of a home that I was reared in was the determining influence in my decision as to a vocation. My mother and father never even suggested to me their hope that I should enter the ministry. Perhaps just because their influence was devoid of any element of compulsion, it led me finally to the recognition that the ministry of the church was the only possible path for me to pursue. God's call is mediated in various ways. If, when it comes, we are not disobedient to the heavenly voice, we are apt to forget that the credit for our response belongs partly to influences, of which we may have been unconscious, but which become a part of that mysterious process by which our character is moulded and our will guided without having its freedom destroyed. They are media through which the Holy Spirit brings to bear upon us that moral compulsion of which St. Paul speaks, when he writes: "Necessity is laid upon me. Woe be to me if I preach not the Gospel."

Towards the end of my second year at the University, as my funds were approaching the vanishing point, I applied for a teaching position at the Norfolk Academy. Fortunately my application was successful, so that I was enabled to try the experiment of imparting some of the knowledge which I had acquired at college. The work was interesting.

I think that I was a reasonably good teacher, but as many of the students had been my former schoolmates, my success as a disciplinarian left something to be desired. However, on the whole I was able to keep the boys interested, especially in the higher grade Latin and mathematics classes. Possibly I learned more from the students than they did from me. The process of transferring an idea from one's own mind to another's in a way that arouses both interest and comprehension came to have a fascination for me which I have never lost.

I lived in the Rectory on College Place, Norfolk. This was not only a delight to me personally, but as my parents would not allow me to pay anything for my board, it also enabled me to accumulate the money needed to complete my university course. During the year at home I found time to do a great deal of reading and study. Consequently when I returned to the University in the fall of 1894, I was able to take several courses over and above those required for my degree. This meant an opportunity to concentrate my attention upon subjects interesting in themselves and taught by men who were not afflicted with the fatal capacity of making the most entrancing subject dull. Fortunately these excursions into fields of my own selection did not prevent my passing the required examinations, though they did necessitate many sleepless nights in preparing for them. At the final exercises I was awarded both the B.A. and M.A. degrees.

I suppose that there is nothing in life which quite equals the pride and satisfaction that fills the heart of a youth as he walks down from the platform after being awarded his college degree. The University of Virginia M.A. seemed to me at the time a sword capable of opening any oyster. There remained only the problem of choosing a task worthy of such a weapon. As I was not yet prepared to give a final answer to this question, I decided to go back to teaching for a year or so, and was fortunate enough to secure an appointment as principal of the Charles Town, West Virginia, Academy. This proved to be not such a distinguished position as the title might imply. The Academy could boast of a long and honorable past, but the development of the public school system had practically eliminated the need for a private institution in a place like Charles Town. After a month of recruiting, I succeeded in mustering some twenty odd students, which meant that the principal had to do all of the teaching except for part-time assistance from one of the older students. The grades had to run all the way from late primary to college preparatory, so that there were almost as many

classes as there were boys. The subjects to be taught included even double entry bookkeeping, about which my ignorance was and still is abysmal. Many years later I happened to meet one of my Charles Town students who held an important position as an accountant. Much to my surprise he thanked me for the fine training I had given him in the art of keeping books, which is certainly an illustration of the truth of Emerson's line "He builded better than he knew."

Socially, life in Charles Town was very pleasant. For several generations members of my mother's family had made their homes in the surrounding county, so that I was encompassed about with a host of relatives, who gave me a very cordial reception. Jefferson County both for geographical and sentimental reasons should have been left in Virginia when during the Civil War, West Virginia was cut off and established as a separate state. While by the eighteen nineties the people had become reconciled to the separation and were perfectly loyal to the new state, they were very southern in their sympathies, so that an Eastern Virginian felt completely at home. A more alien environment might have furnished me with a better opportunity for a more rounded development, but so far as enjoyment was concerned, Charles Town was an ideal spot.

Up to this time I had never made but one excursion outside of the Virginia environment. In the summer of 1893 I went with a cousin, Thomas H. Willis, to see the World's Fair in Chicago. We made the trip in day coaches and while in Chicago, rented for twenty-five cents a night, beds in what might be described as a steamer cabin on wheels. They had been rolled on to a vacant lot by a man, who had gone to Chicago from the Valley of Virginia, probably for the purpose of providing cheap lodging for young men from that section. An amusing incident that occurred on our return trip will show the extent of our "greenness." As there was no diner on our train, it stopped at Hamilton, Canada, long enough for lunch. The restaurant was crowded, but we finally secured a table. No sooner were we seated than a white woman came up to our neighborhood. We both jumped up to offer her a seat and it was a few minutes before she could make us understand that she was a waitress. In our part of the country at that period the waitresses were all colored! Despite this superficial provincialism engendered by being reared in one type of environment, young men from Virginia have not found any particular difficulty in adjusting themselves to all kinds of conditions. My cousin subsequently moved

to Chicago, where he has had an unusually successful business career. I went to Japan and was soon able to make myself at home in a world of entirely strange customs and points of view. Perhaps the explanation is that life in Virginia was simple with few external distractions. We were therefore enabled to give more attention to the mastering of basic principles which are in their very nature cosmopolitan. If Horace's *Coelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt* (They change their sky, but not their mind who cross the sea) be broadly interpreted in terms of character or personality and environment, the relatively unsophisticated personality is better able to adjust itself to a new situation than one which owes its greater maturity of development to the varied influences of a complex environment.

During my year in Charles Town I definitely decided to make the ministry of the Church my life vocation. As my university course did not seem to me to provide an adequate preparation for the study of theology, I thought that it would be wise to find a position that would give me an opportunity for private study. I accordingly applied for and received an appointment as assistant teacher at my former school, the Norfolk Academy. At that time all candidates for the ministry were required to study Hebrew, which sounded like a pretty formidable language to me. After some looking around I found an interesting old gentleman, who was, so far as I could ascertain, the Bible instructor at the Jewish synagogue. While he showed an utter unconcern for grammar, we read the books of the law together and I worked out the structure of the language from an old grammar in my father's library. This, together with a course of reading which I plotted out for myself kept me fairly busy. Much more helpful than this study, however, was the opportunity which living in Norfolk gave me to observe at close range the work of two remarkable pastors, my father and the Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd. It was very fortunate indeed that I learned from them something of the nature and the spirit of the pastoral work of the ministry, for, as I found out later, the Seminary course gave one very little help along that line.

The Virginia Theological Seminary

IN the fall of 1897 I entered the Virginia Theological Seminary as a candidate from the Diocese of Southern Virginia. I was allowed to matriculate in the Middle Class with the condition that I would take all of the Junior Class examinations. This was not as difficult an assignment as it might seem. While the spiritual atmosphere of the Seminary was very stimulating, its scholastic standards were at a low ebb. It did develop in its students the one thing needful, but it gave them very little training in the "many things" about which they were to be busy. Or to put it differently, it was strong on religion but weak on theology and pastoral technique. Personally I owe a debt of gratitude to the Seminary which I can never adequately repay. It gave me a conception of the spiritual character of the ministry and imbued me with its evangelical purpose. Without these no amount of learning would make one's ministry fruitful. Fortunately Martha and Mary do not stand for mutually exclusive alternatives. In fact the same Seminary was later to demonstrate that so far from being incompatibles a proper admixture of theological competency with evangelical fervor produced a more useful evangelist.

In my time, however, a student was left largely to do his own "mixing." There was only one professor from whose classes he could get much help. Dr. Carl Grammer was what today would be called a liberal-evangelical. He was also a real teacher with the gift of arousing in his students' minds an interest which made them seekers after truth. The subject that I studied under him was the first four centuries of Church History, the formative period of Christian Theology. His liberalism was somewhat in advance of the prevailing theological attitude of that period in Virginia. This, combined with a rather provocative way of presenting his arguments, tended sometimes to drive his hearers to the opposite side. Whether you agreed or not, you understood and were interested. As a matter of fact Dr. Grammer's modernism was mainly manifested in the field of Biblical criticism and

had no particular relevance to the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation with which we were concerned in our history class. Here he was fundamentally "sound," though the razor edge nature of some of the problems gave ample room for differences of opinion. Unfortunately for me at least during the latter part of the session he left the Seminary to accept a call to Christ Church, Norfolk.

Dr. Crawford, the Dean and Old Testament professor, was an excellent business man and made a real contribution to the material development of the Seminary. He was also a good teacher so far as the Hebrew language was concerned, but in the exegesis and interpretation of the Old Testament he was not very helpful. Dr. Walker, the Professor of Theology, was handicapped by that incurable disease, old age. His text book for the Middle Class was Butler's Analogy, a classic in its way, but lacking in relevancy to some of the main problems of modern apologetics. His method of teaching was to dictate a number of questions, after which he would dictate the answers. As most of us had inherited a copy of these from some member of the preceding class, there was little to do except to sit and meditate.

The chair of New Testament was filled by Dr. Wallis, familiarly known as "Bucky." He was a lovable man whose mind was stocked with an incredible number of facts. These he showered generously upon us, but lacked entirely the faculty of weaving them together into an intelligible and significant whole. As a consequence his lectures were lamentably dull. Most of the students came to his classes without any previous knowledge of Greek so that a large part of the class period was spent in unravelling the intricacies of that language. This was not very interesting to anyone who had gone through that process at school and college. I was in charge of the Seminary post office and was on duty there during the hour preceding Dr. Wallis' lecture. Frequently I would extend my operations there long enough to enable me to miss the language portion of the Greek Class. As a result of this I was summoned to appear before the faculty and reprimanded. The Dean, who took a practical view of things, said, "Tucker, some time a large and wealthy parish might write to me about you. I would hate to have to report to them that you had been irregular in your attendance upon classes." Dr. Walker's admonition was, "Mr. Tucker, there is a verse in the Apocalypse which is just as true as though it were in the Bible, 'He that is careless in little things, by little shall he fall.'" This was a maxim worth remembering, though I was some-

what skeptical as to its applicability to the particular situation. However, I bowed to the authority of the faculty.

Dr. Wallis was a very forgiving man. Soon after this incident we had an examination, in which one of the questions was the translation of the eighth chapter of First Corinthians. Inadvertently I opened my Greek New Testament at Romans and translated the eighth chapter of that epistle, which we had not as yet covered in class. The next day Dr. Wallis called me over to his house and said very apologetically, "Mr. Tucker, as an M.A. of the University of Virginia you ought to be given 100 on this examination, but as you translated the wrong chapter I have felt obliged to cut your mark down and can therefore give you only 99¾!"

While I have painted a rather depressing picture of the scholastic side of the Seminary, in other respects life there was both pleasant and rewarding. The members of the faculty opened their homes to the students and were untiring in ministering both to their physical and spiritual needs. A trip to Alexandria or Washington involved a long walk, so that the students had to find companionship and recreation at the Seminary itself. My own room was in St. George's Hall. It was somewhat separated from the other buildings. The students living there formed a kind of family group. In our own estimation we were an elite body, but perhaps because of this we were rather frowned upon by the rest of the students as not measuring up to the "serious mindedness" proper to life in a theological seminary. Our isolated position did encourage an exuberance and informality not possible in the more central buildings. On the whole, however, we were diligent students who found in the intimate companionship made possible by the smallness of our group a helpful opportunity for threshing out the problems that were involved in the pursuance of our life purpose. My most intimate friend was Henry Covington. He had been a lawyer before coming to the Seminary. I owe a great deal to my association with a man whose keen logical mind and worldly wisdom made his contribution to any discussion of real value. I mention him particularly both because of his ability and because his ministerial career was cut short by a comparatively early death. He was a great arguer and also a fine teacher. My father once said that listening to his sermons would in itself be a theological education. He also described him as being always a prosecuting attorney unless you engaged him beforehand for the defense.

One of the most helpful features of the training given by the Seminary was the assignment of the students to work on one of what were known as the "missions." There were some ten or twelve of these missionary chapels, most of them within reasonable (for those days) walking distance from the Seminary. I was assigned to Sharon, which was commended to me as having been Phillips Brooks' mission. Three students were assigned to each point. As I was a middler my turn to preach would be the second Sunday after the opening of the Seminary and I was told that the sermon must be extempore. This was an alarming prospect in view of the fact that I had never before made even one attempt at public speaking. In order to be prepared for future eventualities I set to work and wrote out three sermons. When I finally stood up in the pulpit, within five minutes I had exhausted all three and couldn't have said another word had my life depended upon it. I was somewhat consoled for the humiliating experience when on the following Sunday my Junior colleague got no further than his text. It must have been pretty hard on the congregation to be used as a guinea pig for new students' oratorical experiments, but they endured it philosophically. The Seminary in my day taught us what to preach but left us to find out for ourselves how to deliver our message. If there are any survivors of the Sharon congregation of that period, they would, I fear, give a very poor report of my progress in sermonizing.

The outbreak of the Spanish American War in 1898 caused great excitement among the students. In order that we might be prepared to offer our services to the government, we determined to have two students who were Virginia Military Institute graduates put us through a course of drilling. Every afternoon we spent an hour or so of practice in the "art military." As time went on and no call for our services came from the government, one of my classmates and I determined to enlist in the Alexandria Company which we heard had been called out. One Sunday afternoon we went into Alexandria to see the captain of the company, who received us courteously, but explained they didn't enlist men on the Sabbath. I think that he must have wired my father, for the next day I received a telegram from him urging me not to enlist as he would try to get me a commission. What he did along that line I do not know, but it soon became apparent that the war was not of a magnitude to need a great number of recruits. Even the Alexandria Company got no further than six miles distant Fort Myer. This in-

cident will serve to show that pacifism was a thing unknown in Virginia at that time.

Also, it was one of the factors which led to my decision to volunteer for service in the foreign field. During my first year at the Seminary I had escaped any involvement in its traditional missionary enthusiasm. The society which fostered this spirit was presided over by a fine group of men, including several student volunteers. While I of course knew them and admired them, they were not the students with whom I was intimately associated, so that I was an outsider so far as the activities of the missionary society were concerned. In the winter of 1899 the Virginia Seminary was asked to send two representatives to an inter-seminary missionary convention which was to be held at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. To my utter surprise I was elected as one of these. I learned afterwards that this was due not to any qualifications that I was supposed to have, but rather to some "politicating" on the part of one of my friends. However, my attendance at the convention served one good purpose. For the first time I became personally interested in the missionary work of the Church. The question as to whether I, myself, should volunteer for the mission field was postponed for a while by a report, which was entirely unfounded, that the Board of Missions did not want any more Virginia Seminary men. One evening at supper when there was a rather heated discussion of this matter, I unguardedly remarked that anyone of us would be glad to go to the Mission Field, but that we certainly would not offer our services when they were not desired. The Dean, who happened to be at the table, smilingly extracted a letter from his pocket and handed it to me. It was from Bishop McKim of Japan. He wrote that for some eight years there had been no reinforcements for his work and expressed an earnest hope that men from the senior class of the Virginia Seminary might come to his rescue. That same night I went to the Dean and told him that I had decided to offer to go to Japan. It was not a decision for which I deserved any particular credit. I had offered my services to my country when I thought they were needed and certainly I could do no less for the Church. Japan was simply a speck on the map so far as my knowledge was concerned. I knew nothing of the nature of the work, but when confronted with such an emergency call, there was nothing to do but respond. It was a case of "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." Later I was to learn that "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew

them how we will.” What seemed to be a quick unreasoning decision proved to be a Divine overruling which led me to a work in which I found great joy and strange to say the only work for which I had any particular qualifications, inadequate as they were.

My chief concern at the time was the fear that my decision might cause distress to my family. It doubtless did but one would never have guessed it from the letters that came from my parents. It seems that my father had wanted to go to the Far East, but had on account of his health been unable to do so. Before the end of the session word came from New York that the Board of Missions had formally approved of my appointment to Japan. Two other members of my class, James Chapman and Armistead Welbourn were appointed at the same time. We were instructed to be ready to leave by the end of August.

I was ordained to the Diaconate with most of the members of my class at the end of June. Bishop Randolph had, I believe, given his consent to my going to Japan. He was very absent-minded and evidently this momentous decision had not made much impression upon him, for when I returned to Norfolk I had to explain it to him all over again. He evidently was not well informed as to conditions in Japan, for immediately after graciously giving his consent to my going, he said that he had better ordain me to the Priesthood before I left, as there would probably be no provision for this in Japan. Apparently the canons did not present any difficulty to him, so that after a diaconate of less than two months I was ordained Priest in St. Paul’s Church, Norfolk, my cousin, Dr. Arthur Lloyd, preaching the sermon.

Soon after my ordination, I received a letter from Dr. Joshua Kimber, secretary of the Board of Missions, asking me to come to New York for a farewell service and to be prepared to start from there for Japan. My father and mother went with me to New York. The Missions House was quite a different place from what it is now. There was a very small staff, in fact Dr. Kimber was the only one whom I saw during my two or three days in New York. He had made the necessary arrangements for my trip. I was not a very experienced traveller, which may account for a curious series of misadventures that added to the interest if not to the comfort of my journey. When the baggage man came for my trunk, at his first jerk like the famous one horse shay it literally fell to pieces. As there was not time to secure another, I wrapped up those of my possessions which I couldn’t stuff into suitcases in a brown paper parcel, which with much inconvenience and perhaps

a certain loss of dignity I carried all the way to San Francisco. My ticket to Chicago was over the Erie Railroad, which apparently at that time was not the most convenient route. The morning after leaving New York the conductor informed me that the train on which I was riding did not go to Chicago, so that I had to leave it at a small station somewhere in Ohio. After a long wait a Wells Fargo express train to which was attached a small day coach came along. As it was going to Chicago, I got on it with my impedimenta and finally arrived at my destination about midnight, hungry and tired. The hotel to which I had been directed was a fine looking structure, but when I got to my room there was no sign of a bed. The desk clerk, however, rather patronizingly explained to me that if I would push a button a bed would make its appearance from the wall. As I had read of someone's being smothered in a folding bed, I took the precaution of piling the movable furniture on its foot, after which I got a good night's sleep. These trivial incidents will indicate a naivete and inexperience which extended to much more important matters and which might have suggested an utter lack of preparation for the kind of work which I was about to undertake. On the other hand they indicate a malleability which is possibly more useful than rigid sophistication for one who has to make himself at home in a totally different environment.

When I reached San Francisco I found that the *Rio Janeiro* on which my passage had been booked had been taken over by the army for transport purposes. This meant a waitover of nearly a month, which I spent very pleasantly with an uncle and his wife. There was at that time a very considerable colony of Virginia people in San Francisco, who gave me a warm welcome. My aunt was not very keen on missionary work. Her explanation of my going to Japan was that I would study the oriental languages in order to prepare myself for a professorship in some American College. Bishop Nichols was very kind to me. When he found that I was in priest's orders, he asked me to take the Sunday morning service in one of his churches. It happened to be the most ritualistic of all the parishes in San Francisco. As I had never been given any training at the Seminary in the conduct of any kind of service, I have often wondered what the congregation must have thought of my very first attempt to celebrate the Holy Communion.

On October 1st I finally set sail for Japan on the *S. S. Coptic*. We had a large crowd of missionaries on board. Some of them were very

peculiar and others very publicly pious, but on the whole they were a normal pleasant group. Among them was the Rev. John Ambler who was returning to Japan from a rather extended furlough. He gave me a kind of preview of the work there, which was helpful. Five of us had been classmates at the Seminary, two bound for China and the other three for Japan. It was my first sea voyage and as I escaped being seasick I enjoyed the trip immensely. We stopped for a day at Honolulu. I rented a horse and rode up to the Pali and other points of interest. About two days out from Yokohama we ran into a terrific typhoon, which delayed us considerably, but early on the morning of October 18th we entered Yokohama harbor. I shall never forget the glorious view of Fuji which greeted me as I looked out through the port hole of my cabin just before sunrise. It was a grand and inspiring introduction to the country in which I was to work for the next 24 years.

Language Study in Tokyo

AFTER this brief and inspiring view of Fujiyama, my attention became absorbed in the complicated processes involved in getting myself and my luggage ashore. Fortunately we were met by Bishop McKim and the Rev. Theodosius Tyng. The *Coptic* was anchored out in the harbor and the trip ashore had to be made in a small Japanese boat called a sampan. I remember the Captain's calling out to Bishop McKim as he approached the ship, "I have brought you a fine bunch of missionaries, not a duffer amongst them." The downtown district of Yokohama was not in those days very imposing. In my first letter home I described it as a queer looking place, something like a slum section of Norfolk. The thing that impressed me most was the footgear of the Japanese and the jinrikishas. These latter I described as two-wheeled contrivances pulled by a man, who trots along at a slow pace. You pay him 10 or 15 cents and feel like a millionaire riding along in your own conveyance. During my first few days in Tokyo I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Evans in a house which, though I did not know it at the time, was later to become my own home. They were very gracious hosts and I still remember their kindness to a new missionary with much gratitude. Mr. Evans taught in the Divinity school and was the curate of the Cathedral. During my first meal with them, which was a very abundant one, I was suddenly faced with a problem, are missionaries supposed to smoke? It was quickly resolved, for after dinner Mr. Evans walked over to a closet and when he opened the door, to my immense relief I saw a pile of cigar boxes that reached almost to the ceiling. It seemed that Japan had just put a very high tariff upon tobacco and he had laid in a supply of cigars before it went into effect.

This may seem a curious problem to engage the mind of a missionary on his arrival at his field of labor. The point is that there was nothing in my experiences since landing in Yokohama that tied up with my preconceived, rather romantic notion of what a mission field would be

like. Except for the fact that Mrs. Evans was an English woman I might as well have been visiting at some home in America. I did not know that at the time, but when the next morning's breakfast consisted of oatmeal, cold sliced bread and marmalade, I realized that I was far away from Virginia. Tsukiji, the section of Tokyo in which the Episcopal missionary headquarters was located, was in Japan but not of Japan. It was an Anglo-American settlement, the former concession which had been set aside by the Japanese government for foreign residents. The name Tsukiji means "made land." The Japanese were not eager to have foreigners in their midst, so that when they were compelled to provide a dwelling place for them they apparently selected a swampy area near the mouth of the Sumida River which they themselves had kept out of because of its undesirability for residential purposes. However, by the time I came to Japan the foreigners had converted it into a comfortable if not picturesque western style settlement. There was nothing romantic about it, nothing in its atmosphere to kindle missionary enthusiasm. For a day or so I had a feeling of disillusionment, which will explain my preoccupation with cigars and marmalade.

This passed away however, when Bishop McKim called the newly arrived missionaries to his office and explained that while he planned to send us into the interior for evangelistic work, we must in preparation for this acquire a working knowledge of the language. He had decided therefore to keep us together in Tokyo for six months or a year, as this would enable us to secure a more competent teacher. Also in Tokyo he could relieve the monotony of language study by giving each of us a small amount of work that did not require a knowledge of the language. This cheered me up considerably, especially as the work assigned me was a class in New Testament Greek in the Divinity School. The ordained men were to preach in turn through an interpreter at the Japanese evening service in the Cathedral. After a few weeks I was asked to take on an additional job, the teaching of Greek to the senior boys in a school for foreign children. As they were to read Thucydides, this appealed to me as an interesting opportunity to keep up my own Greek. The Bishop had also arranged that three of the men, Limrie, Welbourn and myself were to live together in a very nice house on the Bund, i.e. the street that ran along the bank of the Sumida River. A fourth man, Cooke, was to take his meals with us. Chapman had been sent to Osaka. Our Japanese class was to consist of the four

of us with the addition of another newly arrived man, Andrews, and Miss Clara Neely who had come over on the *Coptic* with us. This class met for three hours daily. Our teacher was a rather elderly Japanese. We soon discovered that "competent" was a relative term and that one of our main problems was to teach him how to teach. He would give us each day a number of English sentences to be translated into Japanese. His English was rather amusing. One sentence that I remember was, "My nose is a brave smeller." It did however, have the advantage of showing us how the Japanese would express themselves in a given set of circumstances. Our main difficulty was that Tsukiji afforded very little opportunity to practice what we learned in class through conversation with Japanese. The only people that we could count on for this purpose were our servants. I wanted my surplice brought down stairs. Thinking that it would be a good chance to use my Japanese, I asked the cook's wife to fetch my white coat, as I didn't know the Japanese word for surplice. Unfortunately my memory was defective and I made a mistake of one letter. The maid came back some time later, saying that she had been to the market, but couldn't find a white rabbit, would a gray one do? The Japanese for coat is uwagi, but I had called it usagi, which means rabbit. The only members of our class who made any conspicuous progress in conversational Japanese were Miss Neely and Allen Cooke. They were both great talkers and even in Tsukiji found opportunities for indulging in their favorite pastime. Allen Cooke, in addition to his skill in the language, had a well trained and acute mind. Unfortunately his proficiency in the language enabled him to indulge his fondness for sarcasm which sometimes offended the Japanese, who are very sensitive. Even so, he was easily the ablest of our group. He and I were great friends, but as he was from Nashota and I from Virginia, our points of view were quite different. We spent many hours in arguments, which like a thunder storm made a great deal of noise but affected very little change in opinions.

Limrie had been a Methodist minister. He was a very flowery speaker. In one of his sermons at the Cathedral, he used the expression, "touched the live wire of immortality." This was beyond the comprehension of the interpreter. He asked him to repeat it. As this did not help much, he rushed down to the pew where I was sitting to ask me what it meant. Limrie was also rather impractical. As the Japanese shops did not carry foreign furniture, we had to depend on getting

what we needed at auction sales of the effects of foreigners who were leaving Japan. Limrie returned from one of these the proud possessor of two chairs, a carpet and 12 dozen second-hand tennis balls. We depended upon Welbourn to represent us in the social affairs that played an important part in the life of the Tokyo Foreign Community. His activity along this line brought him into contact with many upper class Japanese, who were of great assistance to him in the fine work which he subsequently did among the students of the Imperial University. Last but not least in our group was Andrews. He lived in a nearby house with his family. His home was a haven of refuge for me. Also his keen sense of humor and his wonderful missionary spirit helped greatly in preventing me from succumbing to the disillusionment which language study in a foreign community like that of Tokyo tended to produce. Companionship with this group of men was a real factor in enabling me to surmount the hurdle which his first year in the field presents to a young missionary.

Perhaps it may be well at this point to describe the missionary situation in which I found myself. The work of the Episcopal Church in Japan was started by Bishop Williams in Nagasaki in 1859. After he was made Bishop he moved his headquarters to Osaka. Still later when the removal of the Emperor's residence to Tokyo made it apparent that it would become the predominant center of influence in Japan, Bishop Williams himself moved to Tokyo. We had, therefore two widely separated areas of work, one centering in Osaka and Kyoto and the other in Tokyo. These two areas became separate dioceses when a territorial diocesan system was established by the Synod of 1894. For a while these two dioceses were under the supervision of one Bishop, but by 1899 the work had developed to a point where it became obvious that the Osaka-Kyoto area needed a bishop of its own. Soon after I arrived in Japan, Bishop Partridge was consecrated as the first Bishop of Kyoto.

The missionaries who arrived in Japan during 1899 were with the exception of Chapman all assigned to the Tokyo Diocese. The reason for this was that relatively speaking, Kyoto was better manned with workers and there were fewer areas in which our Church was entirely unrepresented. While in Tokyo City and in the nearby provinces our work was well established, there was a large area in the northern part of the main island which was practically untouched. It is 500 miles from Tokyo to Aomori. With the exception of the first 50 miles of this

long stretch, our work was confined to Sendai, Aomori and a few small stations that could be reached from those two centers. There were only two foreign and one Japanese clergymen in this whole area and one of the foreigners was due to go on furlough. In the provinces nearer Tokyo where the work was more developed there was an equal need for missionary reinforcements.

In the city of Tokyo there was not the same need in the evangelistic work for missionaries. Our Japanese congregations were all under the charge of Japanese clergymen, men who reflected the saintly character of Bishop Williams, the evangelistic fervor of Harry Page, and some of them at least the intellectual alertness of Theodosius Tyng. In the educational work, however, the foreign missionary still played an active part. The faculty of the Divinity School at that time was composed entirely of foreigners. The President of St. Paul's College was the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, although the Principal, whom the Japanese Government recognized as the person responsible for discipline and management, was a Japanese, Dr. Motoda. In the English department there were generally one or two American teachers. I do not remember who was the Principal of St. Margaret's School for Girls at the time of my arrival, but in 1902 a Japanese clergyman, Mr. Kobayashi, was appointed to that position, though here too the faculty included one or more American women. The Dean of the Cathedral was an American, but his responsibility as such was limited to the foreign congregation. The Japanese congregation had its own pastor, a Japanese.

Those of us who were studying the language in preparation for being sent out to do evangelistic work in the interior became somewhat impatient at being kept in Tsukiji where there was little opportunity for Japanese conversation or for observing evangelistic work. With the exception of Bishop McKim and Mr. Lloyd most of the missionaries living there were teachers who lectured in English and had no first hand knowledge of the Japanese outside of the classroom. The one exception among the professors in our Divinity School was the Rev. Arthur Morris, who had formerly been a colleague of Bishop Williams in the early evangelistic work in Osaka. He, however, was an extremely reserved, diffident man who so far as we newcomers were concerned was completely inaccessible. In order to escape the risk of having his privacy interfered with, he had transferred his residence to Yokohama. The only glimpse we got of him was when he came riding up from the station to the Divinity School on a tricycle of ancient vintage. As soon

as his class was over and he had finished his duties as treasurer of the Mission he would leave without giving anyone an opportunity to speak to him. I broke into his office on one occasion to ask why I had not received my monthly salary cheque. He was just leaving and as he went out he said, "You will never receive it until you send me a receipt for last month's cheque." This taught me a good lesson, but it was the only conversation I ever succeeded in having with him. Despite these eccentricities Mr. Morris was a devoted and able missionary. The Japanese often told me that his class in the New Testament was the most helpful of all the courses in the Divinity School. I am glad to pay this tribute to one whose extreme modesty prevented his contribution to the development of the Church from being generally recognized. After his death his will revealed the fact that he had left a considerable sum of money to be used for the work to which his life had been dedicated.

The two men from whom I derived the greatest help during this year of preparation were Mr. Arthur Lloyd and Mr. Theodosius Tyng. Mr. Lloyd impressed upon me the importance of understanding the mentality and the religious background of the Japanese. Although he was a very busy man, he would frequently invite me to spend an evening with him. Whatever influence I was subsequently able to exert through my contacts with the Japanese people I owe largely to the insight which he gave me into their mental processes and points of view. Also, he would often take me with him to some mission stations where he was the priest-in-charge. This gave me my first practice in reading the Japanese services and also the opportunity to observe the methods used in evangelistic work.

As Mr. Tyng lived in Osaka, I saw him only on his occasional visits to Tokyo. He was a man of many theories, all of them interesting but some rather impracticable. One of them, however, impressed me as being the most reasonable view of missionary policy that I had ever encountered. It was that the evangelization of Japan could be finally accomplished only by a Japanese church under Japanese leadership. One of our main concerns therefore should be the development of qualified leaders. Also, we should be ready to transfer to them the responsibility for leadership as soon as they were able to exercise it. This is of course now recognized as an essential principle of successful missionary work, but at that time it was rather resented by most of the older missionaries as being dangerous and impracticable. The

validity of the axiom, "He who pays the piper, calls the tune," was pretty generally assumed. It was not sufficiently recognized that under native leadership the Japanese congregations would have an incentive to take a larger part in paying the piper. Already the churches in Osaka and Tokyo which had native pastors were beginning to make progress towards self-support. I became convinced that a principle that was working well in local congregations would prove equally advantageous for the work as a whole. It happened that in the General Synod of 1900, a new canon was adopted laying down the conditions upon which an independent Diocese with its own Japanese Bishop could be established. I determined that one of my main objectives would be to do everything possible to help in the fulfillment of these conditions. It took twenty-three years to accomplish this. The credit for this forward step belongs to the Japanese leaders, but I had the privilege of working very closely with Dr. Motoda and some of the other Tokyo clergy during the preliminary stages of the effort while I was President of St. Paul's College. Later on, as Bishop of Kyoto, I helped the Osaka clergy to attain the desired end. Almost the last thing that I did in Japan was to preside at the convention at which the diocese was organized and its first bishop elected.

During my first year in Japan an order was issued by the Minister of Education forbidding religious instruction in schools holding a government license. On its face this regulation seemed to present Christian schools with the alternatives either to give up the license with its privileges or to abandon the Christian purpose for which our schools were established. At St. Paul's, religious instruction had for some years been put on a voluntary basis and was given at an hour when no required subject would be scheduled. The same was true of religious services which were held in the Cathedral. Also, our dormitory was not on the registered schoolgrounds. The school authorities presented to the Department a statement describing our method of giving religious instruction and asked whether it would constitute a violation of the order. Much to our gratification we were informed that it would not and that we had the Department's full consent to its continuance. In the meanwhile practically all of the other missions had given up their licenses. The students of unlicensed schools were placed at a great disadvantage. Graduates of an unlicensed middle school for example were denied admission to government colleges and technical schools, no matter how high their academic standing might be. This meant

the Christian schools, should they give up their license, would no longer be able to attract the best quality of students, except perhaps a few who wished to prepare for Church work or who hoped to secure positions calling for an exceptional knowledge of English. Bishop McKim appointed a committee to consider this problem and to make recommendations as to whether we should follow the line adopted by other missions, or take advantage of the ruling of the Department of Education. The committee consisted of Mr. Tyng, Mr. Gardiner and myself. Mr. Tyng was the chief talker. He would make a proposition to which Mr. Gardiner in a very urbane and gracious manner would assent, but before I, who was acting as secretary, could get it written down, a new idea would suggest itself to Mr. Tyng and we would go through the same process with it. Mr. Tyng's stock of ideas seemed exhaustless, but when the hour came when the committee had been instructed to make its report, they asked me to omit Mr. Tyng's "Whereases" and to draft a simple recommendation that St. Paul's retain its license. This was unanimously approved by the Mission meeting and also by the Japanese clergy and laymen who were connected with the school. I have dwelt on this at some length because one of the church papers in this country bitterly assailed Bishop McKim for having abandoned the Christian purpose of St. Paul's. What has been said above will, I hope, be sufficient to show that the criticism was based on an entire misunderstanding of the situation. If there was any evasion of the law, the responsibility for that rested upon the Department of Education which was accurately and fully informed as to the method of religious instruction in use at St. Paul's. The Japanese have a saying "Yu mei mu butsu," which means "having the name but not the substance or reality." This applies to a regulation which has the appearance of being absolutely prohibitive, but which under normal circumstances is not strictly enforced. Such a regulation serves as a club which ordinarily is not used, but which when the occasion calls for it can be applied most effectively. Fortunately at St. Paul's no such occasion arose and our religious work was carried on with excellent results. Some years later in a church school in Osaka during the absence of the Principal, his substitute with lamentable lack of common sense did something which aroused the ire of the authorities. Immediately the club descended with the result that for a year all religious activities on the school's premises were forbidden. Under the militarist regime during the late war St. Paul's had similar trouble, but this was due

to a total change in the attitude of the government under war conditions. The club then used was quite different from the 1900 regulation of the Department of Education.

During the early part of 1900, our missionary staff received a reinforcement, the full significance of which was not realized at that time. Dr. and Mrs. Teusler arrived in Japan soon after the decision was made about the retention of St. Paul's license. When Bishop McKim told us that a doctor was expected, we felt rather sorry for him, for our medical work had deteriorated to a degree that made its revival seem a hopeless proposition. It was centered in a disreputable two-room building just across the street from the Divinity School. What kind of activities were being carried on inside we newcomers did not know. In other words Dr. Teusler had to start from less than nothing, for the influence of this so-called medical centre was a minus quantity, a disgrace rather than an asset to our work. If Dr. Teusler was discouraged he did not show it. Mrs. Teusler was a "Virginia cousin" of mine so that I saw a great deal of them. Very shortly after his arrival Dr. Teusler began outlining to me his plans for the development of a real hospital. It was not long before I realized that here was not only a man with a vision, but also a man endowed with a rare capacity for converting his vision into a reality. It was my privilege to work very closely with him in the formulation and execution of his plans. I have met many able men, but none who in my opinion quite equaled Dr. Teusler in the ability to carry through to a successful conclusion a great purpose in the face of apparently unsurmountable difficulties.

Another great missionary whom I met about this same time was Archbishop Nicholai of the Greek Orthodox Church. He came to Japan from Russia as a young man and by singlehanded evangelistic work established and developed the Greek Orthodox Church until in 1900 it was second only to the Roman Catholic Church in point of numbers. I was told that two Russian Priests some years before had been sent out to help him, but remained in Japan only six months as they could not stand the pace set by the Archbishop. He was a man of great spiritual power as well as of rare practicability. I first met him at Bishop Partridge's consecration. Some time later Bishop McKim took me to see him. He spoke English with a rather queer accent. During our visit he took us over to see his Cathedral. High up on one of the walls there was a small gallery. When we asked him for what

purpose it was used, much to our astonishment he replied "for the horse." Further inquiries, however, made it clear that this was his pronunciation of the English word, "chorus." During the Archbishop's lifetime the relations between our Church and the Greek Orthodox were very friendly.

One of the pleasant and helpful features of my year's residence in Tokyo was the opportunity which it afforded of coming into contact with the missionaries of other churches. In Tsukiji only a few doors from my home lived the Rev. David Thompson. He was one of the first missionaries to come to Japan after the treaty ports were opened to foreigners. When we could tear our attention away from his entertaining daughters, it was both interesting and inspiring to hear him tell of the early days, when Christianity was still a forbidden religion and the obstacles to its promulgation seemed insurmountable. The undaunted faith of these early missionaries that a way would be opened up for the preaching of the Gospel made us feel rather ashamed of our impatience at being held in Tsukiji for language study. There were a large number of very fine and able missionaries of other churches stationed in Tokyo, but as they lived in sections of the city quite distant from Tsukiji, I had little opportunity during this first year of coming into contact with them. The only other church in Tsukiji was the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The foreigners connected with it were mostly French or Belgian who because of language difficulties or for other reasons did not take part in the social life of the community, so that we had no personal contact with them.

Missionaries in a country like Japan are a mixed blessing. Most of those who are regular appointees of a Church Board are reasonably competent, but even among these there were some in the earlier days who seemed to have been shipped out to Japan in the hope that a person who was a problem at home might be of some use in the mission field. This supposition, however, proved to be a grievous fallacy. Then there were a number of self-appointed men and women, whose undisciplined eccentricities sometimes brought ridicule or disrepute upon the whole missionary group. One instance of this which occurred while I was in Tokyo will illustrate the harm that goodness without gumption can do. The American Legation was planning a Fourth of July celebration and asked American citizens to make a small contribution towards its expenses. One independent missionary declined very abruptly on the ground that he was a "citizen of Heaven." The possibly legendary

sequel to this story was that when later he went to have his passport renewed, he was referred to his own Legation.

The summer climate of Japan is not conducive to study. When it was announced that our Japanese language class would have a two months vacation, I decided to accept an invitation from my friend and classmate, James Chapman, to spend the time in Kanazawa, a west coast city in which he was stationed. This would give me an opportunity for practice in conversation and for learning something about evangelistic work in a comparatively undeveloped field. This proved to be both a profitable and pleasant venture. In Kanazawa I was brought into daily contact with Japanese who were unsophisticated and non-English speaking. While the city itself was fairly progressive, the people in the surrounding country were very little affected by the influence of Western civilization. There was still a strong prejudice against the Christian religion which made it very difficult even to attempt missionary work in the smaller towns and villages. As the attitude of the people in the northern section of Japan where I expected to be sent was very similar, I made frequent excursions into the country in order to get acquainted with the kind of environment in which my future work was to be carried on. As my knowledge of the language was too limited for any attempt to enter upon the discussion of religion, the people whom I met were friendly. There were many topics outside of the sphere of their prejudices in which we were mutually interested. I at least learned that the first step in evangelism is to discover points of contact through which one can win the confidence and friendship of those whom one wishes to influence religiously. My imperfect knowledge of the language often led to ridiculous experiences. One very hot day when I was recuperating from a long walk in a country hotel, I wanted to take a cold bath. There are two words for "cold" in Japanese, one of which is used almost exclusively of the weather. When I used it in reference to my bath, the Japanese servant thinking that I was commenting on the weather, with characteristic politeness replied, "Yes, it is a cool day." The more I tried to explain that I was referring to my bath, the more emphatic he became in his agreement with me as to the day's temperature. I learned from this experience two lessons, one about the language and the other that where courtesy is regarded as a paramount virtue, you cannot assume that a person's words represent his real opinion.

Kanazawa was well known for its production of a beautiful porcelain ware called Kutani. It was also a center for the manufacture of silk fabrics. The working conditions of the women employed in silk embroidery were at that period very bad. In order to help some of these women and to set an example which it was hoped would help to raise the standards in the industry as a whole, our very able woman worker, Miss Suthon, had established an embroidery school. This school was a good example of the part played by philanthropic work in the attainment of our missionary purpose. The recognition of a practical need and the attempt to give help in meeting it even on a small scale breaks down prejudice and tends to arouse a sympathetic interest in Christianity among a large number of people who could never be reached by direct evangelism. A very prominent non-Christian Japanese once remarked to me, "Your St. Luke's Hospital is the most eloquent and widely heard preacher you have in Japan." In other words such efforts open the way for the preaching of the Gospel. Another result is the awakening of the community as a whole to a new sense of moral obligation. For example, the well-known hospital for lepers founded by Miss Riddell not only gave relief to the comparatively small number of patients admitted to it, but it also called the attention of the Japanese government to the need for such work, and led to the establishment of well-equipped leper institutions in various parts of the country. The social reforms which have done so much for the betterment of life in modern Japan were largely due to the example set by small Christian institutions like Miss Suthon's Embroidery School in Kanazawa.

I have described at rather undue length my Kanazawa experiences and the lessons learned from them. These lessons, however, were an unconscious by-product of activities whose real purpose was to get as much pleasure as possible out of my vacation. The discovery of the pleasure that one could enjoy in friendly intercourse with Japanese was the most valuable result of my Kanazawa visit. A sincere liking of the people you are seeking to evangelize and a sympathetic understanding of their points of view are indispensable qualifications for successful missionary work.

During my stay in Kanazawa I discovered another way of promoting one's "pursuit of happiness." Mountains have always had a peculiar attraction for me. When, therefore, soon after my arrival I caught a glimpse of a snow capped peak high enough to be seen over the top

of an intervening range, I felt an immediate urge to climb it. I learned that it was a sacred mountain called Hakusan and that the ascent would involve a trip of several days. Mr. Chapman and I made up a party and after two days of strenuous walking we reached the foot of the mountain. The ascent was very arduous and by the time we came to the snow about 1,000 feet below the summit, a heavy rain began to fall. We found there a pilgrim's hut in which a number of Japanese were crowded around a fire. At the back part of the hut an old man was kneeling before an image, burning candles and saying a prayer over and over again. The others told us that he had come from a village some two hundred miles distant. He was afflicted with dropsy and had been assured by the village priest that if he would climb Hakusan, burn a thousand candles and repeat a prayer ten thousand times, he would be cured of his disease. Whether the treatment worked or not, I do not know. We were told that he had already been there six days, during which he had said his prayer six thousand times and burned some five hundred candles. I was somewhat skeptical as to the numbers, but he did have a large pile of small candles by his side.

The weather was so unpropitious that all of the party except Chapman and myself decided to turn back. The fog was so thick that visibility was reduced to zero. However, after a short rest Chapman and I pushed on. We were amply rewarded, for just before we reached the summit, a sudden whiff of wind drove the clouds away. On three sides we looked out upon range after range of mountains and on the fourth in the distance was the Japan Sea, golden in the light of the setting sun. We spent the night at the hut, staying inside by the fire until the smoke became unbearable and then going outside until the cold drove us in again. In the morning we returned to the summit to see the sunrise.

This trip developed in me a fondness for mountain climbing, which I indulged whenever I had a vacation. For me personally it not only afforded a pleasant form of relaxation from the routine of work, but also helped to revive the springs from which one's spiritual strength and enthusiasm are derived. The phrase in the *Venite* which in our English Prayer Book reads "the strength of the hills" in the Japanese version is translated "the tops of the mountains." By a happy coincidence the word used for "tops" has also the meaning "receiving a gift from a superior." Certainly nowhere else is one led more surely to exclaim with the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God;

and the firmament sheweth his handywork." Once I spent the night on the summit of twin-peaked Mt. Ontake. In the early mornnig while I was awaiting the sunrise on one of the peaks, on the other some two hundred yards distant I saw a group of Shinto pilgrims. When at last "the sun came forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber," the pilgrims began chanting their morning devotions while I offered up words of praise to Him Whose glory the heavens were so splendidly revealing. Somehow one could not but feel that we were both responding to the same experience of Divine presence, however differently we might interpret the nature of the God to whom our worship was addressed. St. Paul's words on Mars Hill, "What therefore you worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you," seemed very relevant to the situation in which I found myself.

A little later on Mr. Chapman and I made a trip to Miyajima, a lovely island in the Inland Sea. Here is the Torii (Shinto temple gateway) erected in the water some distance from the shore, which is one of the "three famous sights of Japan." On our way back we stopped over in Kyoto to visit Mr. Lindsay Patton. This gave me the the opportunity to meet for the first time Bishop Channing Moore Williams, who might well be called the patron saint of the Japanese Church. Like many of the ancient saints he abounded in eccentricities. As these for the most part sprang from extreme modesty and unselfishness, they helped to direct one's attention to an underlying fineness of character. After his retirement as Bishop in 1889 he remained in Japan, devoting himself to evangelistic work. It would be hard to exaggerate the part that he played in guiding and moulding the development of our Japanese Episcopal Church during its formative years. One's first impression was that of a simple, retiring, saintly old man. On further acquaintance one soon recognized an inflexibility of discipline, a thoroughness in his training requirements which enabled him to lay a foundation of faith and character that was of inestimable value for the proper development of the Church. I remember one illustration of his evangelistic spirit. We were starting off on a trip. I asked him whether I should get second class railway tickets. He replied, "No, I prefer to go third class." His reason was that the large number of people in a third class coach made it certain that he would have someone close enough to him to engage in conversation, which meant an opportunity for personal evangelism. Among the innumerable stories which the Japanese were fond of telling about Bishop

Williams, there was one which seemed to have made a particular impression. A student at St. Paul's College complained that his room was cold. When the Bishop heard about it, he insisted upon changing rooms with the student, as his own room was on the south side of the dormitory. When the student later on understood what had taken place, he was so deeply moved that he decided to give his life to the ministry of the Church. The permanent place which Bishop Williams held in the esteem and affection of the Japanese might well be described in the Biblical words, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

I returned to Tokyo in early September feeling that my two months vacation had added the finishing touches needed to prepare me for work in the interior as soon as I had taken my examination in the Japanese language. Japan, however, is the land of approximate time. The examination was successfully passed, and I was told to be ready to leave Tokyo "tadaima." This word means literally now or immediately, but in practice it means any time within the next six months. In my case it meant curbing my impatience and waiting until the middle of January. The two married men, Andrews and Limrie, were sent out first to fill vacancies in stations where there were residences suitable for a foreign family. The real difficulty was the lack of catechists. A missionary, especially one with an inadequate knowledge of the language, is of little use without a Japanese co-worker. I therefore settled down again to my study of the language and to my teaching in the Divinity School. At least I had the satisfaction of helping to fill the need for more Japanese workers. The theological students were not at that time ordained immediately after their graduation, but were sent out as catechists. After serving in this capacity for several years, those who had proved themselves qualified for the work of the ministry were ordained to the diaconate and after a still further period of probation were advanced to the priesthood. It was a slow process, but as the development of the Church depended so largely upon the quality of its native ministry, thorough testing was extremely important at that stage of the work. Even at home it might be well if we gave more heed to the injunction, "Lay hands suddenly on no man."

This period of waiting in Tokyo gave me an opportunity to see something of that very remarkable man, Bishop Schereschewsky. He was engaged in the revision of his Chinese translation of the Bible and had come to Tokyo because the facilities for publishing it were better

there than in Shanghai. His indomitable will triumphed over physical disabilities which to an ordinary man would have made any kind of work seem impossible. So far as I could see the only part of his body which he could use was one finger. He would sit in his chair with the Hebrew Bible and with that one finger type out a word. His Chinese assistant would then write down the proper ideograph, often after what seemed to be a furious argument with the Bishop as to its appropriateness. He seemed always glad to have me drop in to see him and would stop his work to talk with me. His paralysis had affected his tongue, so that it was very difficult to understand him. Sometimes I would miss the meaning of what he was saying and make an irrelevant reply, which would arouse his ire. Despite these difficulties of communication I managed to learn a great deal about China from one who was a real authority on that country's language and customs. Some odd volumes on his bookshelf roused my curiosity. He told me that they contained the manuscript of a dictionary of a Manchurian dialect, which he had never had published, as there were only three Westerners who could make any use of it.

A large number of Chinese missionaries who had had to leave their stations on account of the Boxer rebellion refugeed in Japan during the summer and autumn of 1900. Some of them were quartered for a while in my house, so that I had to move over to a room in the Divinity School. While there I took my meals at a boarding house, which was the headquarters for foreign seamen in the employ of Japanese shipping companies. At that period the Japanese were required by the insurance companies to have one or more foreign officers on their merchant ships, with the exception of those which plied between local ports. These men had spent most of their working life in the Pacific and had wonderful tales to tell of their experiences in out of the way places. Had I been a writer I could have gathered from them material for several volumes of sea stories rivalling in interest and in incredibility those which authors like Jacobs told so fascinatingly. While the Tokyo foreign community was not large, it included a surprising number of queer people of a kind that one would never meet in a more conventional environment. Some of them like Lafcadio Hearn were men of outstanding ability. I never met him personally. By the time I reached Japan, he had become more or less of a hermit, but I heard a great deal about him from men who had known him intimately.

Introduction to Evangelistic Work

SENDAI

January 1901-December 1901

ABOUT the middle of January 1901 Bishop McKim decided to send me to Sendai to assist Rev. W. F. Madeley, who was temporarily in charge of the work in that district. Sendai was some 250 miles north of Tokyo. It was the largest city in the Tohoku, that is the northeast section of the main island, having at that time a population of 75,000. In the early part of the 17th century it acquired fame as the headquarters of the feudal prince, Date Masamune. Date played a prominent part in the civil war which resulted in the establishment of the Tokugawa family as the virtual rulers of Japan. He ranked fifth among the Daimyo in the amount of his rice income, which was 615,000 koku. In 1613 he sent on his own responsibility an embassy to Europe to confer with the Spanish authorities and the Pope. His interest in Christianity was doubtless more political and economic than religious, for later he conformed with the Tokugawa policy of repressing that faith. So far as I could ascertain, the only permanent remainder of the embassy's activities was some glass candlesticks sent to Date by the Pope and still preserved in one of the Sendai shrines.

While this 17th century attempt to establish Christianity in Sendai ended in failure, it will at least serve to indicate its strategic importance as a center for Christian missionary work in the Tohoku. In 1900 there were ten missions with churches in Sendai with a total membership of 1,687. This represents a little over two per cent of the population of the city. Numerically the Roman Catholics with 500 members and the Greek Orthodox with 411 were the largest groups, though it is difficult to estimate the real strength and influence of a Church from the number of members which it reports. For example in Sendai the German Reformed Church with 240 members seemed to me to be exerting a much stronger influence upon the life of the city than the Greek Orthodox with its 411. This was probably due to the fact

that this mission through its educational institutions was able to make contact with the element in the population which was most responsive to the Christian message. Generally speaking this meant those who had as students in secondary schools or colleges come under the influence of Western ideas and culture. Sometimes it was possible to reach the families of these student converts. Sunday schools and Christian kindergartens afforded another evangelistic opening among those who would otherwise have been inaccessible. A little girl in our Sendai kindergarten asked her father who was a professor in a government college why he did not ask a blessing before meals as was the custom at her school luncheon. He thought that he had better make some inquiries and as a result became a very sincere and useful convert to Christianity. During the time that I lived in Sendai we had no kindergarten and only a very small Sunday school. As Mr. Madeley and I were both bachelors, Japanese social customs made it difficult for us to have any contact with women or with their children, so that our evangelistic efforts were largely restricted to young men.

Another obstacle to effective work was the location of our Church. We were newcomers and had not acquired any property, so that our work was carried on in rented buildings. They were situated in the extreme western edge of the city, near the former castle of the feudal prince, in a section where I presume his retainers and officials lived. We had a large compound (yard) with a twenty room Japanese style dwelling house and several smaller outbuildings. One of these latter which formerly had been used as a stable had been converted into a fairly attractive church. While we were provided with reasonably good facilities for worship and for parish activities, we were too far away from the people whom we wished to reach to make effective evangelistic work possible. Despite these difficulties our congregation had increased steadily, so that in 1900 we had fifty-one baptized members. When a year or so later we purchased property in a more favorable location, this little group proved themselves to be good seed from which in a comparatively short time we reaped a harvest of a self-supporting influential Church.

Most of my time in Sendai was given to language study. The teacher who had been engaged for me was well educated, but had one serious defect. He was my junior by a year and according to Japanese custom it wasn't polite for him to open the conversation. I had to ask all the questions and there was no way to get him to admit

that my Japanese was anything short of perfection. However, I soon learned that when he was particularly laudatory, it was a sure sign that I had made an egregious error. As there were no other foreigners in our section of the city, I had abundant opportunity for practice in Japanese conversation. Many of the younger men were eager to learn English and were glad to accept my offer of half an hour of English instruction in exchange for an equal amount of conversation in Japanese. This arrangement also afforded an opportunity for personal evangelism, as my visitors were not averse to my making the Christian religion the main topic of conversation. How much they understood of my expositions I do not know, for it was certainly a fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy, "With stammering lips and another tongue will he speak to this people." For me at least the result was real progress in the use of the Japanese language.

My work as assistant to Mr. Madeley was not arduous. He was an old-fashioned English High Churchman and was meticulous in carrying out the schedule of services called for by the Prayer Book regardless of whether anyone came to them. We had daily morning and evening prayer in the Church. Our only regular attendant was the sexton. As he was nearsighted and not very literate, a good deal of time was consumed in his attempts to find the proper place in the Prayer Book. If his reading of the alternate verses of the Psalter could have been recorded, we could have had an entirely new version of the Psalms. If Japanese politeness had permitted it, he would doubtless have had much to say about the peculiarities of my pronunciation in reading the service. However, one learned in these services that startling aberrations in the words of one's mouth do not necessarily vitiate the meditations of one's heart, an important lesson for a missionary in a country like Japan. Occasionally I was called on to preach. When, as was usually the case, there was no interpreter, I would write a sermon in English and have my teacher help me translate it into Japanese. It was a rather precarious method of getting over one's meaning to a congregation. In one of my early sermons the keyword began with a K, but in reading it I mistook that letter for an H. I found out later that this misreading changed the subject of my discourse from the "spirit" to "boiled rice." The saying that one learns from one's mistakes did not apply in Japan, for the people courteously refrained from calling attention to one's errors. In regard to my Japanese language I did learn the truth of the Biblical admonition, "Woe unto

you when all men speak well unto you." That was a fairly sure indication that you had made a mistake.

Living conditions in Sendai were pleasant. The winter temperature was colder than that of Tokyo. Japanese architecture was adapted to warm climates. Even in the northern sections there were no chimneys nor other facilities for heating. Foreigners solved the problem of keeping warm by the use of wood stoves with pipes running through the wall, which though not an artistic arrangement did ensure comfort. Our house had a long front with several large rooms, from each end of which a wing extended back, forming, as it were, three sides of a rectangle. Mr. Madeley occupied one of the wings and I the other. The front was common ground and was used for visitors and parish house activities. As Mr. Madeley was a conventional Englishman who never departed from a fixed routine, this arrangement enabled us to live together without his having to say, "O really," more than two or three times a day. He was in fact a very long-suffering man, to whose friendship and counsel I owe a great deal. I had a small dog which was a real trial to him, especially on one occasion when she produced a litter of puppies in his best parlor chair. I managed to adjust myself to his English style of living without undue discomfort, although I never reached the point of enjoying stale fish on Fridays and tapioca pudding practically every day for eleven months.

The Sendai foreign community was composed almost entirely of missionaries. The group as a whole was decidedly above average in missionary effectiveness and included several men of outstanding ability. There was an unusual amount of cooperation between the Churches so that our relationships both socially and religiously were very cordial. Once each week we had a union service and we met together frequently to discuss the problems involved in missionary work. These meetings afforded those of us who were newcomers an opportunity to learn much that was valuable from those who had spent many years in the kind of work that we were about to undertake. They were also an illustration of how dedication to a common purpose makes possible what someone has called "the fellowship of uncongenial minds." Despite the divergent points of view that were represented we discovered an area of agreement in which we could roam around amicably without divesting ourselves of our differences. One sweet-tempered old Baptist when his turn came to speak always chose as his subject either Sabbath observance or eternal punishment, because as

he said, they were matters much neglected. On one occasion he suggested that if you had a Sunday appointment which you could meet only by hiring a jinrikisha, it would be better to cancel the appointment than to violate the Sabbath law. When he had finished his wife rose and smilingly said, "You might be interested to know that Mr. Jones did not hold that view until after he got himself a bicycle." Mr. Jones joined in the ensuing laughter. This incident will show the fine spirit that bound together people of very divergent convictions. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones were noted rural evangelists. On one of his furloughs Mr. Jones was told by a doctor that he was suffering from tuberculosis and had only six months to live. "If you are sure of this," said Mr. Jones, "I will return to Japan and spend my remaining time in village evangelism." The result of this venture of faith was that the six months had stretched to 25 years and he still seemed hale and hearty.

Mrs. Jones told me that she and her husband had volunteered for service in Japan about the same time. The Mission Board suggested that, as Japan was an unsuitable place for single people, they might get married. They complied with the suggestion, though Mrs. Jones said that if she had known that his first name was Ephraim she might have declined the offer.

As a second-year missionary, whose time is mostly spent in language study, can report very little in the way of actual accomplishments, it may be well to conclude this account of my stay in Sendai with a few quotations from letters written to my family. It used to be said that if one stays in Japan a month, he will write a book. After living there a year he will write a magazine article, but after that he will write nothing. These quotations represent the second stage in the transition from the "know it all" to the "know nothing" state of mind.

March 31st, 1901

I preached my first sermon in Japanese this morning. Of course it was translated, that is I wrote it first in English and then with the help of my teacher translated it into Japanese. Although I do not know how much of what I read the congregation understood, it is at least encouraging to me to make a beginning of preaching to them in their own language. Our way of reading is quite different from that

of the Japanese, which is singsong, with no accent on syllables or words, so that it sounds almost as if they were intoning the service.

I have an English Bible Class three times a week. It began with only one member, my teacher, but has now increased to four. However, I am not trying to enlarge it, as the best plan seems to me to begin with a few and instruct them thoroughly. The Japanese are, I believe, inclined to be superficial. They have good minds, but they want to learn something about everything with the result that many of them do not learn much about anything. I think that their superficiality in regard to foreign things arises chiefly from their eagerness to acquire in a brief time what it has taken us centuries to learn.

April 21st. My three months in Sendai have been very helpful. My experience here has given definite shape to my former rather vague enthusiasm for missions. It has shown me to some extent what the work is. In a way it has been disillusioning. The difference between my former and present attitude might be compared to that between a young man's romantic idea of the glory of war and his actual experience both of the horrors of the battle field and at the trivial part that he has to play. One has to learn not to despise the day of small things, but to recognize that each trivial detail is a vital step towards the fulfillment of God's eternal purpose. Without this, one's first contact with the actual doing of missionary work would result in blank disappointment. It is no get rich quick process. There are many encouraging features to help us along. Chief among them is the strong and vivid faith of many of the Japanese Christians. Especially impressive are the little prayer meetings held in Japanese houses. The sermon at these meetings is addressed to unbelievers. There will probably be only two or three of these, but the smallness of the numbers makes it easier to get into personal touch with those who do come. After the service and sermon there is an informal get together meeting. Tea is served and the strangers are made to feel at home. The atmosphere is that of a family gathering. The conversation is interspersed with prayers, very unliturgical in their form, sounding like remarks addressed to the head of a family group by its members, naturally and freely expressed, but at the same time perfectly reverent. It is a simple realization of our Lord's promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of you."

The next quotation is a description of a visit to one of our out-stations, Nihonmatsu.

Easter Sunday.

I came here last night and am staying in a Japanese inn. This morning we had our Easter service, with a congregation of 14, of whom six were communicants. There is no church building, so that the service was held in a room of the catechist's house, set apart for that purpose. The congregation sat on the floor, which is covered with tatami, i.e. straw mats. As the room is small, there was not much space left for the chancel and improvised communion table. This, however, made for an intimacy which was quite appropriate at an Easter service. Everyone joined heartily in the singing of the Easter hymns. As none of us knew anything about music or tunes, the singing would perhaps have shocked a real musician, but at least we succeeded in making "a joyful noise unto the Lord." After the service, tea and cakes were served, this being the invariable accompaniment of any sort of gathering in Japan. The Nihonmatsu people speak with a very peculiar dialect. During the after-meeting I sat next to an old man with whom I carried on an animated conversation, neither of us understanding what the other was saying. However, I am sure that the will to fellowship achieved its purpose even through the medium of an "unknown tongue."

May 26th.

The Taikyo Dendo (great evangelistic meetings) were held last week. All the churches joined forces and rented the Sendai theatre for two days. The attendance was unexpectedly good. On the last night the theatre was packed with some 1,200 people. Mr. Harris (a Methodist missionary who later on became the Bishop of that Church) was the main speaker. The people gave close attention to what was said. When anything pleased them they would applaud vigorously. In the audience there were many who were hostile to Christianity. They would express their disapproval by yelling and hurling abusive terms at the speaker. Mr. Harris, who has a voice that sounds like thunder, paid no attention to either applause or objections, but kept on talking and could be heard above all of the noise. Those who were interested were invited to attend follow-up services in the various churches. Just what the permanent results will be, I do not know, but the meetings at least indicated a real interest in Christianity among the general public. To me it was very impressive to hear men representing all the various denominations one after another proclaiming from

one platform the same Gospel. It was a magnificent witness to the essential unity of Christendom. Those who came to these meetings saw not Presbyterians or Methodists, or Episcopalians, but only Christians. Unity is in the air out here and I hope that the time is not far distant when the Church of Japan can proclaim to the world that our Lord's prayer for unity has been answered in this country.

During the summer many of the missionaries send their families to the mountains as the hot humid weather of the cities in the coastal plain is very trying for children. In Sendai we were fortunate in having only a few miles away a place of refuge from the heat. It is called Takayama and is a promontory separating Matsushima Bay from the ocean and on which a number of rather primitive cottages have been built. Mr. Madeley and I secured one of these for the month of August. Two unexpected occurrences are my excuse for including a mention of this summer vacation in these memoirs. One took place while I was absent on a short trip to the mountains. On my return to my utter surprise I found that Mr. Madeley had become engaged to a very attractive young Presbyterian missionary. On general principles this might seem to be quite a natural development, but Mr. Madeley prided himself upon being a bachelor who wanted no woman interfering in his household arrangements. He was also a staunch Church of England man with a strong prejudice against dissenters. His conversion though surprisingly sudden was complete and led to happy results. He became a very gracious husband and a firm supporter of the Anglo-American alliance principle. The other occurrence was an encounter with a tidal wave. I was swimming some distance off-shore in a comparatively calm sea, when I saw approaching a wave of what seemed to be mountainous proportions. There was not time to swim to the shore, so that I faced it and dived under it. How large it really was, it is hard to say, but it struck the shore with enough force to carry it several hundred yards inland over the neighboring rice fields. My authority for calling it a tidal wave was an article in the next morning's newspaper describing the damage it had done to the rice crop.

As the six months that I was supposed to stay in Sendai had already expired, all during my vacation I was rather impatiently awaiting news of my appointment to work somewhere else. The Bishop, however, found it impossible to make arrangements for my transfer before he left for the General Convention which met that year in San Francisco.

It was somewhat of a disappointment, but despite considerable "champing at the bit," I consoled myself with the thought that it would give me an opportunity to make more adequate preparation for my second examination in the language which was scheduled to take place in November. Later, I was to learn that the delay was a blessing in disguise. When we returned to Sendai Mr. Madeley who was naturally somewhat preoccupied with his fiancée put a good deal of added responsibility upon me for outstation work. This not only gave me valuable experience, but made me realize that my estimate of my readiness to undertake singlehanded responsibility for evangelistic work needed considerable revision. In the city of Sendai my evangelistic contacts had been mostly with the so-called student class, that is those who had come under the influence of our western ideas and modes of thought. They might be called "half-baked" westerners and it was the western half which came to the surface in their contacts with me. This half was able to comprehend my English-Japanese language and was responsive to the ideas which I was endeavoring to inculcate. I did not realize that there was another Japanese half, which was untouched or unconverted by what I had to say and which represented their more fundamental and permanent characteristics. The people with whom I was dealing in the outstations were devoid of this superficial "western-half." They might, out of curiosity, listen politely to this strange westerner, but they did not understand his English-Japanese, nor did they respond to ideas conveyed to them through western modes of thought. This made me realize the importance of learning to know the Japanese as they are underneath the superficial foreign dressing assumed by the student classes. The great reformer, Fukuzawa, once said that the Japanese in their dealings with the Christian nations ought to adopt Christianity as a kind of dress uniform. Many of them were willing to do this, but our missionary objective went far beyond this. If our work was to be of any real and lasting value, we had to domesticate Christianity so that it could become an integral part of their everyday life as Japanese.

Fortunately the next two years were to give me a unique opportunity for contact with Japanese whose native characteristics were not obscured by a superficial layer of undigested westernism. From this experience I learned to some degree at least to understand their points of view, their reactions to various circumstances, the real meaning that lay behind their outward form of expressing themselves. When later

it became my lot to work among students in Tokyo, this understanding assisted me greatly in presenting western and Christian ideas to them in such a way that they could be assimilated instead of being swallowed whole and retained in their Japanese system as an indigestible foreign element. In return for my understanding they gave me their confidence.

An understanding of the Japanese removes many misconceptions. They are sometimes called mysterious orientals, who are unpredictable. Despite Edmund Burke's warning against indicting a whole nation, the Japanese were often accused of dishonesty, deceitfulness and untruthfulness. When, however, one is able to catch the real meaning that is intended to be conveyed to us by their peculiar way of expressing it and the reasons for acting as they do, one finds that basically like Kipling's single men in barracks they are "remarkable like you." They have a high degree of moral sensitiveness. While the emphasis upon various moral qualities may be differently placed the general moral level is not appreciably lower than that of other races. Christianity has indeed opened our eyes to moral requirements in some areas in which the Japanese like other non-Christian people were morally blind, but it is interesting to note how quickly they respond to the Christian moral ideal when it is presented to them. Also when passing judgment upon the moral deficiencies of others, it is always wise to remember the cynical description in *Hudibras* of those who:

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

During the autumn of 1901, the tedium of waiting for orders to move was relieved by a visit from Charles Reifsnider. He had been appointed for work in the District of Kyoto, but as Bishop Partridge had not come back from the General Convention, when he arrived in Japan, he was sent to Sendai to await the Bishop's return. Those who know him will understand how greatly his visit enlivened the atmosphere of our bachelor establishment. For me it was the beginning of a lasting and rewarding friendship with a man who was to render notable service in the development of our Church in Japan.

Another significant event was the coming to Sendai of John R. Mott for a series of addresses to students. I had heard him speak some years previously at the University of Virginia and was much impressed by his ability to interest students in his message. Whether he could

produce the same effect upon those who spoke a different language was to my mind somewhat questionable. However, he soon demonstrated that he had solved the language difficulty by the skillful use of an interpreter. Moreover, his message was of a kind to appeal to Japanese students. A large number of them remained for the after meetings and nearly 150 responded to the invitation to join classes for the further study of Christianity. What proportion of them afterwards became permanent converts I do not know. I had not at that time learned to distinguish between a "nibble" and a "bite," but as Dr. Mott avoided the usual revival method of appealing to the emotions of his audience I am inclined to believe that the proportion of "bites" was larger than is generally the case at evangelistic mass meetings.

In November I went up to Tokyo for my second Japanese language examination. As Tokyo is the capital and the residence of the Emperor, one always goes "up" to it. I passed the examination, though as it included the preaching of an extempore sermon, I am sure that my success must be attributed to the kindness of the examiners rather than to my own merits. The Bishop apparently accepted their estimate of my ability to preach in Japanese, for on the day following the examination he informed me of my appointment as successor to the Rev. Mr. Limrie as priest-in-charge of the work in Hirosaki. Unfortunately the health of Mr. Limrie's family made it necessary for him to return to America. This was a real loss to our work in northeast Japan, for he was an able and devoted missionary. The Bishop asked me to go to Hirosaki as soon as I could make the necessary arrangements.

“Preaching With Stammering Lips”

HIROSAKI

December 1901-April 1903

WHEN I arrived in Hirosaki on December 13th, the ground was covered with snow over a foot deep. In a letter written some two months later I reported that during my first sixty days it had snowed every day except one, when it rained, and the snow was from six to eight feet deep. This will give some idea of the winter climate in northeast Japan. During the early part of February I went down to Sendai to take some services for Mr. Madeley while he was away on vacation. The account that I wrote of my trip back describes the difficulties one encounters in traveling during the winter season in this part of Japan.

“I left Sendai at nine o’clock at night and should have reached Hirosaki at twelve the next day but on account of the snow my train was twenty-four hours late. Anticipating the cold I had put on double suits of heavy underwear, but as there is no heat on Japanese trains, I soon became convinced that my flannel garments had turned into gauze. I managed to get on another suit of underwear and tied around my neck all of my available clothing. As there were no other passengers in the coach, I collected the hot water cans from the floor and using one of them for a pillow and the others for covering, stretched out on the seat for a nap. After a while I began to dream that I was lying on top of an iceberg. On investigation I found that the train was stuck in a snowdrift and that the hot water had turned into solid ice. It took several hours to dig the snow away sufficiently to let the train proceed. As there was no food available, I breakfasted on some mince pies which Mr. Madeley’s cook had given to me. We passed through a pine forest in which owing to the drifting of the snow nothing but the tips of the trees could be seen. In many places one could walk right over the houses, nothing but the roofs being visible. It must have been here that Baron Munchausen tied his horse to the

top of a church steeple—only there were no churches. We finally reached Aomori late at night. As the track to Hirosaki was completely blocked by snow, I spent the night there in a Japanese hotel. When I returned to the station the next morning, I found it filled with soldiers who had been sent out to search for the bodies of 270 of their comrades who had been overwhelmed by a snow slide while on a practice march through the mountains."

This unduly long description of Winter weather in Hirosaki is justifiable only because of its bearing upon our evangelistic work there. Personally I enjoyed the snow, but for Japanese, living as they did in unheated houses, it meant a period of almost complete hibernization. Their leisure time was spent sitting on the tatami with their legs folded up under them and their hands over the hibachi. The Church members came out reasonably well for the Sunday morning services, but it was practically impossible to drum up a congregation of non-Christians for the night meetings which ordinarily would be our most effective opportunity for reaching them. On the other hand one could count on finding people at home in the evening. We could arrange with our Church members to invite a few non-Christian neighbors to come to a "cottage" meeting, which while purely informal, did furnish a very good opportunity for evangelism. Such meetings had to be set at a very early hour as the Hirosaki people in order to escape the cold went to bed as soon as their domestic duties had been completed.

My chief handicap during this first winter in Hirosaki was that all of my co-workers had succumbed to the ill effects of the climate. Mr. Limrie developed a swelling in his throat which incapacitated him for speaking. The catechist and Bible-woman were house-bound with respiratory ailments. I was physically able to handle the situation alone, but the terrific Hirosaki dialect made any intelligible communication between me and the people difficult. Several of the young men understood the Tokyo dialect and would interpret for me, sometimes with rather startling results. On one occasion I was showing magic lantern pictures of the parable of the Good Samaritan. As I could not make myself understood, I asked one of my young converts to explain it to the assembled crowd. He began by saying that the purpose of the parable was to reveal the evil lives of Buddhist priests. This infuriated his listeners, who were apparently adherents of that religion. The demonstration became so violent — fortunately there were no eggs available—that the police had to come to our rescue

and escort us and our lantern out through a back entrance. On the whole, however, the people were very friendly, and with many of them I established a relationship of mutual goodwill, which is the first step in evangelism.

Hirosaki was in 1901 a city with a population of about 30,000. It was formerly the seat of the feudal lord of Tsugaru. Its status as a capital was lost after the abolition of feudalism. When the old provinces were grouped together into prefectures, Aomori became the governmental center, and Hirosaki had to be content with ranking as the second largest city of the prefecture. At the time I arrived there it was the terminus of the railroad which was later extended to the west coast. From April to November the climate was almost ideal, so that for those who could survive the strenuous winter it was an attractive place to live in. The Methodists had opened work in Hirosaki at a comparatively early date. They established a school which enlisted among its students many of the sons of the former samurai families. One of its teachers, a Mr. Schwartz, was a remarkably effective evangelist. Through his influence many of these young men became converts to Christianity, some of whom entered the Christian ministry. The first Japanese Bishop of the Methodist Church was a product of Mr. Schwartz's work.

Our Episcopal mission was opened at a much later date as an offshoot of our Church in Aomori. At the time I reached Hirosaki, we had only a small group of twelve communicants, to whom St. Paul's description of the Church in Corinth might well have been applied, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." Our Church building was a former billiard hall. Apparently that game had not proved very popular, so that we were able to acquire a fairly suitable place of worship at a ridiculously low price. The future, however, was to justify this venture of faith. When I revisited Hirosaki in 1937, I found that the billiard hall had been replaced by a fine brick church and that the little group had grown into a large congregation well on its way to self-support.

For the first three months of my stay in Hirosaki, Limrie was the priest-in-charge. His frequent illnesses made it necessary for me to do a large part of the work. This enabled me to become acquainted with the situation before assuming responsibility for its administration. His previous experience as a pastor and his natural ability qualified him for a high grade of missionary work. It was a real tragedy that

he should have been sent to a place where he and his family were unable to adjust themselves to the climate. In the short time that he had been in Hirosaki, he had acquired a good understanding of the situation and had formulated excellent plans for the development of the work. As he was most generous in giving me the benefit of all that he had learned, I was spared the bewilderment that one feels when undertaking a task with no knowledge of the conditions under which it has to be carried out. The Limries lived in a foreign style house, which had a Japanese annex. This they turned over to me. They were very kind-hearted, hospitable people and insisted upon my taking my meals with them. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Limrie, two small boys and Mrs. Limrie's mother. Mr. Limrie had spent nearly a year in Tokyo, but the others had come to Hirosaki almost immediately after their arrival in Japan. They had to begin their life in Hirosaki with no knowledge of the Japanese and with no opportunity for companionship with people of their own race. Apparently what they had heard about the people of Japan made them so suspicious that they would not employ them as servants, and so had to do all of their own house work. Mrs. Limrie's mother told me that she was sure that the Buddhist priests were making plans to kidnap the two boys. Through no fault of their own they had been placed in a situation where adjustment to strange circumstances was impossible. While they were waiting for weather which would make traveling possible, they were delighted to have an American added to their household and literally overwhelmed me with kindnesses. Finally about the middle of March travel conditions had improved sufficiently to enable them to make the move to Tokyo. While I felt real regret at their going, I was glad to have them escape from an impossible situation.

This may seem to be an improper intrusion into the privacy of a family, but as it illustrates the danger involved in transporting a family into a strange and isolated environment, the impropriety will, I hope, be pardoned. There are exceptions to every rule, but experience shows that it is neither wise nor just to send a family including elderly members and half-grown children to a place where there is no foreign community in a country where even in the most favorable circumstances the problem of adjustment is difficult. This is not an argument for the exclusive use of unmarried missionaries. Christian family life is a real asset in the mission field. Single men who do not suffer from the

effects of loneliness, often become cranks of the first magnitude. There are glorious exceptions such as Bishop Williams, though even he had certain peculiarities. In my opinion, however, if a family is to be an asset, it should grow up in Japan and not be sent out prefabricated.

The departure of the Limries left me in full charge of the work. During the spring the catechist's health became so bad that he had to leave. His going was a real loss, for it meant that I would have to be responsible not only for the preaching and routine visiting, but also for those intimacies of pastoral work which are very difficult for any foreigner, especially for one so young and inexperienced as I was at that time. For example one of the services expected of a Japanese pastor is to help the families of his congregation to find Christian partners for their sons and daughters when the time came for them to be married. Young people in Japan were not at that time allowed to choose their own life partners. Marriages were arranged by the heads of families and sometimes the expectant bride and groom would meet each other for the first time on the day before the wedding. Fortunately that particular problem did not come up during the vacancy in the catechist's office. Perhaps they thought that one who had not succeeded in finding a wife for himself would not be of much help. In my endeavor to substitute for a catechist, I made innumerable blunders, so that I am doubtful as to the value of my services to the people. For me personally it was an invaluable experience. It gave me an insight into the real characteristics that lie behind the barrier of convention that so often is an obstacle to a true understanding of the Japanese by westerners.

The first problem in evangelistic work is to find some way to extend one's contacts with the people. Mr. Limrie and I had started a rather informal English language school. Now that I had a house to myself I determined to enlarge this. Fortunately my Japanese teacher was qualified to take translation work, so that with his help and that of another teacher it was possible to offer graded courses in the English language. The experiment proved a great success as it was the only school in Hirosaki at that time which could furnish an opportunity for practicing English conversation with a foreign teacher. We soon had some forty or fifty students. While there were no compulsory classes in religion, the peculiar respect which Japanese students have for their sensei (teacher) made them responsive subjects for personal evangelism. In a way this was a disadvantage, for one always had to be careful not

to urge them to become Christians and to make sure that their motive was real religious interest rather than readiness to comply with their teacher's request. However, after much sifting I did secure from the school my first group of candidates for baptism, some of whom became in later years useful leaders in the Hirosaki Church.

Another unexpected evangelistic opportunity was afforded by the army. Hirosaki was at this period an important military post. As the impending war with Russia would be fought in Manchuria, many soldiers were sent there in order to accustom them to severe winter conditions. My house was near the barracks, so that I was able to observe their maneuvers in the snow. The soldiers were very friendly and much to my surprise seemed to welcome the interest that I took in their activities. I was invited to come to the barracks and organize an English language class for the non-commissioned officers. While they were not averse to my talking to them about Christianity, I was at the time somewhat skeptical as to the possibility of making any permanent religious impression upon them. Some years later, however, I was both surprised and gratified to find that one of the students in the Tokyo Theological school was a former member of my Hirosaki class. The seed, which I thought had fallen by the wayside, had taken root and brought forth an unexpected harvest. Not long ago I received a letter from this man expressing his gratitude to me for starting him on the way which led to a long and, though he did not himself say so, exceptionally useful ministry in the Church.

There were among those whom I met at the barracks quite a number of Christians, many of them members of the Presbyterian Church. Sometime later I happened to mention this to some of my Presbyterian friends. They asked me whether I thought it would be advisable to place a missionary in Hirosaki to minister to these army men. I replied that while personally I would welcome such an addition to our missionary force, as I was the only male American in Hirosaki at that time, a more economical plan would be to have them come to the Episcopal Church for worship. Then to avoid any danger of proselytization, I would from time to time meet with them as Presbyterians. This seemed a satisfactory solution of the problem with the result that during the remainder of my stay in Hirosaki I served this group as a substitute for a Presbyterian pastor.

These methods of establishing contacts with men were reasonably successful. In Japan at that period men and women were segregated.

While the men's side of our little church gradually filled up, the women were conspicuous by their absence. Japanese social customs and my own timidity so far as the female sex was concerned were an effectual bar to any evangelistic work for women. When I suggested to the chairman of our vestry committee that he bring his wife to church, he replied, "She is too stupid to become a Christian!" While the Japanese language requires that one use depreciatory terms in referring to members of one's family, I found out later that there was an element of truth in his statement. As a result of my urging she finally became a candidate for confirmation. As she was not good at reading, her husband had arranged to give her a nudge, when the time came for her to say the Japanese equivalent of "I do" in answer to the Bishop's question. Apparently this cue was over violent, for instead of repeating the word, she turned around and gave him an indignant scolding. However, we finally got her confirmed and she became a faithful Christian. When I explained to the Bishop the situation as regards work among women, he came to my rescue by sending Miss Mann, a very able and experienced missionary, to Hirosaki. She arrived in the late Spring and as a result of her vigorous work, the women's side of the Church began to fill up. By the autumn, she had opened up so many opportunities for work among women and children that the Bishop sent another missionary, Miss Boyd, to assist her.

These additions to our staff necessitated a change in my domestic arrangements. Miss Mann occupied the foreign style house and I moved to a newly built Japanese one. In some respects this meant a decrease in comfort, as there is no provision for heat or natural light in a Japanese house and one has to remove one's shoes on entering. My landlord kindly allowed me to put in two windows and to substitute glass for paper in some of the sliding doors. Also with his permission I installed a wood stove in one of the rooms, running the pipe out through the back wall. This, while it represented a sacrifice of the picturesque, gave me a comfortable study and by opening the sliding doors I was able to modify somewhat the icebox temperature of the adjoining rooms. In my back yard I had a stable with stalls for three horses and a room for servants. As horses were not included in my missionary equipment, I converted their section into a commodious though rather chilly bathroom. A cold bath in the morning had always been a part of my daily routine, but only a young man's mistaken

idea that discomfort is in itself a virtue enabled me to persist in it when on winter mornings I found my bath covered with a skim of ice.

Living was inexpensive in Hirosaki. I had two servants, an elderly couple who were enthusiastic members of the Methodist Church. I paid them ten yen (five dollars gold) a month and they fed themselves. When they first came to me, they were totally ignorant so far as foreign cooking was concerned so that I had to live largely on canned food imported from Yokohama. However, when I was away from home Miss Mann had them come over and take lessons from her cook. They were apt pupils and in a short time became experts in the culinary art.

The inconveniences of a Japanese house were outbalanced by the advantages which it offered in the doing of my work. My Japanese visitors felt much more at home there so that it was possible to establish personal contact with them without having their attention diverted by the strangeness of an alien environment. They would almost forget that I was a foreigner. The removal of this barrier was a great help in promoting mutual understanding and in enabling me to win their confidence. Friendly relationship is the first step in evangelism. While only a small proportion of the visitors to my Japanese house became Christian converts during my stay in Hirosaki, yet practically all of them showed signs that this exposure to the influence of Christianity had produced some change in their thinking and living. With some this was only temporary, with others it became static so that they never advanced beyond the status of "sympathizers," but with some, as I learned later, it was the first stage of a process which eventually brought them into affiliation with the Church. One thing that I learned from this experience was that quick results are often not the best results. Sudden conversions are indeed sometimes true and permanent, but my experience in Hirosaki taught me to regard prompt and enthusiastic response to my evangelistic efforts with a certain degree of caution. Frequently they were purely emotional and quickly faded away. Occasionally their motivation was self-interest. I remember in particular one man, who proclaimed himself a convert and suddenly developed an intense interest in everything connected with the church. This overwhelming display of piety raised a question mark in my mind, and I adopted a policy of watchful waiting. After a few months he asked whether I could not get him a job in either our Tokyo hospital or school. As he obviously was not qualified for work

in either of these institutions, I tried to explain to him in as kindly a way as possible the preparation he would need, before I could recommend him. Like the man in the Gospel story he went away sorrowful and doubtless indignant, for neither the church nor I saw him again.

While my activities during my first year in Hirosaki succeeded in enlarging the area of evangelistic opportunity, they did not produce any marked change in the communicant membership of the Church. In a letter written to my father on January 1st, 1903, I made the following report:

I think that our church has made some progress during the past year. Numerically we do not show up very well, as about half of our communicants and catechumens (candidates for baptism) have moved away. We have had eight baptized and seven confirmed and have admitted nineteen catechumens. Of these latter some would have been baptized at Christmas, had they not moved away from Hirosaki. We have at present twelve resident communicants and eight baptized members awaiting confirmation. As several of the catechumens have almost finished their preparation, we ought to double our communicant list at the next visit of the Bishop, provided the loss by removals is not too great.

In the same letter I state that the outlook for the coming year is encouraging. There had been a steady increase in non-Christian attendance at the Church services. We had a large number of inquirers, some of whom were ready to take the first step towards membership in the Church by being admitted as catechumens. This meant a public profession of their decision to become Christians and a promise to study the teachings of Christianity and to endeavor to live in accordance with its moral principles. Not least among the reasons for encouragement was the acquisition of an able, earnest and physically vigorous catechist. Without Mr. Ono's assistance it would have been impossible to take advantage of the enlarged area of evangelistic opportunity in Hirosaki itself. Moreover, the Japanese pastor in Aomori, the Rev. Mr. Kobayashi, had during the year been appointed Headmaster of St. Margaret's School in Tokyo. As his successor was only a catechist, the Bishop appointed me as Priest-in-charge of the work throughout the whole of Aomori Prefecture, with a population of over a million people. We had regular work in only three places, Hirosaki, Aomori and Hachinohe, but as a result of the transient character of our church membership, we had inquirers, catechumens and communicants residing in places where there was no Christian work of any kind. In order to conserve the results of our

past work, we had to keep in touch with these people and in so doing we frequently discovered opportunities for evangelistic work among their non-Christian friends.

Every other Sunday had to be given to the churches in Aomori and Hachinohe. Aomori was only twenty some miles away, so that it was possible to get there during the week for pastoral work, but to reach Hachinohe required in those days a five hour train trip. It was situated near the east coast on a branch line of the railway to which was apparently consigned all the equipment that was not usable elsewhere. After services in Aomori at six-thirty and nine Sunday morning, I would catch an early afternoon train and reach Hachinohe in a rather dilapidated condition just in time for the evening service. The catechist was a delightful old gentleman, who had formerly been an instructor in fencing. He was much beloved by the people of Hachinohe, and was a man of strong faith though his knowledge of theology was limited. At first the only thing that I could understand in his sermons was the frequent repetition of the names, Alexander, Napoleon and Washington. Exactly what the connection of the first two with the Christian religion was, I could not figure out. He was a very fluent and forceful speaker. At my first service he asked me to allow him two minutes before my sermon to say something to the congregation, but the two minutes stretched out to three-quarters of an hour of very vigorous sounding oratory. I am afraid that my sermon preached haltingly in imperfect Japanese must have been something of an anti-climax, although it inspired him to make another address in which he praised at considerable length the young foreigner. As we had no church building, the services were held in the catechist's house. The evening service was very informal. Mr. Matsushita, the catechist, was no slave to the Prayer Book rubrics, but acted upon the principle of doing "that which was right in his own eyes." His informality, however, created an atmosphere of friendly reverence in which the congregation of simple people could worship in spirit and in truth. Among my varied experiences in Japan none remain more pleasantly in my memory than those Sunday evenings in Hachinohe. The only drawback was the extreme cold during the winter months especially at the early communion service on Monday mornings. The wind from the ocean would often blow away the paper in the sliding doors and my hands would get so numb that I would have difficulty in turning the pages of the Prayer Book.

By the end of my first year in Hirosaki I had made considerable progress in overcoming the language handicap. The dialect no longer presented any difficulty. In fact I heard it so continuously that I had to guard against the danger of making it my normal style of speech. It was hard to secure a teacher who spoke the Tokyo dialect. My first one contracted tuberculosis and I had to nurse him for several months. After several unsuccessful experiments with local men, I was fortunate enough to get hold of a retired catechist, who was not only a competent Japanese scholar, but was also able to give me valuable assistance in my church work. He came of Samurai stock and was fond of talking about his early training. It was apparently very severe. He said that he was taught that he ought to smile only three times a year.

In order to develop a language style suitable for public speaking while in Hirosaki I concentrated my Japanese reading largely upon the published addresses of men prominent in the political and educational fields. This, together with the reading of Fukuzawa's autobiography and Marquis Ito's commentary on the Constitution of the Japanese Empire increased the fluency of my preaching even if it did not improve its quality. The real benefit that I derived was a greater understanding of the aims and methods of the men who played the chief part in directing the development of modern Japan. One could not but admire the wisdom, patience and diplomatic skill of that small group of men who were the "power behind the throne." Even after they had retired from official positions, the advice of these men, who were referred to as the "Elder Statesmen," was sought before a decision was made on questions of importance. For many years they furnished an adequate check upon the militarist elements in Japan. After the death of most of them there arose in the army stationed in Manchuria a generation of officers who "knew not Joseph." They were impatient of the slow, cautious policies of the Elder Statesmen, and finally succeeded in imposing upon the Japanese government the aggressive militarism which led to such disastrous results.

During my first year in Hirosaki my attention was largely concentrated upon the problems of finding ways to increase my contacts with people and of improving my Japanese language sufficiently to make a real interchange of ideas possible. The question of what to say was of less concern to me than the problem of how to say it. Most of the

people whom I met were intellectually unsophisticated, so that one was tempted to deal with them as teachers sometimes do with the primary grades in a school, disregarding entirely the importance of preparing them for entrance into the higher grades. While St. Paul was undoubtedly right in prescribing milk for spiritual babes, and meat only for men, yet we have learned that the babe's chance of reaching mature age is greatly increased by care concerning the quality of the milk with which it is fed. An acquaintanceship which I formed with an intelligent, highly educated doctor made me realize that I ought to spend as much time on the message itself as I did on the means of delivering it. This doctor was always glad to talk about religion, but his interest was purely pragmatic. Someone has described the attitude of educated Japanese towards the supernatural as "a politeness toward possibilities." My doctor friend seemed to me to be following the old Confucian maxim. "Honor the Gods and keep them far from you." He accepted enthusiastically the ethical teaching of Christianity, but while he doubtless thought that the religion with its doctrines was helpful to the masses as an inducement to moral practice, he personally felt no particular need for it. The Japanese have a word "hōben," which means a pious device used to persuade the ignorant to accept and follow religious teachings. I gathered that he recognized the value of the supernatural element in Christianity as a "hōben," which while not necessarily representing any objective truth was a useful means to an important end.

This experience made me recognize the importance of presenting Christ as the incarnate Son of God to my people in such a way that, as they matured, they would still hold to this teaching as an eternal truth, and not grow out of it as children do of their belief in Santa Claus. I therefore began an intensive study of the doctrine of the Incarnation in order that I might be able to present it to the Japanese as both a more reasonable and more fruitful conception of God's relationship to man than that implied in the maxim, "Honor the Gods and keep them far from you." This, I think, was a real turning point in my missionary career. While I never became a theological expert, at least I was able, as a result of this study, to be of some help in removing the barriers to belief on the part of the educated Japanese with whom in later years I was brought into contact. The demands of the work are so exacting that many missionaries give up any attempt to develop their thinking by systematic study after their arrival in Japan.

While of course the witness of their lives is the most effective argument for Christianity, yet St. Peter does admonish us to be always ready to give "a reason for the hope that is in you." I have read somewhere about a lake that has during the centuries receded leaving behind a number of beaches which can be dated by the fossil remains found in them. In the same way it was possible to date the arrival in Japan of some of the missionaries by the form of their theological interpretation of Christianity. This probably accounts for a criticism which was often heard, "Christianity is ethically fine, but philosophically shallow." The unchanging truth needs to be expressed in terms that are understandable to each generation and to each new intellectual environment.

During the latter part of the winter of 1902-3 my time was spent largely in famine relief. Owing to the almost complete failure of the 1902 rice crop in the northern section of the province, the people were in great distress as they depended upon rice for their subsistence. The foreign communities of Yokohama and Kobe raised a substantial sum for relief and asked me to take charge of its distribution. In order to do this effectively I had to visit the various villages in the section and work out a plan by which the most helpless and needy could be carried over to the next harvest. Fortunately the government officials from the governor down to the village headmen gave me enthusiastic cooperation. As the Japanese have a talent for organization and a passion for statistics, after we had visited a few homes and classified them according to the number of dependents and the daily quota of rice that would be needed to keep them going, in a surprisingly short time the village officials would be able to give me the number of people most in need of help and the amount of rice required to furnish it in that particular community. In order to keep it from being wasted and to ensure its lasting until the harvest, each family was given a little book of coupons which they would present at the village office in order to obtain their daily quota. They seemed almost as much interested in this system as they were in getting the rice. I was told afterwards that it worked out very successfully. Certainly it aroused throughout the whole section a real feeling of gratitude and as a kind of by-product opened a wide door of opportunity for Christian work. The old catechist at Hachinohe told me that once when he was talking to a man from one of the villages about Christ, he said, "O yes, I have already met him when he came to my village bringing us rice." This unintentional irreverence at least shows the impression made by the

Christian charity of the Yokohama and Kobe people. It may also show the danger against which a missionary always has to guard of making "rice" Christians. Unfortunately, I did not stay in Hirosaki long enough to follow up the evangelistic opportunity.

For me personally this famine relief work was a very valuable experience. It brought me into intimate contact with rather primitive rural life and also opened my eyes to the important part played by Christian philanthropy in the work of evangelism. The conditions under which the investigation had to be made were rather strenuous. The only way of reaching the villages was by walking, which would not have been bad except for the deep snow and blizzardly weather. On one trip I was accompanied by an official from the Kencho (prefectural office). It was a sunshiny March morning. In honor of the foreigner he wore a frock coat with nothing beneath it but thin underwear. After about two miles we ran into the worst blizzard I have ever encountered, blinding snow and a terrific wind. The tails of the official's frock coat stretched behind him like a plank, but with true Japanese fortitude he marched forward without a murmur. However, when after some four hours we finally reached a village, I had to put him to bed in an unheated inn. I thought he would certainly have pneumonia, but when I got back a day or so later, he was ready to join me with profuse apologies for his rudeness in letting me make most of the trip alone. Many of the people whose homes I inspected were entirely without food, except for roots and acorns or other equally unpalatable substitutes which they picked up in the fields and forests. In this section many of the country people used a kind of peat for fuel. The smoke from it was so irritating that even the Japanese officials would open the sliding doors to let it escape before they would enter the houses, which of course had no chimneys. This constant smoke irritation is probably responsible for the prevalence of eye and lung diseases among the people of this section.

The most troublesome part of the relief effort was the purchase and delivery of the rice, as will be seen from the following quotations from letters written from Goshogawara, my headquarters in the famine district:

"As usual I am in a Japanese hotel, though in a better one than when I last wrote. Then too the weather has moderated and the snow has at last melted (March 13th). I am engaged tonight in sending and receiving telegrams in regard to the price of rice. As our money is

limited and the number of people to be fed is large, I am anxious to get the cheapest kind obtainable which apparently is the rice imported from Saigon. I am told that it is in reality very good rice, and is only cheap because the Japanese prefer their own product. After a four hours wait for an answer to my telegram about purchasing this rice in Yokohama, a reply has come, 'Purchase all supplies locally.' It strikes me that anyone with even a slight amount of brains would know that if I could have purchased cheap rice here I would not have sent the telegram. I have been hard at work all day, holding conferences with various officials, trotting over to Kitsubari, two and a half miles away, bargaining with rice merchants and in the intervals scrambling eggs, my substitute for rice. With two more days of Japanese hotels my joints will begin to show through my skin. The famine work takes a tremendous amount of time. It is all walking, or else what is worse and slower, riding in a sleigh without a seat. The roads in North Tsugaru are the worst I have ever encountered. However, I have had a great deal of valuable experience and have learned more about Japanese character than ever before. Especially it has given me an insight into country life. I have been talking, eating, bargaining, inspecting and otherwise mixing with all classes from the Governor down to the charcoal burner. It is wonderful how much alike human nature is everywhere and on the whole it is pretty kindly nature, even when blind to its own nobleness. Another telegram has come, this time from a dealer quoting a price on Saigon rice. Whatever trade I may enter, I am determined never to be a rice dealer. In the morning I have to walk ten miles to catch a train, starting from here about four, in order to get back to Hirosaki for my Sunday service."

The following extract from a letter written in a village inn on March 6th will give some idea of the conditions in the famine district: "The gunchō (county head), his clerk and I started out from Nakagato about eight this morning and examined the neighboring famine sufferers. We found some families of five or six living on three cents a day, which they earn by making straw sandals and rope. The rice crop in that vicinity produced nothing but straw and as all of the farmers started making rope and sandals the price fell to practically nothing. Their bed covering was stuffed with straw and sea-weed. In order to keep warm they put a kind of fireplace in the middle of the floor. As there is no way for the smoke to escape, it becomes so thick in the house that I couldn't stand it for more than a minute or so at a time.

It was no wonder that in many of the homes we found at least one blind person and practically all of them suffering from eye trouble. Our walk today was the coldest that I have ever taken, about twenty miles in the face of a terrific wind and blinding snow. We inspected several villages in all of which we found the same conditions, people without food and striving desperately to find means to protect themselves against the cold."

This famine relief work coming as it did during the Lenten season interfered with my church activities. Fortunately I had a good catechist, who with the assistance of Miss Mann and Miss Boyd kept the English classes and the instruction of catechumens going fairly satisfactorily. I managed to get back to Hirosaki for most of the week ends. In a letter written on April 5th I find the following description of my last tour of inspection: "I returned to Hirosaki on Wednesday after a hard's day's walk, about 32 miles through rain and snow. The river was too high to cross, so that we had to take a path over the mountains. As the snow was some three feet deep and was soft because of the rain, the walking was very tiresome. Coming down the mountain side I slipped and fell into a creek, but as I was already wet, it didn't matter. About five o'clock we reached a little mountain village. The Japanese official, who was with me, said that he was too tired to go any further and suggested spending the night there, but the prospect of foreign food and a bed enticed me to push on for the remaining twelve miles to Hirosaki." This gave me time to prepare for Easter which came that year on April 12th. I was full of hope for the future of the work in Hirosaki, and was enthusiastically looking forward to opening new work in some of the villages in the famine district.

On Easter Eve I wrote home a letter which reflects my hopeful attitude: "As I go to Aomori tomorrow we had our Easter baptisms this evening. There were three women, two men and a boy, the son of one of our Christians. This makes eleven baptized since the Bishop was here in October. Among them are some fine earnest Christians. It may seem a small number, but I hope they will prove the nucleus for a large church some day. The custom of having Baptisms on Christmas and Easter, especially when the baptized are drawn from non-Christian sources, is very beautiful and adds greatly to the joy of those days. When we remember that there is joy in Heaven also, we cannot but be filled with thankfulness for the glorious privilege of being allowed to be missionaries, the sent ones of the Master. Tomor-

row we have our Easter communion here at 7:30. Then I go to Aomori for a service at 10:30. After that I go to Hachinohe for a night service and an early celebration of the Holy Communion Monday morning. In this way I am able to have Easter services in all of my churches."

I little thought that this was to be my last letter from Hirosaki. When I returned from Hachinohe I found a letter from the Bishop asking me, when I went to Tokyo the following week for the Diocesan Convention, to come prepared to stay a week, as he had some matters to talk over with me. I naturally assumed that he was referring to my plans for the development of the work in the Hirosaki-Aomori area, about which I had written him and was consequently greatly pleased at his apparent interest in my proposals. The event proved that his gracious commendations of me and my work had a very different purpose in view. In the mission field, if one can say so without irreverence, the missionary proposes, but the Bishop disposes.

President of St. Paul's College

TOKYO, 1903



ON the night after my arrival in Tokyo I began a letter to my mother by saying, "I am just now like an old lady I once heard of in Virginia who stopped at a country house to spend the night and stayed five years. Having come here for a three day conference, I find myself permanently settled in this city." After spending the day at the Diocesan Convention I went in the evening to call on Mrs. McKim. The Bishop asked me to come back into his study for a few minutes and without warning told me that I was appointed President of St. Paul's College and that he wanted me to begin my work there immediately without returning to Hirosaki. He then explained his reason for this sudden move. The Rev. Arthur Lloyd, who had done such splendid work as President of St. Paul's had thrown a thunderbolt into the mission by suddenly submitting his resignation in order to accept the professorship of English Literature in the Imperial University and had at the same time announced that he was seriously considering entering the Roman Catholic Church. This naturally caused a great deal of confusion at St. Paul's and in order to meet the emergency the Bishop thought it necessary to have his successor take charge immediately. Subsequently it developed that Mr. Lloyd did not mean that he was considering entering the Roman Catholic Church. He was suffering from an attack of brain fever at the time and in his note to the Bishop had expressed his intentions rather awkwardly. What he really meant to say was that in his opinion the Roman Church would ultimately be the center around which church unity might be achieved. As a symbol of his confidence that this would be the ultimate way to unity he determined to pay "Peter's Pence" to the Pope. After his recovery from his breakdown he decided that his views did not necessitate any change in his status as a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. I do not know whether he carried out his intention to pay Peter's Pence, but while he severed his official connection with the

mission, he was always ready to act in an advisory capacity and was especially helpful in promoting conferences between our clergy and those of the Greek Orthodox Church. In his chair at the Imperial University he succeeded Lafcadio Hearn who had retired because of some misunderstanding with the Japanese authorities.

As far as I remember, the Bishop simply told me that I was President of St. Paul's and did not ask me whether I was willing and ready to accept the appointment. In any case after hearing the nature of the emergency I would have felt obliged to accept the assignment even if he had given me an opportunity to make a decision. While I was greatly disturbed and grieved at being asked to leave the work in Hirosaki just at the moment when the prospect for development there seemed so promising, I had to stand by the Bishop and do my best to help him meet the crisis at St. Paul's. It did seem to me that he had chosen a very unqualified person for such an important post, but that was his responsibility.

I have always regretted that circumstances made it impossible for me to remain in Hirosaki during the remainder of my first term of service. The year and a half spent there was the only opportunity I have ever had to concentrate my attention and efforts entirely upon evangelistic and pastoral work. While in Tokyo I had many opportunities to engage in such work, my main responsibility was administration. This means that most of one's time and attention are spent in dealing with people in the mass rather than in first hand contact with individuals. St. Paul says that we human ministers plant and water, but it is God that giveth the increase. In Hirosaki I had ample opportunity to plant in my contacts with individuals, but was there too short a time to do much in the way of watering and to discover the kind of harvest that my efforts helped to produce. At least my experience there, short as it was, kept me from becoming so absorbed in problems of administration that I neglected the many opportunities for personal evangelism that my work in Tokyo offered. Fortunately I inherited from Mr. Lloyd not only the presidency of St. Paul's College, but also the care of a little church situated in the student quarter of Tokyo. This enabled me to spend my Sundays largely in evangelistic work.

St. Paul's College was founded by Bishop Williams soon after his transfer from Osaka to Tokyo in 1873. It began in a small way with only five students. In the beginning it was more or less modelled after

our American type of educational institutions. Its curriculum, so far as I could ascertain, began with work of preparatory school grade and extended through college grade work in a limited number of subjects, such as literature, history and English. When sometime in the eighteen nineties it became necessary to bring St. Paul's into conformity with the Japanese educational system, our equipment and financial resources were so limited, that it was decided to suspend college grade work for the time being and to concentrate our efforts upon the development of a preparatory school that would meet the requirements for recognition by the Government Bureau of Education as a Chugakkō (Middle School). This means more or less what we would call a high school with a five year course.

Under Mr. Lloyd's and Dr. Motoda's leadership the school made rapid progress both in its educational standards and in the size of its student body. By 1903 it had 513 students, a fine corps of teachers and was recognized as one of the better chugakkō in the city of Tokyo. My position as President was rather anomalous. From the point of view of the Japanese Bureau of Education, Dr. Motoda was the Principal of the school and was responsible for its administration. From that of the owners of the school, that is the mission, I was President and was responsible for seeing to it that their purposes were properly carried out. Thus there was ample room for conflict of authority. I soon recognized, however, that this could be avoided by limiting my exercise of authority to suggestions "behind the curtain." This procedure proved to be an effective way of getting my ideas put into practice and at the same time preserving harmony between Dr. Motoda and myself. He was an able, well trained and experienced educator and I was but a neophyte in that field, so that the major share of the credit for the progress made at St. Paul's should go to him. At the same time modesty does not forbid me to claim some credit for the performance of a useful function. While he was selling the results of our joint planning to the Japanese, I had to interpret them to the mission. It was not always easy to win their approval, especially when the execution of our plans involved financial assistance.

This recognition of Dr. Motoda as the responsible head of St. Paul's is of importance because it represents one of the first steps in a fundamental change in missionary policy—the transfer of the responsibility for leadership from foreign workers to the Japanese. It was not easy for the older missionaries who had wrestled with the Japanese during

their salad-days to realize that some of them at least were now fully qualified for independent exercise of authority. Bishop McKim was a veritable Father in God to his Japanese clergy, but like many devoted fathers he was cautious about letting his children escape from his fostering care. The younger missionaries had no such inhibitions. We like the "fools" of the proverb were tempted to rush in where angels fear to tread. It was perfectly obvious to me that Dr. Motoda was far better qualified than I could possibly be to take charge of St. Paul's. Therefore, in accordance with the Japanese maxim "Yu mei mu butsu" (having the name but not the substance), I kept the title of president but delegated to him most of the authority. This at least prepared the way for the time when the name also could be transferred to a Japanese. It had the further happy effect of enabling me to exert much more influence upon the development of the work than would have been possible by direct imposition of authority.

During the first two years after my return to Tokyo I lived in a room on the second floor of the Divinity School and took my meals at the Hotel Metropole. The Metropole was in those days a haven of refuge for "single men in barracks" as it provided them with a place to eat at the absurdly low price of 40 yen a month. It also gave me the opportunity of coming into contact with interesting and sometimes rather queer people. Among the guests at the time I first went there were the Belgian minister and his wife. He was a very small man and his wife was an unusually large and fine looking woman. My attention was first attracted to them when on the opposite side of the dining room I saw a little man puffing away at a cigarette and at the same table a striking looking woman smoking a large cigar. On one occasion at the table next to mine there was an elderly woman who seemed very lonely. In order to cheer her up a bit I ventured upon some casual remarks about the weather. After a few minutes she responded by saying, "You speak the best English of any Japanese that I have met so far." As it was intended as a compliment, I did not deceive her.

Except for these meals at the hotel, my work at the school left me very little time for entering into the social life of the foreign community. The day began at 7:30 with a service in the Cathedral for the students of St. Paul's and St. Margaret's, the girls' school. Attendance was voluntary except for the dormitory students. Compulsory religious classes and services were forbidden in schools operated under

government license. The dormitory, however, was registered separately so that the regulations did not apply to its students outside of class hours. Voluntary religious instruction was offered to the day students during the last part of an extended noon recess with the full approval of the Bureau of Education. As attendance at these classes involved the sacrifice of one-half of the recreation hour, we could be sure that those who came regularly were really interested, although some might drop in sporadically with the idea that by so doing they would win the good-will of the teachers. This, however, was a mistaken assumption, for great care was taken to avoid any semblance of partiality to students who showed an interest in Christianity. In the interest of sound evangelism the teachers refrained from bringing pressure to bear upon the students to become candidates for baptism. While this might have been the easiest way to produce converts, the result would have been a harvest of "rice" Christians.

A Christian school in a country like Japan renders a twofold service. In the first place it opens the way for evangelistic work by meeting an educational need. The ability and character of its graduates advertise the value of the religion which it represents. In the early days of St. Paul's the teachers in the nearby primary schools would warn their students against it because it was a Christian institution. This attitude gradually changed, so that in my time these same schools furnished a large proportion of our day students. Many years later I went to a remote town on the West Coast in order to purchase land for a church. The anti-Christian feeling was so strong that no one would sell me a lot for that purpose. In desperation I went to see the Mayor. He received me politely, but said that so far as he knew there was no land available. That seemed to be final, but during the course of our subsequent conversation, he asked me whether I knew of a school in Tokyo called the Kōran Jogakko. When I told him that it was one of our Church schools, his whole attitude changed. His niece had been a student there and as he expressed it had been greatly benefitted by the training she received. Then he remarked rather causally, "By the way, now that I think of it, there is a piece of land that I am sure I can get for you." The school had opened the way for the Church. The second function of a Christian school is to provide well trained leaders for the evangelistic work. A large proportion of our clergy and catechists received their academic training at St. Paul's or at Momoyama

Chugakkō, the Church of England School in Osaka. The same is true of a large number of our most capable lay leaders.

In St. Paul's the direct evangelistic approach to the students was made through an organization called the "Mission." Its membership was composed of some twenty students and a few members of the faculty who acted as counselors. The qualifications for membership were good Christian character and proven capacity for leadership among their fellow students. Their activities were not publicized and they were not tagged as members of a select group. Perhaps for this reason their influence was all the more effective. They were counseled to avoid high-pressure evangelism. One interesting result was that more students presented themselves for baptism after their graduation from St. Paul's than were received into the Church during their residence in the school. This at least indicates that they became Christians from disinterested motives.

In addition to my administrative duties, I taught English conversation and pronunciation for ten hours a week. The classes were too large for any satisfactory practice in conversation, but we were able at St. Paul's to develop greater proficiency and correctness in spoken English than was possible in those schools where there were no foreign teachers. This was perhaps our chief drawing card, for the government schools had greater prestige and much larger financial support. The entrance examinations at St. Paul's were given one week later than those of the government schools, which meant that for the most part our applicants were composed of those who had been unsuccessful in the earlier competitive examination. Dr. Motoda agreed with me that we ought at least to make a bid for the best students by putting our examination on the same day as the others. As a result of this venture we noted during the next two or three years a marked improvement in the quality of the student body.

A Christian school, if it is to perform a useful evangelistic function, must be a good school not only ethically but also pedagogically. It should in some respects at least rise above the level of educational proficiency prevalent in the country in which it is situated. In order that I might have some basis for comparison, Dr. Motoda made arrangements for me to visit the best known middle schools in Tokyo. In equipment and in what one might call the aids to education they were far ahead of St. Paul's. They were well supplied with teachers who had received the best academic training that Japanese colleges

could give. Yet, while I was no expert in pedagogy, I did observe what seemed to me a serious defect in their method of teaching. They left too little room for intellectual initiative and effort on the part of the students. For example, in some of the English classes the teacher would translate the passage assigned for the next day, so that the students would be relieved of the responsibility of working it out for themselves. Education was largely reduced to memory work and to learning by rote. How far my attempts to cure this defect at St. Paul's were successful it would be hard to say. The teachers with customary Japanese politeness would all agree with me in theory, but it was difficult to change a firmly established practice.

Another reform that I succeeded in putting through at St. Paul's was a change in the system of awarding scholarships. I found that the boys from Christian families often felt that they had a right to a scholarship regardless of any other qualification. The inevitable result was that many of those receiving such aid were notoriously the poorest and most undesirable students in the school. Dr. Motoda and I decided that scholarships should be awarded on the basis of character and ability and that their continuance from year to year should be conditioned upon a reasonably good record both in conduct and in academic work.

The giving of presents, called *orei*, on all sorts of occasions is a universal Japanese custom. In theory it is a tangible way of showing appreciation of some service rendered or a token of friendly regard. However, it has an embarrassing side, especially when the *orei* is given in anticipation of a service that is desired. During the week before our examinations at St. Paul's, I found that the school rooms were literally being filled up with *orei* brought in by the students for the teachers. We all agreed that the students should be notified that while we did not question their motive, the proprieties would be better served by a change in the timing of giving *orei*. When this was done, I was amused at the marked diminution in the number brought in.

While most of my time during 1903 was spent in breaking into the work at St. Paul's, two additional assignments by the Bishop introduced a dash of the "spice of life" into my activities. I was put in charge of All Saints Church and was made professor of the Old Testament in the Catechetical School. All Saints was situated in the student quarter of Tokyo some four miles distant from *Taukiji*. It offered a fine opportunity for work among the approximately 50,000 students who

came from various parts of Japan to attend the colleges and universities of Tokyo. As the only time that I could give to it was Sunday and one week day evening, I was always conscious of failing to utilize much of the opportunity, but even so it was fascinating work. I had as an assistant one of the students in the Theological School. Unfortunately he was sick during the greater part of 1903, so that the whole responsibility for preaching and pastoral work fell upon me. However, I enjoyed it thoroughly and despite the handicaps some real progress was made in building up a congregation. I shall have more to say about All Saints later on in these memoirs and only mention it here to indicate my connection with the beginnings of what was subsequently to become one of the strongest parishes in Tokyo, though the credit for this does not belong to me. The catechetical school was a department of Trinity Theological Seminary. Just at that time there was a great shortage of catechists, so that it seemed wise to make provision for the training of men whose academic background did not qualify them for entrance into the regular classes of the Seminary. It was somewhat analogous to the DuBose Training School. Like that institution it rendered valuable service for a time, but was subsequently discontinued when the work developed to a point where there was no longer any great need for that type of catechists. I, myself, was not particularly qualified for teaching the Old Testament, but at least it gave me an incentive to brush up on a subject in which I was sadly deficient. However, before I had mastered even the rudiments of Old Testament scholarship, I was transferred to the department of Theology, in which, while perhaps equally unqualified, I at least felt more at home.

I will close this account of my 1903 experiences with a few quotations from letters written to my family in America. The first describes the driving by of the Japanese Crown Prince and his bride soon after their wedding.

The street was lined on both sides with a great crowd of people. There were men in native and foreign dress, women in all the colors of the rainbow and jinrikisha men in nothing at all. The Crown Prince was very ordinary looking, but his bride was beautiful and was dressed in a pure white kimono. They rode in an elegant red and gold colored carriage driven by a magnificently robed coachman. The police instructed the crowd to take off their hats and to say *banzai* in a low tone. We were asked not to cheer and not to climb up on

fences or stand on elevated places that would be higher than the Crown Prince.

June 7th, 1903

I am just back from Kudan where we had a good service and a crowded congregation. We must have a new church if we hope to extend the work. The present building, formerly a godown i.e. storage house, does not accommodate our own congregation to say nothing of non-Christians. Then, we have no room for our Sunday school and social meetings. In order to get close to the people and to find out their difficulties, it is necessary to have in addition to the formal services in the Church, informal meetings of a more or less social nature. When you get the people sitting around you on the tatami (mats), where they can have a cup of tea, you can draw them out. The non-Christians do not understand much of a sermon, especially one preached by a foreigner, but in an informal meeting they will ask questions which give one a real opportunity for an intelligible explanation of Christianity. Then too, the situation of our present church is bad. It is at the closed end of a little side street on the bank of a very dirty canal. If we could move three or four squares we would be right in the center of one of the student quarters. The Bishop is asking the Missionary Society for money to buy property in a more convenient situation and to build a new church. If we can get it I feel sure that it will give us an opportunity for fruitful evangelistic work among the students.

July 19th

During the past week we have been holding examinations at St. Paul's. As I finished mine early I was able to get away for a few days to this seaside place, where Dr. and Mrs. Teusler and I have rented a small Japanese house at the ridiculously low price of six yen for a month. The house is beautifully situated on a hill just outside of the town of Kamakura. Right below us is a long stretch of sand beach; while there is not much surf, the bathing is excellent. Kamakura for several hundred years was the most important city of Japan, being the seat of the Shoguns who were the real rulers of the country. The Emperor, who was the nominal ruler had no real authority and was shut up in his palace in Kyoto. Kamakura was therefore the real capital and it is estimated at one time to have had a population of nearly

one million people. When, however, the Tokugawa family seized the Shogunate they made Tokyo (then called Yedo) their capital. Kamakura began to decline until now it is not much more than a large village. The only remnants of its ancient grandeur are a wonderful bronze statue of Buddha and the large temple of Hachiman. During recent years it has become a popular summer resort. There is a foreign style hotel in the village. Along the shore there are quite a number of fine villas.

As will be seen by the date of the above letter, the summer vacation of Japanese schools did not begin until the last week in July. Even after that Dr. Motoda and I had to stay on the job superintending repairs and making the necessary preparation for the opening of the autumn term. Also, I had my church services and as most of the foreign workers were away, I had to look after the English services in the Cathedral. During August I took two weeks off for a mountain climbing trip and a short stay at Karuizawa, the summer haven for many of the foreign families. I was fortunate enough to secure as companions on the mountain trip two of our China missionaries, Cameron McRae, a classmate of mine at the Virginia Seminary and Giles Palmer. We climbed Norikura, one of the highest peaks in the so-called Japanese Alps. As an illustration of the frivolous side of missionary life, I got back to Karuizawa in time to enter a tennis tournament, but as I drew as my opponent in the first round the best player in Japan at that time, the tournament did not prolong unduly my stay in Karuizawa.

A visit from a former friend of my father's, who had married a Japanese, prompted the following discourse on Eurasians, i.e., the children of mixed marriages:

Eurasians have a rather unpleasant time socially. The Japanese do not look upon them with much favor and while they are received without discrimination in foreign society, yet the fact that they are half Japanese causes them some embarrassment. One trouble is that with a few exceptions—father's friend is one of the exceptions—the Japanese women whom foreigners have married are of very low class. People of good families socially here would not think of permitting their daughters to marry a foreigner. Japanese customs in respect to social intercourse between young men and women are extremely rigid. There is consequently a strong prejudice both among foreigners and Japanese against mixed marriages.

October 11th

I had my first Bible class over in the school yesterday. It is for 5th year students and as about 30 turned out, I was very well satisfied. Last night I took supper in the dormitory with the boys. It was very refreshing to see how much like American boys they are in their zeal to take advantage of every opportunity to raise a racket. During the dinner several speeches were made. When the time came to applaud you would have thought that the tables and floor would certainly be reduced to splinters by the pounding. After the dinner there was a magic lantern show given by the fifth year students for the benefit of the new boys. The pictures were largely Biblical. I was surprised at the fine knowledge of the Bible shown by the students in explaining them. Next week the whole student body is to be taken for a three day trip to Nikko. These excursions to places of historic interest are an integral part of the Japanese educational system.

By the end of 1903 I had become pretty well acclimated to my new duties in Tokyo. In contrast to my former experience in Tsukiji I found now abundant opportunity for contact with Japanese people. In addition to those whom I met in connection with my school and church activities, I had a steadily increasing number of callers at my room. When I got back from the school I would find frequently some one waiting for me and often there would be a continuous stream of visitors throughout the whole afternoon. Many of them were young men from the Hirosaki-Aomori area who in accordance with an old Japanese custom felt that they had a claim upon my attention and in return were ready to offer me their services. Some of them of course wanted material assistance, others information or help in the solution of some intellectual problem. One man said that he had three questions—what was the explanation of the Trinity, was Moses a man or a woman and what was the best school of photography in the United States. In replying to the first of these I asked him whether in his study of mathematics, he had begun with arithmetic or calculus. When he told me that he was only just beginning calculus after many years study, I explained that the doctrine of the Trinity was the calculus of Christianity and as he had not yet mastered its arithmetic, it would be difficult to give him an intelligible answer to his question. Some of these visitors became genuinely interested in Christianity. I remember in particular three university students, whom later on I had the

privilege of baptizing in All Saints Church. One of them became a prominent government official and for a while was in the Japanese cabinet as Minister of Education. The other two, when I last heard of them, were professors in Japanese colleges. In other words there were some grains of wheat in what often appeared to be a bushel of chaff.

My work with the students left me but little time for social activities, which did not disturb me greatly, as I had but little liking for long drawn out dinners and formal receptions which were at that time the fashion in Tokyo. Also, as the following quotation from a letter will show, I was, perhaps unjustly, skeptical as to any evangelistic opportunity being afforded through contacts with the members of fashionable society. "There is not much seriousness of purpose or spiritual earnestness among the so-called higher class. These are found more in the middle classes, who in my opinion are the backbone of the country. While for the most part they do not understand the need for religion, yet as they are earnestly seeking those things which promote material, intellectual and moral well being, they will at least listen seriously to what the missionary has to say. The higher classes are very polite and gracious, but that is the end of it. I think therefore that my time can be better occupied with work among the business people and the students, even though the latter like the Athenians 'spend their time in hearing some new thing.' Occasionally at least the 'new thing' sticks and leads to permanent results."

The last two or three letters written home during 1903 describe the various Christmas celebrations. My previous Christmas had been largely spent on the train, but this year there was a superabundance of observance, with three foreign dinners and Christmas parties both at the school and at All Saints. The Japanese are fond of holidays. In Tokyo even non-Christians often adopted the outward forms of Christmas observance. New Year's is the great national holiday, and as the winter school vacation began just about December 25th, Christmas afforded the young people a good opportunity to begin their merry making. The social part of Christmas observance generally came either before or after the 25th. The Japanese on such occasions tend to make too many and too lengthy speeches, but after they were over, the students put on an interesting program of charades and short plays. On Christmas Day the congregation at All Saints more than filled the little church. There were four young men baptized,

which together with the large number of communicants made a long service.

All Japanese schools licensed by the government were required to have military training. At St. Paul's this was given by an army officer, assigned to us for that purpose. In November of 1903 we were ordered to send a company of our students to take part in the autumn maneuvers which that year were to be carried on in the neighborhood of Hachioji, a town about 30 miles west of Tokyo. Much to my surprise I was given permission to accompany the boys. The following quotation from a letter dated November 15th, gives a description of what was to me, at least, a novel and interesting experience.

"After a two hour ride, we left the train and walked in the direction of Hachioji. About four o'clock we came to a village where we found a notice posted ordering us to spend the night there. We were quartered in farm houses, which though cold were fairly comfortable. That night we were notified that our school company was to be attached to the zempei, i.e. the regiment which formed the advance section of one of the armies. We were ordered to join them at 6:00 A.M. at a place just outside of Hachioji. The plan of the maneuvers was that the two armies, each about six thousand strong should start from Hachioji and a place called Fujisawa respectively. The Northern army was to defend that part of Japan against an attack from the south. We were in the Northern army, rather a strange place for me. Despite an early start we were late in reaching our position, getting to it just in time to join the rear guard. So we were ordered to proceed at double quick along the side of the army until we reached our proper place. As the road led up a mountain side and we were carrying our baggage and food, most of us were pretty well winded by the time we reached our proper position. Then after marching steadily some ten miles we heard irregular firing in front of us and were told that our cavalry had made contact with the enemy. Soon the firing became heavier and we received orders to advance with all possible speed. After about two miles we came to a big plane covered with mulberry bushes. We marched about half way across this, when suddenly our skirmishers met the enemy and a short fight began. Our regiment deployed on either side of the road and were ordered to advance. The enemy were not visible, but after we had gone about three hundred yards we were greeted with a heavy rifle fire and saw for the first time the enemy forces emerging from the woods. We were ordered to advance by

rushes which was something new to me. Soon the enemy began moving down our left flank and we were ordered to retreat. Then, from the woods on our right we were assailed by heavy rifle fire. We were outnumbered and like the famous Light Brigade had rifles in front and to the right and left. Only the absence of bullets prevented a heavy loss. After a precipitate retreat, re-enforcements arrived and it looked as though we might overwhelm our adversaries, when suddenly the enemy artillery which had got into position on the edge of the woods opened up on us. If there had been real shells ploughing through our lines, we would have been glad enough to run, but without that incentive running a half of a mile over ploughed ground through mulberry bushes was pretty strenuous. When finally our main force arrived we turned the tables on the enemy for a while. In the end, after endless charges and retreats we were soundly beaten. The most interesting thing of all was the scene at night. Our army in its retreat had gotten pretty confused. The whole country seemed full of men looking for their commands. Finally, late at night we found quarters in an old farm house. It was an interesting though rather strenuous experience. The Japanese impress me as being splendid soldiers, having every detail of warfare down to a fine point. I hope they will not have occasion to show their skill in actual fighting, but if so they will be hard to defeat." This hope was not realized, as the Russian War broke out in the following February. However, my estimate of their fighting capacity proved accurate.

War With Russia

1904-1905

ON February 8th, 1904, the Japanese navy without any formal declaration of war attacked the Russian fleet at Port Arthur. It was said at the time that many of the Russian naval officers were ashore attending a ball. Whether or not this was true, it at least indicates a serious misunderstanding on the part of Russia of Japan's determination to put a stop to the threat to her security involved in the expansion of Russian aggression in the direction of Korea. One often heard it said that the crossing of the Yalu river by a Russian soldier would be construed by the Japanese government as a declaration of war. Only a few days before the attack on Port Arthur, negotiations with Russia had been broken off because of the failure to obtain any assurance with regard to Korea and still more because the movements of Russian troops indicated the imminency of the danger of an invasion of that country.

Japan had been looking forward to and preparing for this emergency for many years. Ever since the Russian seizure of her half of the Island of Saghalien in 1875 she had watched with suspicion the southward expansion of Russian influence along the east coast of Asia. Then when Russia, Germany and France compelled her to give up the concessions which she had acquired in South Manchuria as the spoils of her victory in the war with China and soon afterwards Russia stepped in to take her place, she knew that conflict was inevitable and began to make her preparations accordingly. By 1904, just at the time when the danger had become acute, the Japanese were convinced that these preparations had advanced to a point where they could contend with the Russians on more than equal terms. In order to make assurance doubly sure, they pounced upon the opportunity to cripple them by a surprise attack upon their navy at Port Arthur.

It is not my intention to describe further the course of the Russo-Japanese War, except in so far as it affected our missionary work.

The surprise attack upon Port Arthur was an essential factor in the calculated risk taken by Japan in engaging in war with a larger and stronger country. Whether it was ethically justifiable or not is debatable. In view of Russia's past and intended acts of aggression, the Japanese might possibly have pleaded the necessity of "fighting the devil with fire." If anyone had reason to complain, it would have been the Chinese and Koreans, who were fated to become the victims of which ever side might emerge victorious from the war. Japan's triumph in the war not only relieved the Russian pressure, but also brought her many solid advantages. In the long run, however, the very success of this "calculated risk" tempted her into a course of action that led to her eventual downfall. Toynbee in the fourth volume of his *Study of History* calls attention to the danger of what he calls "idolization of a technique" and "the intoxication of victory." When Japan some forty years later ventured a second time upon a "calculated risk," using the Port Arthur technique at Pearl Harbor, she suffered the disastrous consequences that so often are the penalty of the excessive self-confidence and ambition produced by an initial success. It is possible that she would have been better off, had Mr. Roosevelt's offer to mediate been postponed until the tide of victory had begun to ebb.

During the spring of 1904 it looked as though the war would interfere rather seriously with our evangelistic work. At All Saints the non-Christian part of our congregation dwindled almost to the zero point. This was not due to any anti-Christian attitude on the part of the government or of the people generally. It was rather the result of the diversion of attention from such matters as religion to the war. The army was said to be opposed to any attempt to carry on evangelistic work among the soldiers. A proposal to send chaplains to minister to the Christians in the Manchurian forces was turned down, although later on, I believe there was some modification of this regulation. I heard one story that the Bible Society sent to Hiroshima a supply of New Testaments for distribution among the soldiers. These were politely received, but afterwards were publicly burned on the parade ground. This was probably a fiction, but it at least illustrates the current belief that the army was indisposed to the mixture of religion with war. When the initial excitement died down, our congregations began to increase, and by the autumn conditions had become normal so far as evangelistic work was concerned. In the school we lost a number of teachers, who belonged to the first or second reserve and

were called out as they were needed. It was difficult under war conditions to find suitable replacements, so that those of the faculty who were left had to do double duty.

In Tokyo and Yokohama there were a large number of war correspondents. One of them, who represented an English paper, offered to take me along with him to the front as an interpreter. My work of course compelled me to decline the offer. I did not, however, miss anything, as the government refused to allow the correspondents to go to Manchuria, much to their disgust. I think that in the later stages of the war, this rule was modified, but it was said at the time that a graphic eye-witness account of the capture of Port Arthur was written in a room of the Yokohama Club. However, as in my letters written during the autumn I spoke of hearing from correspondents, accounts of the fighting at Port Arthur, it would appear that reporters were allowed to go there some time before its final capture on January 2nd, 1905.

During the latter part of July the divinity school student who was helping me at All Saints died very suddenly. He and his young wife lived in a small house next to the Church. Japanese customs on occasions of this sort are rather harrowing. All the friends of the deceased gather in the room where the body is resting. His wife had to entertain them by serving the customary tea and cakes. In order to relieve her somewhat, I would from time to time stop the festivities long enough to have a short service at which I would make a talk. Sermons at funerals are customary in Japan, but on this occasion I had to make seven talks in addition to the one made at the service in the Church. Mr. Hiratsuka was an earnest man and a hard worker. His death was a great blow to the work at All Saints, as we had made plans for a series of evangelistic services during the summer. I was fortunate enough to secure another student as a helper, but had to give up a projected mountain trip in order to break him in. As he proved to be a very teachable young man, I was able to get away about the middle of August. The postponement proved to be a piece of good luck, as the weather, which had been atrocious during the first half of the month kindly changed so that we had unexpectedly favorable conditions for mountain climbing. This was fortunate because the mountain which we planned to climb, Yurigatake, is difficult to negotiate under adverse weather conditions. My companion in this trip was an English friend, Mr. Kirby, whose age and weight were

rather a handicap especially in making the ascent of the final peak. I will quote a description of the last day of our climb from one of my letters:

"We started off for the final climb at six o'clock. Mr. Kirby suggested that I go ahead and that he and the guide would follow at their leisure. The distance to the top of the ridge is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, but it is hard climbing over rocks, shale and snow and very steep. We made the top of the ridge in two hours. Here we sat for a while enjoying the view and waiting for the rest of the party before tackling the final peak, which rises from the ridge like a church steeple from its roof. The Japanese name of the mountain means spear peak. Mr. Kirby had a slight attack of mountain sickness, which prevented his attempting this final climb. It is practically perpendicular—at least it seemed so. The rocks are what the Japanese call "rotten granite" and are apt to break away if you put too much weight upon them, which adds to the difficulty and danger of the ascent. However, we reached the top without any mishap and were rewarded by a magnificent view. There was not a cloud in the sky, a rare thing in these mountains. All around us we looked out upon the snow-streaked ridges and peaks of the "Japanese Alps." On one side, the mountain dropped almost perpendicularly for some 5,000 feet into a narrow valley on the other side of which rose the fine peaks, Koro and Kasadake. To the southeast seventy miles distant the cone of Fuji towered majestically over the intervening ridges, and beyond it you could see where the Pacific Ocean ought to be, though the distance was too great to distinguish the water from the haze. On the other side we could see clearly the sparkling waters of the Sea of Japan and the curved shorelines of the Noto Peninsula. The descent was much more difficult than the climb up, so that we had to rope, which proved to be an unnecessary precaution, as we got down without even a slip." In later years when climbing became a popular sport for young Japanese, a safe trail up this peak was constructed. I will conclude this description with a tribute to the fine spirit of Mr. Kirby, who wouldn't hear of my stopping to look after him. Like most of the Englishmen with whom I have taken mountain climbs he would grumble during the early stages at little inconveniences, but when the going got really rough, no difficulty could dampen his ardor.

One of the duties which I found irksome was to take my turn in preaching at the English service in the cathedral. In a letter written

home soon after my return from the mountain trip, after mentioning that I had preached at Mr. Welbourn's Japanese Church in order to enable him to take my place at the English service, I give the following excuse: "I am so much out of practice in preaching in English and have so little time that it is practically impossible to prepare English sermons and at the same time do justice to my Japanese work. My trouble is that I am not a fluent speaker or writer. It takes me nearly the whole of a week to write one sermon. I envy people who can put their thoughts into words as fast as they think them. Then too, the method of treating a subject in English is so different from that followed in talking to Japanese, that I feel awkward when facing a foreign congregation. I suppose I could say something, but do not think it right to preach without sufficient preparation." I suppose that the real reason for this disinclination was that much more was expected of an American when speaking his own language than when talking in Japanese. As Dr. Johnson once said, "A woman speaking in public is like a dog walking on its hind legs. You do not admire it because it is well done, but because it is done at all." As a matter of fact in the Fall of 1904, the volume of my Japanese work was so materially increased that I had little time for anything else. The Bishop asked me to take ten hours a week of lectures in the Theological School. These required a great deal of preparation. Then I had a large number of Bible classes both at St. Paul's and at All Saints. Also, the Japanese clergy began to call on me to preach at evangelistic services, probably on the assumption the people would be interested in watching "a dog walking on its hind legs." The new subject assigned me in the Divinity School was dogmatic theology. While in Hirosaki I had to recognize my need for a more thorough understanding of theology in order to present Christianity effectively to educated Japanese. This assignment removed any doubts as to my unpreparedness along that line and made me realize that in order to teach theology properly, I would have not only "to scorn delights and live laborious days" but also to consume a large amount of midnight oil.

My work in the school was greatly lightened by the arrival about the middle of September of the Rev. Roger A. Walke. He had responded to an appeal for re-enforcements to the foreign teaching staff of St. Paul's while a student in the senior class of the Virginia Seminary. He proved to be unusually well qualified for work with Japanese students. As he had a room in the dormitory, he was able to keep in close per-

sonal contact with them. The gratifying evangelistic results achieved during the next few years at St. Paul's are a tribute to his missionary zeal and ability. Christianity in Japan owes a great deal to the impress made upon students by teachers like Mr. Walke. The value of their work has not been adequately recognized, but much of the leadership in the Japanese Church is the product of their influence upon students.

Some years ago the humorist Dunne, referring in one of his Mr. Dooley articles, to a history of the Rough Riders written by Theodore Roosevelt, suggested that a proper title for it would be "Alone in Cubia." Lest someone reading these memoirs should propose calling them "Alone in Tokyo," I think it wise at this point to inject a few words about my fellow workers. At that time the four large institutions of our Mission, St. Paul's and St. Margaret's schools, The Theological Seminary and St. Luke's Hospital were located in Tsukiji, as was also the Cathedral. They were crowded together in two rather large squares in the southwest corner of the former foreign concession.

The life and work of the Mission naturally centered around the Bishop. At that period a foreign missionary Bishop was potentially a full-fledged czar. Bishop McKim, however, was a benevolent despot. He was kindhearted and generous even to those with whom he disagreed. To me personally he was overkind. His confidence in my judgment was sometimes embarrassing, as he would often approve of recommendations which were entirely out of line with his natural conservatism. However, I was careful not to take advantage of this and conscientiously avoided getting him to commit himself to proposals which I felt would subsequently prove distasteful to him. I think that he recognized this with the result that we worked together in harmony. Certainly I owed to his whole-hearted support any success that I had in the prosecution of plans to which he had given his approval. Frequently I was able to render fairly useful service by acting as an intermediary between the Bishop and some of the Japanese leaders. Like most of the older missionaries he did not recognize the progress the Japanese had made in their capacity for independent leadership. He would often discard rather impatiently proposals that they submitted directly to him. However, after persuading the Japanese to tone them down a bit, I could at least get the Bishop's attention to them and often his approval. In everything, his one concern was the good of the work. As he was the only Bishop under whom I ever worked as a Priest, I am perhaps partial to him, but during his long episcopate

he made a contribution to the development of the Church which I think was unexcelled by any other missionary Bishop.

My most intimate friend among the missionaries resident in Tokyo was Dr. Rudolph B. Teusler. It was my privilege to be closely associated with him in his effort to develop St. Luke's Hospital. By 1904 he had already succeeded in converting the hovel which he found in Tsukiji into a fairly respectable building and had begun to formulate plans for making it a really worth-while medical center. I have met many persons who could dream dreams, but Dr. Teusler inspired in one a confidence that his dreams of today would be the realities of tomorrow. Two of the Divinity School professors resided in Tsukiji, Mr. Woodman and Dr. Sweet. Their work was confined almost entirely to lecturing in the Seminary, so that except for occasional contacts, I did not see much of them. There were also several single women, who taught English at St. Margaret's School and, I suppose, did a certain amount of evangelistic work among the women of the Cathedral congregation. We had at that time no provision for retirement, so that we had quite a number of missionaries who were really too old for effective work. I remember particularly one elderly woman who lived next door to the Divinity School. Like Betsy Trotwood she had an aversion, not however to donkeys but to the pigeons who roosted in the tower of the Divinity School. She employed a Japanese man, whose sole duty seemed to be to go out at frequent intervals with a long bamboo pole and scare them away. During the winter of 1904 the tranquility of life in Tsukiji was interrupted by the burning down of one of our mission residences. The representative of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews, Mr. Wood, and his family were living in it at the time of the fire. The frequency of fires in Tokyo is indicated by the proverbial saying, "Fires are the flowers of Yedo (the old name for Tokyo)." In emergencies the Japanese, who normally are very efficient and well controlled people, often display an excitability which renders them incapable of dealing with the situation reasonably. As an illustration of this I will quote a description of this fire from one of my letters:

"I had just finished shaving when the Divinity School janitor rushed in and told me that the people in No. 56 were burning up. I threw on my overcoat and ran over to give what help I could. The people were all safe, but a great crowd of Japanese were excitedly trying to salvage the contents of the house. One man, just as I arrived, threw a sew-

ing machine out of a third story window, smashing it to pieces. When I got inside, six men were trying to ram the dining room table through a small window, with disastrous results to both. I grabbed hold of the leader, turned him around to a double door that was standing open just behind him. Most of my time was spent in trying to keep the crowd from tossing china and perishable articles out of windows. In this way I was able to have some of the furniture safely carried out through the doors. Finally, a whole army of firemen arrived. They did good work, though many of them were employed in carrying great wooden standards. These they took up on the roof, the idea being that the fire would not extend beyond the place where the standard was set. They seemed rather useless. The roof caved in under one of the men and he fell apparently right into the midst of the flames below, but fortunately he and his standard were rescued unhurt, so that there may be some virtue in them after all."

Mr. Wood, before coming out to Japan, had been a professor of biology in some American College. He was a rather elderly man, very attractive personally and very learned, but I could never understand why he was selected for the work of organizing the St. Andrew's Brotherhood in Japan. While, however, he did not accomplish much along that line, his lovable Christian character was a very helpful influence in our evangelistic work. Two of the men who came over on the *Coptic* with me were still in Tokyo, Welbourn and Allen Cooke. Welbourn was permanently settled in the neighborhood of the Imperial University and was already doing fine evangelistic work among the students. St. Timothy's Church, which became later one of the strongest parishes in Tokyo, is a concrete demonstration of the value and success of his efforts. I do not remember what Cooke was doing, but as a reward for having married the most attractive member of our Tsukiji community he was soon to be sent north to open up work in the city of Wakamatsu. The Gardiner family were living out in the city, not very far from All Saints Church. Mr. Gardiner, who at one time had been President of St. Paul's, was now the mission architect. Mrs. Gardiner though no longer engaged in active missionary work was very popular with the Japanese. She had the faculty of making them feel at home in her house and as she was equally hospitable to the younger missionaries, one could frequently at the Gardiner home make contacts with Japanese who would otherwise have been inaccessible.

The friendly relationships thus formed sometimes opened up opportunities for evangelistic work.

The fall of Port Arthur on January 2nd made the opening of the New Year a time of great rejoicing. At St. Paul's a whole day was given to celebrating the victory. There were innumerable speeches, which the students seemed to enjoy. While I sympathized with their enthusiasm, my capacity for listening soon became exhausted. Fortunately in Japan it is quite customary to take a nap while a prolonged speech is being made, though mine on this occasion were frequently interrupted by outbursts of tumultuous applause.

The gratifying development of the Middle School both in size and quality during the years 1903-04 suggested to Dr. Motoda and myself the desirability of reopening the college department. One of the main purposes of missionary education was to provide the Church with competent Christian leadership. In order to do this it was necessary to have some means of promoting and guiding the religious development of students after their graduation from the Middle School. There were many colleges which educationally were of high quality, but were religiously so arid that the young plants which we had been nourishing at St. Paul's would have small chance of growing. We could not hope to establish a college which would provide facilities for professional and technical training rivalling those of the government institutions or even of private universities like Keio or Waseda. It would however, be practicable for us to give adequate training under Christian influences to a limited number of students who felt a vocation for the ministry or for teaching and possibly for those looking forward to a business career. As I was due to go to America on furlough sometime during 1905, Dr. Motoda and I began formulating plans to be presented to the Bishop. If he approved of them I would be able while in America to explain them to the Board of Missions and if possible to persuade them to provide the additional funds needed to carry out the plan. The only part of our plan which was questioned by Bishop McKim was the "additional" funds. He knew from experience the difficulty of securing any substantial increase in appropriations, and advised us to reduce that request to modest proportions. This we were able to do. The Middle School, we felt sure, could be made self-supporting within a few years, so that the existing appropriation could be transferred to the college. In order to attain self-support for the Middle School, an auditorium and two additional class rooms

would be required. We consulted with Mr. Gardiner and found that it would be possible to provide, at very little additional cost, rooms for college classes in the proposed new building. Dr. Motoda and I believed if we could in this way plant the seed of a college, we could gradually develop it into an institution that would meet an urgent need of the Japanese Church. While the actual opening of the college did not take place until the autumn of 1907, I mention it here, because the decision to embark upon this venture of faith was made in 1905. Browning in one of his poems asks:

What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?

This was one case where the act far exceeded the thought, for despite many bouts with the fleshly screen, the ultimate St. Paul's University transcended greatly the modest idea conceived by Dr. Motoda and myself.

When I first went to Japan, missionaries were granted a year's furlough after seven years of service. Soon afterwards the rule was changed to six months every five years. This was a much better plan, but it so happened that under it a great many furloughs became due in the Fall and Spring of 1904-05. In order to prevent leaving the mission too greatly understaffed, I offered to have mine postponed for a year. The Bishop agreed to this, but for some reason, possibly because I was overwhelming him with too many plans, he suddenly changed his mind and told me to get ready to leave during the summer. I was of course delighted at the prospect of getting home, but it gave me very little time to arrange for having my work properly cared for during my absence. Since coming to Tokyo the volume of my work had been greatly increased. In addition to my routine duties, I was called upon for innumerable talks at all kinds of meetings. This was one of the penalties for a reasonable knowledge of the language. Then the Japanese have an insatiable appetite for committees, which however important are certainly the most time consuming device that I know of. They would spend hours debating the proper name for some activity and draw up lengthy and detailed by-laws and recommendations. At St. Paul's we had a list of regulations which was longer than the constitution of the United States. Everything in Japan was

regimented down to the minutest detail. Fortunately many of the rules are honored more in the breach than in the observance. Officials will often suggest means of evading inconvenient regulations. When I was in Hirosaki I had to register. One of the questions I was required to answer was the number of the house in which I was born. When I explained that my birth took place in the country where houses had no numbers, the official was puzzled at first, but soon solved the problem by suggesting that I put down any number that I might choose in order to conform to the regulation. As a consequence in a country of extreme regulation and regimentation, foreigners were in many respects freer than they would have been at home, if they showed a reasonable respect for the spirit of the laws. Even the police showed a protective interest in our comfort and safety. In Tokyo there were a great many skillful pickpockets. One of our missionaries, Mr. Woodman, had his watch stolen. The police recovered it. This happened a second time, but when on a third occasion they returned it, they politely asked him to be more careful, as it was troublesome negotiating with the chief of the pickpockets for the restoration of the stolen watch.

Perhaps the best title for these recollections of my first term of service in Japan would be "the making of a missionary." In Hirosaki I had an unusually good opportunity to become acquainted with the methods and problems of evangelistic work. My experience with famine relief impressed upon me the importance of social service for the attainment of our missionary objective. Then my two years in Tokyo enabled me to appreciate the part played by education in the development of the Church. During the latter part of 1904 Dr. Teusler had to be away because of illness. He asked me to superintend the running of St. Luke's during his absence. This brought me into intimate contact with medical work. In Hirosaki I had close association with many Japanese who were practically untouched by recently imported Western culture and ideas, whereas in Tokyo my work was largely among those whose attitudes had been superficially at least developed under the influence of modern education. Many of the Tokyo students in their enthusiasm for the new learning had been diverted from the study of their ancient culture and literature. One frequently heard the complaint that the modernly educated men both in writing and in speaking fell far below the traditional standards of literary style.

Perhaps the greatest benefit that I derived from my stay in Tokyo was the opportunity of association with many of the Japanese religious

and educational leaders. Dr. Motoda was at that time the most influential clergyman in our Church. Even outside of Christian circles his ability was recognized to an extent that made him a very useful representative of the Church in its relationships with the Government and with the various spheres of secular activity. His capacity for unravelling intricate problems attracted a constant stream of visitors who sought his advice and help. As he asked me to take part in conferences when questions concerning the Church or school were being discussed I met a large number of educational and religious leaders. In this way I came to understand the real attitude of the Japanese towards many problems in a way that would have been impossible except for the fact that they would often forget that I was a foreigner. Moreover, through this experience I was enabled to view the Christian movement in Japan as a whole and to appreciate the contribution made by the various churches and the various forms of missionary activity in the attainment of our ultimate objective, the Christianization of Japan.

The Christian character and the practical ability of many of those whom I thus came to know did a great deal to dispel any doubts which the slow progress of the work might have raised as to the possibility of reaching this objective. Travellers whom I met in Tokyo and sometimes even foreigners who had lived there many years would often say to me, "You missionaries are wasting your time trying to make Christians out of the Japanese," or words to that effect. It was perfectly true that the number of converts was small in proportion to the population. Also among this small number there were a considerable number of back-sliders and nominal Christians, though the proportion of such undesirables was probably smaller than one would find at home. On the other hand there were many whose faith and character proved conclusively that Christianity could effect the same miraculous transformation in the lives of Japanese as it had done in other races. A missionary would frequently learn from his converts what it really means to be a Christian. They often called to mind St. Paul's words, "Ye are my epistle, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart." Most of those whom I knew during this period have gone to their reward, but they belong to the company of those who, "being dead yet speak." Two of the teachers at St. Paul's, Kubota and Suzuki, were by reason of their Christian character and untiring zeal the heart and soul of the religious work in the school. Mr. and Mrs. Ishii, pioneers in work

for feeble minded children, stand out in my memory as true witnesses to the transforming power of Christ. The treasurer of St. Paul's, Mr. Sugino, was an excellent example of the combination of business ability with simple faith. He was not a theologian but was always eager to learn. Once, while we were going over accounts, he asked me whether the Old Testament was the Bible of the Roman Catholics and the New Testament that of Protestants. The popular designation in Japanese of these two sections of the Church, was "Old Religion" and "New Religion" respectively. He was much pleased to know that the whole Bible was the common possession of both sections of the one Holy Catholic Church. The Tokyo clergy were largely proteges of old Bishop Williams and however much they differed in ability, one could say of them all, "the mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha." Close association with people of this type kept alive one's missionary enthusiasm and was an antidote to the despiritualizing effect of a mass of routine and the overabundance of secular interests in a city like Tokyo. This account of my first term of service will show that it afforded me ample opportunity to prepare for missionary work. Like Cassius I will have to confess, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

First Furlough

FURLOUGH, JULY 1905-JANUARY 1906

RETURN TRIP, JANUARY-MARCH 1906



THE only thing that I remember about my trip home is the thrill that I experienced in crossing the Virginia border early one summer morning. It used to be said of Mr. Rosewell Page that he lifted his hat in a salute whenever he entered his home county of Hanover. I remember once seeing a contingent of Baltimoreans marching in a parade at the unveiling of the Lee monument in Richmond. They carried a banner on which was inscribed, "Maryland, our Bride, Virginia, our Mother." This represented my own feeling. While I had become much attached to Japan and expected to spend my life there, sentimentally Virginia was still my home. As I reached my destination, Virginia Beach, before the end of the summer vacation, all of my family were assembled there to welcome me. During my six years absence some of the children had grown almost beyond my ability to recognize them. My oldest brother, Beverley had just been graduated from the Virginia Seminary and was on the point of starting off for Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Some of the other children showed signs of maturity that made me feel the weight of my 32 years. Out in Japan where most of the missionaries were rather elderly, I was still looked upon as a youngster, who had much to learn, which was doubtless true. At home, however, I was regarded as an oracle, whose pronouncements on things Oriental were authoritative. The Biblical saying "A prophet is not without honour save in his own house," did not apply to my family.

This experience of basking in adulation soon came to an end, as the Board of Missions called upon me to start off on a tour of missionary addresses. This was a very alarming assignment for one whose public speaking had for six years been confined to the Japanese language. My first appointment was at Williamsburg, Virginia. The rector, the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, in a very flattering introduction told me to speak

without any regard to time. As in Japan at special meetings an hour was considered as the minimum for a guest speaker, I took him literally and rambled on for an hour and a quarter. I noticed that the enthusiasm of the congregation waned considerably as my talk went on and as I was not invited to make a return visit, I learned a useful lesson about the difference in timing between America and Japan. About a month later this lesson was reinforced at a meeting in Trinity Church, Boston. Bishop Lawrence, who was presiding, announced that there would be two speakers, each of whom would be allowed twenty minutes. The first, one, a fine missionary from China, spoke for thirty-eight minutes. Then Bishop Lawrence said in presenting me that as it was necessary to keep to the schedule, he could allow me only two minutes. While this enforced brevity did not prove to be the soul of wit, yet, probably because the audience was sorry for me, it did evoke an exceptionally favorable response. I ought to add that Bishop Lawrence's strictness as to time did not signify any lack of interest in our Japanese work. He invited me to dinner, made me tell him about St. Paul's and then gave me a bountiful supply of very helpful advice flavored with concrete aid. My work in Japan owed a great deal to his sympathetic interest and wise guidance both on this occasion and on many subsequent visits to Boston.

Bishop McVickar of Rhode Island also was a great help to me on this first furlough. He was a member of the foreign committee of the Board of Missions. Before the Board meeting at which I was to present our plans for the development of the college department of St. Paul's, he invited me to come to Providence and explain them to him. Both he and his sister seemed greatly interested and I am sure that the Board's later approval of our plans was largely due to his support. Miss McVickar became a life-long friend of St. Paul's. Her generous contributions were a large factor in making possible the execution of our building program.

At that period the Board of Missions provided the funds needed for the maintenance of the work in mission fields, but could do little towards the provision of equipment. This meant that if a church or some other building was needed, the missionary in charge would have to raise the necessary funds by special appeal. Our plans for the development of college work at St. Paul's called for an additional building. Also there was desperate need for a new church at All Saints. When on leaving Japan the Bishop told me that I must try to secure

the money for these two enterprises, the joy of my return to America was greatly marred. I suspected that the capacity for raising funds was "the one gift of which fortune bereft me." This suspicion proved to be well founded. In a letter written home on October 27th I reported "I do not seem to be a success as a money raiser, for so far I have collected only twenty-five dollars." Fortunately Dr. John W. Wood came to my rescue. What sources he tapped, I do not know, but when I returned to Japan, the Bishop told me that we could go ahead at St. Paul's, as Dr. Wood had informed him that the money would be forthcoming. A little later he called me to his office to give me the welcome news that the Woman's Auxiliary through Miss Emory had sent over the funds needed for the new church. I concluded that my utter ineffectiveness as a fund raiser had appealed to the compassion of interested friends. The one real accomplishment of my first furlough was the formation of friendly relations with a number of people to whose unfailing interest and support should go the credit for whatever success I was subsequently able to achieve in Japan. Foremost among these were Bishop Lloyd and Dr. Wood. They formed a wonderful combination of idealism and practical efficiency. As Bishop Lloyd was a relative with whom I had been intimately associated since my infancy, I could take his interest for granted. His missionary enthusiasm and his faith in the ultimate triumph of all good causes were a sure antidote to pessimism. One always left his office with the sure conviction that all things were possible with God and then one could go across to Dr. Wood to discover what human cooperation was needed to implement this faith. The first step in such cooperation that he would suggest was a visit to Miss Emory, the Executive Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary. I quickly discovered that this organization was the "tenth legion" of our missionary forces, always ready to go forward under the leadership of Bishop Lloyd and Dr. Wood, even when the rest of the Church was hesitant.

One of the pleasant features of my first furlough was the opportunity that it gave me to meet missionaries from other fields. I remember particularly Arthur Sherman from China. My first contact with him was at a missionary rally in Calvary Church, New York. He was the chief speaker and his address on that occasion was the finest presentation of the work in a foreign field that I have ever heard. During October and November of 1905, New York was my base of operations. When there, I usually stayed with Bishop Lloyd and his family in

Orange, New Jersey. As they attended Grace Church, I was brought into contact with Dr. Alexander Mann before he accepted a call to Trinity Church, Boston. The friendship thus formed proved very fruitful, for he not only gave me frequent opportunities to present our cause to his people in Grace Church, but later on at Trinity in Boston he gave me a warm welcome to the parish which through its generous support made possible the development of my work in Japan. At that period Boston and Philadelphia were the "happy hunting grounds" of the foreign missionary. I did not discover Philadelphia until my next trip to America, but as I look back over the period when missionary interest in America was very spotty, I feel that I owe those two cities a debt of gratitude which I am anxious to acknowledge.

In December I returned to my home in Norfolk and was able except for occasional trips, to spend the final six weeks of my furlough with my family. My oldest sister was away studying at Teachers College, Columbia. I had the opportunity of seeing her in New York. Another sister had been married in September to the Rev. Luke White, and my brother, Bev, had gone to Oxford. However, that still left ten of us at home. As my father was elected Bishop the following year, this was the last time that we were to be together in the Norfolk rectory for our Christmas celebration. It has, therefore, a very special place in my memory. During these six weeks I met with one misfortune which proved to be a blessing in disguise. On a trip to Richmond I had my pocket picked. As I had ninety dollars in my purse, it seemed to an impecunious missionary a real calamity. However, when the news got back to Norfolk my friends began sending me contributions with the result that my capital fund was almost doubled.

About the middle of January, 1906, I started on my trip back to Japan. At Dr. Wood's suggestion I decided to return via Europe. While this route meant a greater expenditure of time, if one went second-class from England to Japan, it did not cost any more than the journey across the United States and the Pacific. As I was not due back until the opening of the school year in April, the longer time did not make any difference so far as my work was concerned. The trip across the Atlantic was very pleasant except for an attack of seasickness during a violent storm the second day out. The ship was a very fast North German Lloyd liner. Compared to the Pacific boats it was a palace. The only drawback was that every day a subscription to some kind of fund was asked for and as even with the proceeds of my pickpocket

adventure, I was somewhat limited in my financial resources, the question as to how much one should give presented itself. Next to me at the dining room table was an elderly man with a long beard. I sized him up as a professor in a German university and as I knew that teachers in Germany were poorly paid, I concluded that I might safely follow his example. To my surprise when the solicitor came around he gave a five dollar gold piece, which certainly put him out of my class. Later on I discovered that he was one of the richest men in Canada. While he was not much of a help in setting a standard for contributions, he was a very delightful table companion. He was much interested in the fact that my father had studied at the University of Toronto and promised to send him photographs of the new buildings which I think he had been largely instrumental in providing.

I spent ten days in England with my brother, Beverley. He was a Rhodes Scholar at Christ Church College, Oxford. As visitors were not allowed to stay overnight in the students' rooms, I secured lodging in a hotel outside of the University grounds. Everything about Oxford was fascinating except the February weather. My brother had an enormous room in one corner of which there was a tiny grate, which made even less impression upon the temperature of the room than a Japanese hibachi (charcoal brazier). On Sunday I went to service at the Christ College Cathedral (Chapel). The preacher was a famous Biblical scholar, but as he read his sermon from a little note book in a mumbling voice with his back, half turned to the congregation, I was not much impressed nor edified by his discourse. From England I went to Naples by train stopping at Paris, Milan, Florence and Rome. To one whose education had been so largely concentrated on Roman history and the Latin language, old Rome was intensely interesting. I wrote to one of my younger brothers, "It is now nothing but a hollow full of ruins, but once these ruins were the meeting places and temples of the greatest race the world had ever seen." The modern Italians were somewhat disillusioning. "Coming back I walked through the Corso Umberto, the principal street of Rome. It was jammed with people and a double line of carriages. At first I thought there must be a fire, but found that it was a special Sunday afternoon fete. People in the balconies were throwing confetti at the crowd below. Large numbers of boys with masks and fancy costumes were pushing their way through the mass of people. It was hard to realize that these merry

makers were the descendants of the stern old Romans who conquered the world."

I joined my steamer, the *Prince Eitel Friedrich*, at Naples. The five weeks trip to Yokohama was very interesting as we stopped every few days at a port long enough to go ashore and catch a glimpse of places and people that were entirely new to us. My cabinmate was an old sea captain whose life had been largely spent in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. His intimate knowledge of the ports at which we stopped enabled me to use my time advantageously, although in the itineraries which he mapped out for me, churches were conspicuous by their absence. Among the second-class passengers were a large number of English and Dutch civil service people. They were very friendly and gave me a liberal education in the understanding of customs and conditions in the various countries of the near and far East. As there were only a handful of first-class passengers, we had the run of the whole ship. Of the many ocean trips which I have taken, this was, I think, the most enjoyable and also the most instructive. As I read in the letters which I wrote to my family the description of the various places at which we stopped, I am impressed by the tremendous changes which two World Wars have brought about, cities which were in 1906 outposts of the British Empire are now under the control of independent native governments. The only exception among the ports which I visited is Hongkong.

Opening of College Department of St. Paul's

APRIL 1906-07

MY steamer arrived in Yokohama early on the morning of April 5th. As I looked out of my cabin window, a grand view of snow capped Fujiyama made me feel at home. Dr. Teusler met me at the quarantine station and the Bishop with a group of our missionaries were on the pier to welcome me. After a few inquiries about the trip, Bishop McKim plunged into a discussion of the work, so that by the time we reached Tokyo I was brought up to date on all that had taken place during my absence. My six months furlough seemed to have made no noticeable break in the continuity of my work. Yet, though I had the feeling that I was taking it on just where I had left off, my confidence in its significance had been greatly strengthened during my furlough. While my efforts to explain to American audiences what we were trying to do in Japan had probably made little impression upon my listeners, they had at least given me a clearer understanding of our missionary objectives and of the function which an institution like St. Paul's ought to perform in their attainment. As I was a firm believer in the principle that what ought to be can be, I began my second term of service with a strong incentive for the carrying out of the plan for the development of the college department of St. Paul's.

I was therefore gratified to learn from Bishop McKim that there was enough money in sight to justify our going ahead with the erection of a new building. The Middle School was already cramped for space, so that without additional class rooms it would have been impossible to begin college work even on a small scale. Our mission architect, Mr. Gardiner, set to work on plans. By June I was able to report, "We are ready now to begin work on our new school building and are waiting

to get one more bid before giving out the contract. It will give us four class rooms and two offices on the first floor and a large assembly hall above." Superintending building operations was a new experience for me. While Mr. Gardiner was in charge, I found that I had to be constantly on hand to see to it that the carpenters carried out his specifications. One lesson was impressed upon me, that it is not always wise to accept the lowest bid from Japanese contractors. It often meant poor workmanship and generally involved attempts to palm off on one inferior materials. However, with the help of several of our Japanese staff, Dr. Motoda and I finally convinced our builder that honesty is the best policy, so that after having to replace poor materials and correct mistakes several times, he was converted to the wisdom of following Mr. Gardiner's specifications. In the end he did such a good job that we gave him a small bonus as a reward for virtue. The building was completed in time to enable us to hold our final exercises in the new assembly hall.

The opening of the new school year in April brought us an unexpected problem. For the first time in our history we had more applicants for admission to the Middle School than we could accommodate even with our new classrooms. This was gratifying for it showed that the reputation of the school for good work was growing and it also enabled us to select from the applicants only those who had done well in the entrance examinations. The problem was that even with the new building we found that our class rooms would not suffice for both the school and the college. Fortunately our funds by some strange miracle were in excess of what was needed to pay for the first building, so that Bishop McKim consented to our going ahead with plans which we had made for reconstructing the old administration building. By doing this we would be able to provide enough class rooms to make possible the opening of our college department. Our plans also included the expansion of our dormitory accommodations.

This rather long description of building operations makes dull reading, but it has an important bearing upon the development of our educational work. I may add that the reading about it is not half as tedious as having to live and teach for nearly two years to the sound of hammering. A considerable number of the students who were graduated from our Middle School in the Spring of 1907 were waiting to enter our proposed college department. As they were liable for military conscription, we were faced with the alternative of losing them or of

opening the college within a reasonable time. The pressure became so great that we could not wait for the completion of the second building, and were practically compelled to announce that the college would be ready to receive students at the beginning of the 1907 Fall term. Very rarely has a college been started with so little to offer in the way of material equipment—one and a half class rooms. However, we had a competent faculty and a determination to succeed. On the first day 35 students turned up and a few more drifted in during the next few weeks. The applicants for admission had been carefully screened so that we had good material to work on. We offered two courses, one in liberal arts, designed particularly for students who were looking forward to entering the ministry or to teaching. The purpose of the second course was preparation for a business career. With a small student group we were able to enforce strict moral and intellectual discipline. The subsequent careers of the members of this first class proved that we were reasonably successful in our endeavor to supply the Church with competent lay and clerical leadership.

When I returned from furlough, Bishop McKim surprised me pleasantly with the announcement that I was to be moved from my old quarters in the Divinity School into one of the mission residences, No. 54 Tsukiji. This was a small house that had been built originally for Bishop Williams. It was conveniently situated on the edge of the school grounds. The house itself was ideally adapted for use as a bachelor's establishment, small enough to be cozy and yet sufficiently expansible to provide room for masculine guests, provided they were not too particular. As I had disposed of my furniture when leaving Hirosaki, I had to use all of my spare time attending auction sales and ransacking second hand shops, picking up here a table and there a bed or a chair. My greatest difficulty in this land of short people was to find a bed long enough for a man to stretch himself in it. Finally I succeeded in gathering together a queer assortment of articles of furniture, which while not picturesque, made the house fairly livable. One piece of which I was especially proud was a large leather chair which I purchased at an auction for 18 yen. By putting a lap board across its arms I could use it as a desk. Most of my writing was done in it. I was never quite sure whether it should be dedicated to Morpheus or to the Muses, for while it undoubtedly was conducive to dozing, yet from it occasionally would come a flash of inspiration, "as when a great thought strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek."

House-keeping was not an art in which I excelled, but fortunately it was possible in Tokyo to get trained servants to whom one could delegate the responsibility of running one's establishment. My first experiment was with a man who was an excellent cook, but who apparently mistook me for Mr. Rockefeller. When I discharged him I found that he had pocketed the money that I gave him for supplies so that I had a goodly number of bills to pay. I mention this because despite the prevalent idea that Japanese are dishonest, with this one exception, I found that servants in Japan were surprisingly trustworthy so far as handling money was concerned. This was true of my next servants, a man named Hirai and his wife. They remained with me until I moved to Kyoto, and owing to their faithful service, I was able to devote myself to my duties without any worry or expenditure of time about domestic affairs. Their methods would probably have been considered unorthodox by a feminine housekeeper, but they adapted themselves to my irregularities and eccentricities. I could bring in a number of unexpected guests without disconcerting Hirai. While the menu was sometimes peculiar, he would welcome them and repeat the miracle of the loaves and the fishes in a surprisingly short time. On one occasion when I had a dinner party for Bishop and Mrs. McKim and a few other fashionable guests, I noticed Mrs. McKim examining the china with a good deal of interest. Later I discovered that Hirai, thinking that my tableware was not quite good enough for such distinguished guests, had borrowed from the McKim cook her best set of china, which she used only on rare occasions. Fortunately she had a kind heart and a sense of humor. Once when I asked Hirai why my laundry hadn't come in, after many apologies and bows, he explained to me that the delay was due to the laundry woman's having died of bubonic plague. That summer there was an outbreak of the plague in a community not far from Tsukiji. The excuse was so valid that I told him he had better make the delay permanent. No. 54 became quite a headquarters for male visitors to Tokyo. Among others I remember particularly Langdon Warner. He was a very attractive and able young man, who spent sometime in Japan studying Japanese art. Later he became one of the leading authorities on Oriental art, publishing several books and serving as the director of the Harvard Oriental Museum.

Number 54 was a real help in my work as it gave me facilities for entertaining in my home Japanese co-workers and friends. It happened

that Dr. Motoda was unavoidably absent from St. Paul's during the latter half of my furlough. As there was no one left whose authority was recognized, we found on our return many problems that needed straightening out. The most serious was a faculty row. Factions in the faculty were the bane of Japanese schools; they require very delicate handling, as the Japanese are extremely sensitive and are likely to resign on the slightest provocation. In this case the younger and more progressive teachers were in revolt against the handling of school affairs by a rather conservative group. Dr. Motoda and I on our return were greeted with the resignation of nearly half of our teaching force, among whom were many of our best trained men. However, by inviting them over to my house, where we could feed them and talk things over in a detached and friendly atmosphere, we were able, after about a month of almost continuous parleying, to effect a reconciliation which proved so real that we had no more trouble during the time that I was in St. Paul's. Dr. Motoda was a pastmaster in settling such disputes, and in this rather disagreeable episode I acquired from him a certain skill in handling factional rows which proved very valuable after I became Bishop of Kyoto.

In addition to my work at St. Paul's, Bishop McKim asked me to teach Greek at the Divinity School. The General Synod of the Japanese Church had adopted a canon, or rule, requiring candidates for the ministry to study that language. Since there was no one else available, I was made professor of the Greek New Testament, which meant first a course in elementary Greek, as none of the students had any knowledge of that language. It was not a very successful experiment, though two or three exceptionally bright students did acquire enough of the language to enable them to use commentaries based on the Greek text. I had much better success the following year with a Greek class in the newly opened St. Paul's College Department. The students there were younger and we had enough time to give them a thorough drilling in the fundamentals of the language. Two of my St. Paul's boys became excellent Greek scholars. One of them, Takamatsu, was later on asked to contribute articles on the New Testament and other Greek literature to the Japanese Encyclopedia. At the college I also had an interesting, to me at least, course on the relationship between religion and science. Altogether between the Divinity School and the College during the remainder of my time in Tokyo I had a minimum of 16 hours a week of lectures. The preparation for these kept me busy, but the subjects

were interesting and it was a welcome exchange for English teaching in the Middle School.

After the war with Russia a large number of Chinese young men came over to Tokyo to complete their education in the Japanese colleges. One of our missionaries, a very eccentric man, sent a post card to Bishop Graves, on the back of which was written in red ink, "Ten thousand Chinese students in Tokyo going to hell. Can't you cough up a live missionary?" Bishop Graves was very angry and sent an indignant letter of protest to Bishop McKim. However, it did serve the purpose of calling our attention to the situation. Most of these students were totally unprepared to enter any recognized Japanese educational institutions. They were being exploited by those who had organized colleges with high sounding names and elaborate curricula on paper, but which educationally were worthless. After some investigation, it was determined that we could best help out the situation by organizing a coaching school for Chinese, limited largely to teaching English, Japanese and mathematics. This would qualify the students to pass the entrance examinations of some of the better Japanese colleges. Bishop McKim allowed us to use the Cathedral Parish House for our classes and we rented a building across the Sumida River for dormitory purposes. The result exceeded our expectations. A year later, out of ten Chinese students who passed successfully the college entrance examinations, the first seven were students from our school. The Church Missionary Society sent over a very able man from China, the Rev. Mr. Elwin, to take charge of this work. Both evangelistically and educationally under his direction the Will and the Way School, as it was called, rendered splendid service.

In the autumn of 1906 I became involved in another enterprise of a very different character. While there was a rather gay social life in the foreign community of Tokyo, most of the missionaries and their families had little part in this. In the early days they had been largely concentrated in Tsukiji but with the development of the work, they had, with the exception of our Episcopal families, moved to other sections of the city. In order to give them an opportunity to come together, the manager of the Methodist Publishing House and I decided to organize a Literary and Musical Society. On the second floor of the Methodist Building there was an assembly hall which would be suitable for meetings. There was a good deal of musical talent in Tokyo and there was at that period an almost continuous succession

of distinguished visitors from Europe and America whom it might be possible to secure for talks on various subjects. The people of the community responded fairly enthusiastically to the suggestion. Unfortunately I was chosen as President of the Society, which meant that I had to do most of the work involved in arranging programmes for our monthly meetings. However, as our attendance kept up very gratifyingly, I felt that our society did make a reasonable contribution to the entertainment and cultural improvement of the community.

On my return from furlough I found the Japanese in a very optimistic mood as the result of the successful conclusion of the war with Russia. This in some ways was helpful to our evangelistic work. During my absence the work in All Saints had marked time owing to the lack of leadership, but as Tokyo was crowded with students eager like the Athenians to hear some new thing, when the news got around that the foreigner had returned, our congregations at All Saints began to pick up. It became more and more obvious that if we hoped to take advantage of this opportunity, we must have better facilities than were afforded by our badly situated and dilapidated old godown (store house). Upon consulting Bishop McKim, I found that we had about 4,000 yen available for the purchase of property. As I had some assurances of further gifts, he was willing to advance an additional 2,000. This seemingly settled the financial problem, but the process of buying land in Japan is tortuous. The prevailing optimism had engendered an exaggerated idea of the value of property. Then as soon as the owner found that the purchaser was a "rich" American he would add a thousand or so yen to an already excessive original offer. Finally, however, after numerous experiences of this sort, we secured a well situated and otherwise suitable place. Our next problem was to secure the money with which to build a real Church. That seemed at the moment a hopeless proposition, so that we had for the time being to use the rather unsuitable Japanese buildings. In the autumn of 1906, Bishop McKim assigned to me as my Japanese assistant, one of the best students in the senior class of the Divinity School, Mr. Sugai. He remained with me until he was sent to America for further study. After his return he came back to All Saints and when I went to Kyoto took full charge of the work. Under his leadership the work developed steadily until All Saints became perhaps the strongest parish in Tokyo. Later on Mr. Sugai was elected Bishop of the Diocese of South Tokyo and at the time of his death was the Presiding Bishop of the Japanese

Church. At the time that he came to me, he was a member of my Greek class, so that I am naturally proud of the splendid service that he rendered to the cause of Christianity in Japan. The credit for his future accomplishments is due, however, not to the Greek that I taught him, but to his own consecration of his abilities to the service of Christ. Thanks to Mr. Sugai and Miss Boyd, I was able to report to Bishop McKim when he started off to attend the 1907 General Convention, real progress at the new location of All Saints. This made the need for a Church all the more urgent. He must have said a word in our behalf to the Woman's Auxiliary, for soon after his return, just when the prospect for securing funds was darkest, a letter came from Miss Emory announcing that \$8,000 had been appropriated from the United Thank Offering for the erection of a Church on All Saints property. For me it was a fulfillment of the prophecy, "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light." I was determined to make every possible effort to use the new building as a means of illuminating the spiritual darkness of student life in the Kauda section of Tokyo.

Spiritual darkness may seem an improper term to apply to a group of young men who were so cheerful, friendly and intellectually alert, but a quotation from a letter written about this time will explain my use of it. "Last Thursday I went with the school students to Nikko on the annual excursion. It was a beautiful trip, the mountains being brilliant with the autumn leaves. After seeing the sights of Nikko and spending a night in a Japanese inn, we walked up to Lake Chuzenji. On the way up we passed the lovely Kegon waterfall. Some four years ago a young college student who was despondent because he could not understand the "mystery of the Universe" committed suicide by jumping over these falls. He left behind a letter, fastened to the branch of a tree and written in very beautiful language, explaining the reasons that led him to seek death. Since then 120 young men have followed his example. The government has tried to stop this by stationing a policeman at the head of the falls, but even so from time to time a young student will evade the policeman and throw himself over the edge. It illustrates a side of Japanese character, a strain of philosophic melancholy, that it is hard for us Westerners to appreciate. Suicide is to us both horrible and cowardly, but we cannot judge by our standards Japanese who have been trained in Oriental philosophy and then suddenly brought into contact with Western ideas. From their

point of view it often seems the noblest thing that a man can do. They are groping after something which neither their old systems nor Western science, divorced from religion, can give them. We are confident that Christianity can supply the answer to their problem." This was one of the reasons for the emphasis which missionaries were putting upon work among students during this period. Another method of committing suicide which had become prevalent was to jump into the craters of such well known volcanoes as Asama and Aso. The summer before the letter from which I have quoted was written, I climbed Mt. Asama and found on the edge of the crater the neatly folded clothes of a student, who had evidently thrown himself into the red hot lava that one could see fiercely bubbling some hundred feet below.

One practical reason for this despondency among students was the difficulty of finding the kind of work for which their education had qualified them. A few years later the tremendous industrial development that took place in Japan created a great demand for college graduates, and the higher institutions of learning in order to meet this demand laid greater emphasis upon vocational training. They probably went too far in that direction, for the proper balance between theory and the practical in education is difficult to maintain, but even Plato at Syracuse discovered that philosophy alone did not qualify one to become a successful ruler. In Japan the problem was intensified by a certain amount of hangover from the traditional idea that business was not a respectable occupation for a scholar. However, this prejudice was quickly dissipated among a people who were seeking a "place in the sun" in a world whose motto was "money makes the mare go." The old order was rapidly changing, giving place to new. Our missionary endeavor was through Christianity to give these students a moral guidance and spiritual vigor in order that they might not become a victim to the lure of mere materialism, for "where there is no vision the people perish."

In the letter from which the above quotation is taken, I refer to another problem involved in the change from the old to the new order. "This is All Saints Day and I am just back from a memorial service out in the cemetery. The Japanese pay great attention to memorial exercises for the dead. As the great three-day period set apart for reverencing the spirits of the departed comes in early November, Christians have chosen All Saints Day as a suitable time for

services of remembrance. Where an old religious custom represents a feeling after something of real value, it is wise instead of discarding it, to endeavor to "baptize it unto Christ" and thus bring out the real meaning of the truth after which the old custom was groping. Our attitude towards the former religions and culture followed in principle our Lord's towards the Old Testament dispensation, "I am not come to destroy but to fulfill." This of course did not obviate the need for a certain amount of pruning.

Letters from home during this 1906-07 period brought much exciting family news. In May 1906 my father was elected Bishop-coadjutor of the Diocese of Southern Virginia. About the same time came the news of the birth of the first grandson in the family, Beverley Tucker White, and soon afterwards the announcement that another of my sisters was to be married. One of my younger brothers, Augustine, was interning in a Norfolk hospital after his graduation in medicine from the University of Virginia. While I think that I knew before leaving home of his decision to offer himself for missionary service in China, it was good to hear that he had been accepted by Bishop Graves and would be coming out in the autumn. All this was good news, but I realized that it meant the breaking up of our home in the Norfolk rectory, where we had lived happily for nearly 25 years. Perhaps it helped me to feel more at home in my newly acquired Tsukiji residence even though after College Place it seemed, both in size and in the number of occupants, to be "*res angusta domi*." While my work made it impossible for me to enter to any large extent into the social life of the foreign community, it brought me into contact with many of the leaders in Christian work. Among these I would mention particularly Galen Fisher, a YMCA secretary. From him I learned many useful lessons in the art of dealing with Japanese students. He combined scholarship with practical ability. Under his leadership the YMCA became an important factor in the development of the Christian Church.

Membership in the Asiatic Society of Japan afforded an opportunity of meeting a group of men who were interested in the study of the development of civilization in Japan. Among my most valued possessions is an almost complete collection of its transactions. They constitute the most available source material in English for a study of the various phases of Japanese life and culture. The papers read at the meetings were necessarily brief, but as in the case of the Congressional

Record, permission was given the speakers to extend their remarks in the printed copies with the result that some of the addresses would be expanded into book length, thus giving an opportunity for a thorough scholarly treatment of the subject of the paper. At the meetings of the Tokyo Masonic Lodge I met an even more representative group of the men of the foreign community. It brought together in real fellowship men who otherwise would never have had any opportunity of knowing one another. Also the Lodge rendered a useful service by looking after Westerners who had drifted into Japan and who were left stranded there without any visible means of support. Most of them were not very reputable characters, which made it all the more important to have some agency to ease them on their day to places where their presence would be less embarrassing than in Japan.

General Patton in his book describing his experiences in World War II, speaks of certain periods when "he earned his pay." I believe that I would be justified in applying that expression to my work during the years 1906-1908, certainly so far as quantity is concerned. Though not by nature an orderly person, I had to work out a schedule for my formal activities which would leave intervals for preparation of sermons and lectures, and for unhurried personal interviews. My experience in Japan showed that person to person contacts while time consuming are necessary if a missionary's efforts are to take root. The saying, "you cannot hustle the Orient," was certainly true when one was attempting to get an idea firmly entrenched in the mind of the person with whom one is talking. Any indication that time was a consideration would have been fatal to success. On the other hand, patience and a show of real interest paid dividends in the shape of winning friends and exerting influence. This after all is the *sine qua non* of success in missionary work. I tried to set apart two hours, from four to six in the afternoon, for physical exercise. Old Bishop Williams once told me that "in Japan you must walk for your life." Committee meetings or visitors often interrupted this schedule, but during the season when tennis was practicable, I managed several times a week to get to the tennis club, and during the winter to explore the out-of-the-way sections of Tokyo with Dr. Teusler, who was a vigorous walker. The Tokyo Tennis Club afforded an opportunity for pleasant contacts with the younger business men and with the under secretaries of the various embassies. It also included in its membership a number of Japanese. There were a few very expert players whose coaching helped to develop among the

Japanese the skill which later on enabled them to take high rank in western tennis tournaments.

As I was increasingly called upon for sermons and addresses, I hit upon the plan of choosing a general subject for study during a period and using some phase of that as the basis for the talks which I was invited to give at various religious meetings. This coordination of my reading and public speaking saved a great deal of time and enabled me to concentrate sufficiently upon some special subject to acquire a reasonable understanding of it. After some months of wrestling with the particular problem that I had chosen, I would sum up the results by writing an article for our theological magazine or a lecture for a clergy conference. This at least saved me from the danger of intellectual stagnation which is often the penalty of dealing superficially with a variety of subjects. Apart from the benefit which I derived personally from these attempts to put the results of my studies into written form, I think that I was helpful to some of our Japanese workers in finding a way between the Scylla of the extreme fundamentalism of the earlier missionaries and the Charybdis of the equally extreme German theological liberalism with which Japan was being flooded at that period.

In the late autumn of 1906 I had a visit from my brother, Augustine, who was on his way to China to engage in medical missionary work. Only a few days ago he arrived back in the United States after having spent 43 years in Shanghai ministering to the Chinese people as a surgeon in St. Luke's Hospital. The following May I had the pleasure of welcoming another relative to Japan, Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd. He was at that time the Executive Secretary of the old Board of Missions and had come over with Dr. Alsop, a member of the Board of Missions and Rector of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, to inspect our work in the Far East. Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd made my house in Tsukiji their headquarters, so that I had an opportunity to explain to him our plans for the development of St. Paul's. He gave them his enthusiastic approval and urged me to explore the possibilities of securing a new site for the college, though he was not able to give me a definite assurance that the money needed for its purchase would be forthcoming. Dr. Lloyd's visit was greatly appreciated by the Japanese. In the smaller towns he would be greeted by the officials and a band, playing generally "Marching Through Georgia." Great crowds gathered to hear the distinguished foreign visitor speak. While this was gratifying and gave a much

needed stimulus to our work, it probably gave the visitor an over optimistic impression of the progress of Christianity in Japan. This, however, was doubtless an asset to him in his efforts to arouse missionary enthusiasm at home. The first half of St. Paul's report on missionary activities, "A great door and effectual is opened unto us" awakens interest, which is apt to cool if too much emphasis is placed upon the second half, "and there are many adversaries." This does not imply any failure on Dr. Lloyd's part to unearth the problems and the weak spots in our work. He noted the fact that some of our missionaries had passed the stage of usefulness and after his return to America the Board of Missions worked out a plan for their retirement on a pension. This emergency action was subsequently developed into a permanent retirement regulation, which did much to increase the efficiency of our missionary workers.

In the summer of 1907 I was able to make a very encouraging report on the results of evangelistic work at St. Paul's. During the year, sixteen of the dormitory students had been baptized. Even more encouraging were reports of the baptism of a considerable number of day students and of former graduates. In my report I remarked, "We have been able to reach through our Bible classes and personal contacts a far larger number of students than ever before, so that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that during the year every boy in the school has had an opportunity to learn what Christianity really means. The chief credit for this belongs to a group of Christian teachers and students. I may add that the number of baptisms might have been much larger but for our policy of bringing no pressure to bear upon the students and of receiving as candidates only those of whose character and real interest we are assured."

Building operations and preparations for the opening of our College Department kept me in Tokyo pretty continuously during the summer of 1907, though I did get away for a ten day trip to the Japanese Alps. A rather amusing incident which occurred during the latter part of this trip will illustrate the primitive customs of Japanese mountain villages. After several days spent in climbing a very difficult peak, I was joined by an American friend, who was new to Japan. A long, hot walk of some twenty miles brought us to a village at the foot of Mt. Norikura which we planned to climb the following day. My friend expressed a desire for a bath, but the only tub available was in the middle of what one might call the village green. He was somewhat

hesitant about disrobing in such a public place, but as there was no one around he finally succumbed to the allurements of a warm bath. Soon the news got around that a foreigner was in the tub and quite a crowd collected to view the unusual spectacle. The water in the tub got hotter and hotter. My friend was greatly embarrassed, but finally could stand it no longer and jumped out of the tub, and rushed through the crowd back to the little inn where we were staying. The villagers had no idea that anyone would object to being viewed in a state of nature. Bathing in public was to them a matter of course, but for most of them this was the first opportunity to see a foreigner.

Visit of the United States Naval Fleet

IN April of 1908 we admitted a new class into our College Department. Both the number and the quality of the new men were very gratifying, but this addition to our student body presented us with serious problems. We were short both on teachers and class rooms. Fortunately word came from the Board of Missions that our appropriation had been substantially increased, so that we were able to add several new members to our Japanese faculty. As no additional foreign teachers were available, I had to come to the rescue and so found myself loaded down with 20 hours of lectures a week. The Board also informed us that a committee had been appointed to secure funds for the purchase of a new site for the college. We set to work with new vigor looking for suitable places on the outskirts of Tokyo. Our search for land was more successful than the committee's for money, so that for the time being we had to content ourselves with fixing up temporary class-rooms in some of the nearby mission buildings. In the long run this delay in securing funds proved to be a blessing in disguise for it forced us to concentrate our efforts on the quality of the work rather than on material equipment. When, finally, we did secure proper grounds and buildings, we had the essential elements of a good college prepared to make use of them.

During the early part of the summer of 1908, my brother, Gus, came over from Shanghai for a visit. As school was still in session, I could not accompany him on many of his sight-seeing trips, though I did manage to get away long enough to go with him to Karuizawa for an ascent of Asama, the famous volcano. In a rash moment I had, some months before this, promised to give a series of four lectures on the Atonement at a summer school of Theology to be held the following September in Osaka and also on the same trip to give some talks at a C.M.S. Conference in Kobe. For the latter I could use material taken

from my Divinity School lectures and as they were to be delivered extempore on subjects with which I was familiar, I did not have to spend an undue amount of time in preparing for them. The subject assigned me for the Osaka lectures was a different proposition. While I had lectured on the Atonement in my theology course at the Divinity School, I had never made it a special subject for my studies and certainly did not feel qualified to give the clergy a constructive exposition of a doctrine about which even expert theologians held conflicting views. Moreover, the lectures were to be published, so that I had to prepare something that would stand the test of careful scrutiny on the part of those who were inclined to suspect the orthodoxy of the younger missionaries. The need for this was brought home to me by an incident that occurred at a meeting of Student Volunteers at which I was presiding. Dr. Sydney Gulick, a scholarly Congregational missionary, had been invited to give a review of modern theological literature. One book which he recommended was Clarke's *Outlines of Christian Theology*. As soon as he had finished, Mrs. Pearson, a great friend of mine who before her marriage had been a member of our mission, rose and said, "Mr. Chairman, I want to warn you young people against that book. It is unsound on the Atonement." She was followed by Dr. Brand, a fine old gentleman, whom the younger missionaries irreverently nicknamed "brand from the burning." "I agree with Mrs. Pearson," he said, "that book ought to be consigned to the deepest depths of Limbo." Since in my lectures I was planning to deal with the aspect of the Atonement which had been so severely condemned, it was obvious that I must be ready both to give a reason for the faith that was in me and at the same time give a passing salute to other aspects which were omitted from my exposition. My preparatory reading had to be done during the small hours of the night and the writing out of the English text required a week of sleepless effort. The result can perhaps best be described in Horace's line, "*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*" (The mountains are in labor, a ridiculous mouse will be born). My excuse for giving this lengthy account of the preparation of these lectures is that it illustrates the difficulties encountered by a missionary in his endeavor to interpret the Christian religion to Japanese at a time when the old intellectual order was changing, giving place to new.

The translation of the English text into Japanese was a tedious task. The man who helped me was unacquainted with theological terminol-

ogy, but after two or three unsuccessful attempts to get my meaning expressed in proper Japanese, Dr. Motoda offered to assist me so that I finally worked out a Japanese version which stylistically was far superior to the English text. Just as we were putting on the finishing touches, Hubbard Lloyd arrived from America. I am afraid that he received a very skimpy welcome as after finishing my work on the lectures I had to rush off to catch a train for Osaka and leave him to the tender mercies of the cook. However, he accepted the situation with his accustomed graciousness and by the time that I returned had made himself perfectly at home in No. 54, Tsukiji. My future association with him was one of the pleasantest features of my life in Japan. He won a place in the affection of the Japanese that is rarely attained by a Westerner. This, combined with his ability and his devotion to the work, enabled him to make a contribution of great value to the development of the Church in Japan.

My two sets of lectures kept me in Osaka and Kobe for about a week. In Osaka we started off in the auditorium of the C.M.S. Girls' School. My colleague, Dr. Sugiura, was lecturing on the Old Testament. He was an excellent scholar, but had an unconventional way of expressing himself that often shocked those who did not know him. He began his first lecture with the words, "*Dabide to iu yatsu wa,*" which might be translated, "That fellow, David." This was too much for the C.M.S. ladies, so that after the first session of the school, they asked us to move to some other place. Otherwise, everything went off amicably. This was my second visit to Osaka that year. In the spring I had gone there as one of the clerical deputies to the General Synod of the Nippon Seikokwai. At this meeting I was appointed a member of the committee on the revision of the Japanese Prayer Book. Like most of the members of the committee I was thoroughly unqualified to deal with the subject entrusted to us. Our chief function at its meetings was to listen to a debate between the Rev. Mr. Chapman of the C.M.S. and Archdeacon King of St. Andrews Mission. Whenever a question was raised they would trace its history from one of the early centuries and as at each stage they were practically always in complete disagreement, we had ample opportunity to hear both sides on the subject under consideration. Whatever knowledge I may have of liturgics was acquired at these meetings. Later on the Synod adopted the Committee's report and so far as I can remember the revised Prayer Book gave general satisfaction. At one of our General Conventions when

the matter of shortening the Commandments in the Holy Communion Service was being debated in the House of Bishops, I ventured to explain the method of doing this in the revised Prayer Book of the Japanese Church. To my surprise the Bishops agreed to use this method. Whenever I hear the Commandments read, which I must say is rather infrequently, it always reminds me of the debates between Mr. Chapman and Archdeacon King.

In 1908 a good deal of feeling was aroused in Japan by the alleged discrimination against Japanese in our immigration laws and in the public schools of California. The government allowed the newspapers to indulge in violent diatribes against everything American, though strangely enough the popular attitude towards Americans resident in Japan continued to be very friendly. In the autumn of 1908, a substantial fleet of U. S. naval vessels called at Yokohama on a round-the-world trip which had been ordered by the President, Theodore Roosevelt. Whether the prime purpose of the trip was to show the Japanese that America was not simply a nation of traders but could also put up a good fight if occasion called for it, I do not know, but certainly the visit of the fleet at Yokohama produced that effect. The government decided to interpret it as a friendly visit. Newspapers suddenly reversed their attitude of criticism to one of enthusiastic welcome. There was a large element of sincerity in this change of attitude. While the Japanese resented discrimination, they had a real liking for Americans as individuals. Mr. Roosevelt's good offices in the Russian War had created confidence in the fairness of his attitude towards Japan. As the visit of the fleet had been ordered by him, the people generally were prepared to interpret its purpose as friendly. The following quotation from one of my letters will give some idea of the elaborateness of the entertainment of the fleet:

"We have had a very bustling and gay week entertaining the American fleet. Practically all of the schools were closed in order that the English speaking students might act as guides for the sailors. The city was decorated from end to end with bunting, flags, triumphal arches, lanterns and flowers. Every day there were innumerable luncheons, receptions, dinners, special theatrical performances, garden parties and balls. American residents were invited to all of these. One of the few which I personally attended was the Prime Minister's ball. There were about 2,000 guests. His official mansion being too small for such a crowd had been enlarged by the erection of so-called tents. You would

not have known that they were not a part of the house, so clever were the decorations and construction. The walls and ceilings were festooned with flowers, arranged as to look like wainscoting. On the floors immense carpets were spread, except in the dancing hall, the floor of which was waxed. Enough tables were provided to seat the whole crowd for supper. On them were literally flocks of turkeys and pheasants, which though deliciously cooked had been reclathed in all their gorgeous plumage. Champagne was more plentiful than water and they must have drained Manila and Egypt of cigars and cigarettes. All the admirals from Togo down were present and also all of the civil leaders and famous men of Japan. The Japanese certainly did everything possible to show their appreciation of the visit of the fleet. On Saturday I went to the farewell reception on the *Connecticut*, Admiral Sperry's flagship. Unfortunately our government does not furnish its naval officers with entertainment funds, so that it seemed rather an inadequate return for the elaborate Tokyo functions. There was an immense crowd. As the Japanese for the most part could not do much talking in English, they devoted their efforts to the food, which gave out after thirty minutes. However, the officers were most gracious and I am sure that the visit of the fleet has done much to restore good feeling towards our country. I only hope that this good start may develop into a permanent friendly relationship between Japan and the United States."

There was real ground for this hope at the time when the above letter was written. Perhaps later on in these memoirs I may be able to show some of the reasons for its failure to be realized.

During the latter part of the fall of 1908 we had a visit from Miss Emory, the Executive Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary. After Bishop McKim had shown her the evangelistic work throughout the diocese, he asked me to act as her guide in looking at our educational institutions. She was much impressed by the good beginning that we had made with our college department and gave enthusiastic approval to our plans for securing a new site. I showed her several places in the outskirts of Tokyo that could be purchased as soon as the committee, appointed by the Board of Missions, raised the necessary funds. She asked how much was needed. I told her that if the money could be had within the next six months, we could purchase an admirably situated piece of land for \$50,000, but that as land prices in Tokyo were increasing, if we had to wait several years, a considerably larger

sum would be needed. When we got back to Tsukiji, she told Bishop McKim that if we waited for the committee to raise the money, we would probably never get it. Her advice therefore, was to send me to America and after the steamer had started, to notify the Board that I was coming. The need for the land was so pressing in her opinion, that it would not do to risk the Board's refusal to allow me to come to America. To my utter astonishment the Bishop summoned me to his office the following day and ordered me to be ready to sail on a steamer leaving Yokohama on December 27th. This gave me only a few days to arrange for the care of my work during my absence. I was somewhat skeptical as to my being any more efficient as a money raiser than the committee and still more so as to the possibility of finding anyone to take my Greek classes, but the Bishop thought that a little holiday wouldn't hurt the Greek students and that as I had made the college plans, I ought to assume the responsibility for raising the money to carry them through. My Japanese colleagues were enthusiastic about the proposed trip. To them America was a country where money grew on trees and as I was fairly tall I would have no difficulty in picking off an ample supply. So somewhat against my own judgment I spent the next ten days preparing for the trip. One reason why I disliked leaving was that I had just begun work on the new All Saints Church, which the gift from the Woman's Auxiliary had made possible. After a good deal of investigation, I found in a book on church architecture a sketch of a church in Carlisle, England, which seemed well suited to my needs. Mr. Gardiner had drawn up from this, plans and specifications and we had just let out the contract for its erection. He and the contractor assured me that the work of building would go on during my absence. I had a sneaking suspicion that they were over optimistic. This proved to be well grounded, for when I returned I found nothing at all had been done. It seemed that when they started digging for the foundation they discovered quicksand which made necessary the driving down of piles. As this would involve additional expense, they thought it best to await my return before undertaking it.

Before closing this account of my 1908 experiences, I may mention one incident which at the time did not impress me as particularly significant. In the early part of October, I called at Bishop McKim's house to see him on a matter of business. I found quite a gathering there welcoming a newly arrived missionary, Miss Warnock. She

had come over on the *Coptic* with me on my first trip to Japan. After spending several years in missionary work in China, she had returned to her home and while there had decided to transfer the scene of her labors to Japan. She was accompanied by her younger sister, Miss Lillian Warnock. Coming events are said to cast their shadows before, but in this case my mind must have been too full of the business matter to perceive them. After a few words of greeting, I went with Bishop McKim back to his study, entirely oblivious of the fact that I had just met the future Mrs. Tucker. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," but I did not have the slightest glimmering of the potentialities implicit in those few minutes of casual conversation.

Purchase of New Site for St. Paul's College

1909-1910

AFTER a very busy week of Christmas celebrations I left Yokohama on one of the small Empress steamers. The trip across was rough, 14 days of continuous storm. There were only five passengers and as the other four were confined to their cabins for practically the whole trip, I had to depend upon the ship's officers for companionship. The old Empress boats were said to have rounded keels which accounted for their tendency to roll. This may or may not have been true, but it took all of my experience as a mountain climber to negotiate what seemed to me a 60 degree precipice when the ship would roll over to one side and showed no apparent intention of ever returning to a normal position. The skipper, Captain Ritter, an old friend of mine, showed me how to erect a barricade of pillows in my berth to prevent my being tossed out, so that the long nights were fairly comfortable. During the day he entertained me with long dissertations on sociology and economics. His views on these subjects were quite unorthodox, but as there didn't seem to be any immediate prospect of putting them into practice, I let them go unanswered. I admired the philosophical way in which, when a piece of furniture would break loose from its lashings and start dancing around the floor, he would pause long enough to give an order and then resume his exposition as if nothing had happened. He must have been a skilful navigator, for as neither sun nor stars were visible, we had to proceed by dead-reckoning and yet managed to reach the west coast at the exact spot and hour that he had predicted.

When I reached New York the authorities at 281 gave me a rather cold welcome, with the exception of Dr. Lloyd whose kindness and missionary enthusiasm transcended the violation of regulations. Ap-

parently I arrived at a time when the Board of Missions was confronted with serious financial problems, which they did not wish to complicate further by authorizing a special appeal for funds. Finally, Dr. Wood, after explaining the irregularity of my coming over without permission from the Board, suggested that I go to Philadelphia to see Miss Mary Coles. She was very gracious, but said that she already had so many commitments, that she could not do anything for St. Paul's just then. However, she invited me to come back and spend Holy Week with her. During the interval after a visit to my family in Virginia, I went to New England. My friends there received me very graciously, but while they showed much interest in our plans for St. Paul's, the financial returns were very meager. Mr. Robert Gardiner gave me letters of introduction to ten friends who he felt sure would be glad to contribute to so good a cause. He overestimated my skill as a solicitor, for while I presented the letters, only one of the addressees consented to see me. My interview with her was very brief. She read the letter and then said, "My cousin, Mr. Gardiner, writes that he is sure I will be interested in your project. He is mistaken, for while I am glad to have had the opportunity of meeting you, I haven't the slightest interest in the building of a college in Tokyo." While my efforts in Boston were a complete failure so far as immediate results were concerned, I found out later that they were not altogether wasted, for when we finally came to the point of erecting buildings for St. Paul's, some of the most generous contributions came from people whom I had met during this apparently barren visit. While in Boston, Mr. Gardiner invited me to his home for lunch. Among the guests was Archdeacon Stuck of Alaska. During a pause in the conversation, he addressed this question to the assembled crowd, "Why did you people in Boston allow an architect to put over on you that monstrosity, Trinity Church?" After a moment of shocked hush, the woman sitting next to him said quietly, "The architect was my father," and then tactfully introduced another subject of conversation.

When I went back to Miss Coles' for Holy Week, she didn't say anything about St. Paul's. Every morning she would call her servants in for family prayers and ask me to make a little talk to them. I have talked on all kinds of occasions to various sorts of people, but do not remember ever being so embarrassed as when called upon to preach to Miss Coles' servants in her presence. On the final day of my visit she of her own initiative took up the matter of raising the money for

the purchase of land. "I have been observing you very closely this week," she said. "My opinion is that if the mission depends on you to raise this money, they will never get it. You need not, however, be worried about that, because I have decided to raise it for you. I may call upon you to come and make a few talks about the work of the college, as you have convinced me of its importance." This unexpected announcement pulled me out of the slough of despair and planted me on the firm ground of hope, a position which thanks to Miss Coles I have never since abandoned. She was so successful in making good her promise, that when I started back for Japan in May, I had the assurance that I could go ahead with the purchase of the land. The only thing that I remember about the remainder of my stay in America is preaching the sermon at the ordination of my brother, Beverley. He had returned from Oxford in 1908 and was in charge of a rural parish in Southern Virginia.

I reached Yokohama early in June about the beginning of the rainy season. My cook met me at the wharf, dressed up in my old clothes, so that I felt immediately at home. It was almost ten years since my first arrival in Japan and in the meanwhile I had come to love the blue mist-crowned hills with Fuji towering up from behind. St. Paul's had been prospering during my absence. Including the Chinese school, we had 723 students, which meant that we were terribly overcrowded. It was gratifying therefore to be able to announce that the money for the purchase of land would soon be available. On the other hand, I was disappointed though not surprised to learn that no progress had been made on the new All Saints Church. The securing of the foundation by piling added considerably to the expense of building, but remembering Abraham who "looked for a city which hath foundations," I signed a revised contract, which provided for that essential, but omitted some of the interior decorating. The contractor set immediately to work with the promise that he would have the church finished in time for the Christmas service, but in Japan "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft—or always—agley," so that it was nearer Easter than Christmas when we had our first service in the new building. However, my confidence that it would enable us to expand our evangelistic work was justified. By the time that the Church was destroyed in the 1923 earthquake, it had become inadequate to accommodate its congregation. The disaster proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the congregation with the help of relief funds sent from

America built a new and larger Church in what by that time had become one of the best residential sections of Tokyo.

Soon after my return we received news that Dr. Lloyd had been elected Bishop-coadjutor of the Diocese of Virginia. While we were glad for him to have the honor, we all felt that his leaving the Board of Missions would be a great blow to the missionary work of the Church. Apparently people in America felt the same way about it, for it was not long before he returned to 281 as President of the Board of Missions. During the ten years that he occupied that office his leadership and his enthusiastic sympathy were a prime factor in enabling the Japanese Church to make great strides towards the attainment of its goal of organizing self-supporting independent dioceses in Tokyo and Osaka.

In 1909 we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of our work in Japan. In writing home about the services held in the American and English Cathedrals, I said, "As one listened to the story of the 50 years of effort against all sorts of difficulties, one could not but be impressed with the wonderful progress that has been made. Another 50 years will, I hope, see the Church firmly established in this country." This hope was well on its way to being realized when the Second World War broke out. While the Church survived this disaster, it emerged from the war greatly weakened in numbers, in financial strength and in morale. Much of its material equipment was destroyed. On the other hand Japan's overwhelming defeat has resulted in a new and much more favorable attitude towards Christianity on the part of its people. The Church, weakened as it is, is responding gallantly to the challenge of this situation. If we in America will give its Japanese leaders reasonable cooperation and support, the hope which I expressed forty years ago may by the year 1959 be fully realized. What humanly appears as disaster is often transformed by God into an opportunity for unparalleled advance.

In the autumn the anniversary celebrations were followed up by a nation wide evangelistic effort in which all of the churches participated with the exception of the Roman Catholics. In Tokyo this was started off with an interdenominational semi-centennial thanksgiving conference. (Quoted from a letter): "For five days the large YMCA hall was filled to overflowing three times a day with an attractive, very respectable looking crowd, most of them representatives from the various Tokyo churches. It gave one a new idea of the Christian con-

stituency in Tokyo. The speeches covered the history of the work, its various departments, present conditions and future problems. Count Okuma made an eloquent address. He does this on all public occasions, being the William Jennings Bryan of Japan. Letters were read from Bishop Williams and Dr. Hepburn, both of whom came to Japan in 1859. Bishop Williams' message was characteristically brief and modest. All that he wrote was, 'Mr. Liggins was the first Protestant missionary to Japan,' with no reference to his own arrival a few days later. After this conference during a period of nine days we had united evangelistic services, three nights in each parish. The meetings were carefully planned and as the result of this joint effort we had the largest attendance ever known on such occasions. At All Saints we had an average of 150 each night. As there are only fifty seats in the Church, we took out the pews and by letting the people sit on the floor were able to accommodate about 120. The rest stood up outside. About fifty names of those who wished to enquire more carefully about Christianity were handed in. While a large number of these will elude our follow-up efforts, it did give us the opportunity to get into contact with a large number of new people. Even more important is the renewed interest and enthusiasm aroused in our own congregation. If we can maintain this, these meetings may well prove the beginning of a new period of progress."

One of the difficulties about an inadequately staffed mission is that each individual has to spread himself over too wide a territory. I was particularly unfortunate due to the fact that I was the only available man in Tokyo at the time for work which required a knowledge of the Japanese language and also a smattering acquaintanceship with such subjects as science, Greek and theology. In the college I taught Greek nine hours a week, lectured on the Theory of Evolution and its relationship to Christianity and in the Divinity School I had eight hours in the Greek Bible and Theology. As I was a fairly conscientious teacher, the preparation for some of these classes kept me working until late at night, but even so I was always conscious of the fact that the dispersal of one's efforts among a variety of subjects resulted in educational inefficiency. This is all the more true when a large portion of the teacher's time is consumed in administration and in outside activities. Bishop McKim was away during a large part of 1909. During his absence the responsibility for running the diocese fell upon the Council of Advice. If I remember correctly I was chairman of this body during this period.

We had a number of serious problems to deal with, but the missionaries who were quite ready to abide by the Bishop's decisions resented being "bossed" by the Council especially when its decisions were unpalatable. I remember particularly our ineffectual attempt to settle a disagreement between the Director of St. Luke's Hospital, Dr. Teusler, and the Head Teacher of St. Margaret's School, Miss Heywood, about the location of some outbuildings. They were both formidable protagonists who scorned any suggestion of compromise. This experience convinced me that for performing executive functions Dr. Percy Silver's dictum was true, "The only useful committee is one of three, of whom two are dead." Fortunately, just when the argument was reaching its climax, the Bishop returned and we promptly handed the problem over to him.

Another extra-curricular activity, much more interesting and less time consuming, was a Bible class at Miss Tsuda's school. This institution had been organized by a group of Japanese women, most of whom were graduates of Bryn Mawr. Among its sponsors was Madame Uriu, wife of the famous admiral. Its educational standards were exceptionally high so that it attracted an unusually large proportion of capable students. Miss Tsuda, herself not only saw to it that they were well trained but also inspired them with an eager desire to improve the status of women in Japan. As a consequence it furnished a goodly proportion of the feminine leadership in that country. It was a rare privilege to teach the Bible to intelligent young women who had got beyond the inhibitions that make the ordinary Japanese woman seem so stupid to a foreign man who has occasion to catechize them. Most of my experience had been with efforts to examine candidates for baptism, who when asked a question would in their embarrassment cover their face with their kimono sleeve and giggle. They are of course not really stupid, for when you get them over their embarrassment you find them intelligent, capable and endowed with moral qualities which often surpass those of the masculine sex.

My evangelistic work suffered from the same over extension as that which handicapped me in my teaching. The Bishop soon after his return appointed me Priest-in-charge of three country churches. This necessitated my being away from All Saints two Sundays a month. My assistant there, Mr. Sugai, had gone to America to complete his theological training. In his place I was given a young deacon, who was able enough, but had just returned to Japan after nine years in America. He became a Christian while there, studied for the ministry

at Sewanee and was ordained Deacon, I think, before returning to Japan. Like many young Japanese who receive most of their education abroad, he had become so thoroughly Westernized, that he found it difficult to readjust himself to conditions in his own country. My experience with him convinced me that it is unwise to send Christian workers to Europe or America for study until after they have finished their college work in Japan and in most cases until after they have had a year or so in a Japanese Divinity School. The Japanese put up with us Westerners, and are amused at our queerness, but they have a strong prejudice against a Westernized fellow-countryman. In this particular case, a man who was an able preacher proved so unqualified for pastoral work that he finally gave up the ministry and became an English teacher. The work in my country churches was very interesting, reminding me of Hirosaki, but my enforced absence from All Saints was a real handicap to the work there. However, with the help of Miss Boyd and a few earnest young laymen I was able to keep it going reasonably well. The erection of the new Church aroused a great deal of enthusiasm and the prospect of having Mr. Sugai back after the completion of his studies kept the congregation from giving way to discouragement. Conditions in Japan during this period were conducive to optimism. There was a steady industrial expansion which gave to the students with whom I worked a more encouraging prospect for obtaining employment after the completion of their studies. Progress was being made in the nation's effort to find a "place in the sun," but the elder statesmen and the business men were still able to hold this ambition within reasonable bounds. A comment, quoted from a letter written home in December 1909, indicates that we missionaries considered the atmosphere favorable for the advancement of the Christian cause. "This has been a very encouraging year. It has been one of the periods when we really seem to be making progress, and to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing things grow."

A sad note was introduced into this pleasant picture by the news of the death by suicide of one of my former Sendai friends, Mr. Cartwright. After his ordination he had gone to Korea, where apparently he was assigned to an isolated station. When I knew him he was a normal, sociable and cheerful man, but apparently loneliness had resulted in a kind of religious melancholia. It happened that previous to receiving the news of his death, I had been brought into contact with a number of bachelor missionaries all of whom had developed

some form of queerness or eccentricity. I began to wonder whether I was not myself infected with at least the germs of this disease which one might call bacheloritis. If so, I certainly could not plead the excuse of loneliness. My Tokyo house attracted a great many male visitors and my work brought me into contact with a host of people, some of whom had become very intimate friends. I suppose that unconsciously I was entertaining the possibility of a change of status. In a letter to one of my sisters I suggested that she paint for me a copy of the family coat-of-arms. "At present," I wrote, "I haven't much use for it, but if I ever get married, it might interest the future Mrs. Tucker. However, there is no immediate hurry." This is another illustration of the truth of the poet's words, "Coming events cast their shadows before."

My recollections of 1910 happenings are rather hazy, so that in describing them I will have to depend upon quotations from letters written to my family. Japanese schools have a long winter vacation, which extends through the first week in January. Business is practically suspended during this week, as it is largely devoted to celebrating the New Year, which is the chief festival of the year in Japan. I used the opportunity afforded by the holiday to take a walking trip with two friends. "On the 3rd I went off for a few days walk with Mr. Swift and Jim Chapman. We went first to see the great national shrine in the province of Ise. The simple shrines, built in pure Shinto style, situated in beautiful grounds, are very impressive. It attracts throngs of pilgrims who come to pay reverence to the great ancestor of the Imperial family. In times of national emergency the Emperor himself proceeds to this shrine to take council with the spirits of his ancestors. The shrine is dedicated to Ame Terasu, the Sun Goddess, who according to Japanese mythology was the ancestress of the first earthly Emperor, Jimmu Tenno. In it are kept the three sacred national treasures, the mirror, the sword and the jewel. The approaches to the grounds are lined with inns and places of amusement, including incongruously a number of houses of prostitution. After seeing the shrine we made for the mountains skirting the sea coast and had a delightful three days walk."

After a great many vexatious delays we finally succeeded in purchasing land for the college. The place that we bought was made up of thirty-three small patches, each owned by a different person. A separate bargain had to be made with each owner, not directly but through what are known as middle men, all of whom want to make

as much as possible out of the deal. All things considered we came out reasonably well on the price paid, but we were severely criticized by those who wanted to be employed as middle men for having allowed those who were employed to extract excessive squeezes. However, as these came out of the agreed purchase price, which was about what we had expected to pay for land in that section, the criticism did not trouble us overmuch. The place that we bought consisted of farm land, which is expensive in Japan. Tokyo was expanding rapidly in that direction, so that we were fortunate in securing the land before the price had become prohibitive. The act of purchasing was interesting. We had to take purchase money in cash to the government office where the sellers met us. Then when the transfer of a particular portion had been registered and the tax paid, we would dive down into the satchel which contained the money and give the former owner the amount due him. As this had to be repeated thirty-three times it was a long drawn out process. When it was over we celebrated by serving tea and cakes to the sellers and the government officials. Everyone was happy and we finally parted from them with many bows and polite salutations. A letter written home on April 7th gives my impressions of the new site. "This has been an ideal spring day and fortunately for me I had to spend the morning out at our newly acquired college grounds. There is a fine crop of barley growing on it, and as it was about six inches high the grounds had the appearance of a beautiful lawn. In the distance Fuji and the Koshū mountains all covered with snow made a superb picture. It was such a contrast to Tsukiji that I longed to move out immediately. I went all over the grounds trying to form a rough plan for the location of our future buildings. There are over fourteen acres (this is probably an overestimate due to a mistake in calculating the number of acres from the number of tsubo), rectangular in shape. I think I shall put the main college building on the end facing southeast and the middle school at the other end. In between, there will be room for the dormitories, church, professors' houses and an athletic field. When we shall be able to carry out these plans I do not know, but in the meanwhile we can amuse ourselves raising barley." Much to my surprise, the Board of Missions provided the funds for the buildings much sooner than I had anticipated. While like Moses I was not allowed to enter the land of promise, it was gratifying to observe the rapid growth of the college under the able leadership of my successor, Dr. Charles Reifsnider. Before long

the grounds which seemed to me so ample had to be supplemented by additional purchases of land.

The period between the Russo-Japanese War and the First World War was on the whole very conducive to progress in missionary work. There was no great "boom" in conversions such as occurred during the eighties of the nineteenth century. On the other hand the extreme conservatism of the nineties had given way to a reasonably liberal attitude. While I was not personally in touch with the political leaders, the trend among the people generally was towards democracy so far as they understood it. The seeds of militarism were doubtless beginning to sprout, especially among the younger army officers in Manchuria, but while there was a tremendous increase in appropriations for the army and navy in the national budget, the militarists were still held in check by the elder statesmen in the formulation of national policies. My work was chiefly with students and educationalists. The change of attitude referred to above was especially noticeable among the young college men. When I first came to Japan they were ardent disciples of Spencer and Haeckel. Now, however, they were enthusiastic admirers of Eucken, a German professor of philosophy who advocated what is known as activist idealism. Very few of them had ever read a line of his writings, but the fact that they had turned from materialism to idealism made them much more responsive to our Christian teaching. I got hold of English translations of two of his books. My acquaintance with his views at least gave me a point of contact with the students who came in ever increasing numbers to our evening service at All Saints. In the discussion period that followed the service I would win their attention by starting off with a brief exposition of Eucken and then by tactful maneuvering bring the talk around to some aspect of Christianity. It was a time consuming process. The discussion would often keep going until twelve or one o'clock, but as some of these students later became devoted Christians, I felt that the time was well spent.

Besides our regular student attendants, we had quite a number of "casuals" at our evening services, as the following quotation from a letter will show. "This evening we had a large number of strangers at All Saints. One of them said that he had read my lectures on the Atonement and happening to see my name on the church notice board as he walked by, he came in. He requested me to give him some instruction. Another was a Christian from the province of Echigo, still

another, a Korean Christian. It is interesting to hear the history of those who drop in on Sunday nights. They represent all kinds of religious opinions, all classes of society and various nationalities, including Chinese and Hindoos. A large number come only once, but we get hold of a few. Some get in the habit of coming because the Church is a warm and comfortable place in which to spend an evening. Nurses with children on their backs drop in to rest themselves. On rare occasions a thief comes in to watch for the opportunity to slip out with an umbrella or a pair of shoes. There is a good deal of coming and going, but on the whole those who do not go to sleep listen patiently and intently, so that one has the satisfaction of knowing that whatever their motive in attending, they carry away some grains of Gospel teaching, which may later bear fruit. The Churches help each other in this respect, for I find that nearly all of my catechumens have heard the message somewhere else, and its effects have been accumulating until finally the person is brought to the point of decision. We do not feel discouraged, therefore, when people do not appear a second time, for we know that at some time and some where, some of the seed that we have planted will bring forth a harvest, just as we ourselves often reap of other's sowing."

Despite the financial stringency that prevailed during this period there was a gratifying increase in self-support on the part of our congregations. After the Russian War the price of commodities rose sharply, but for a while there was no corresponding increase in wages and salaries. Then the large expenditures for the army and navy necessitated higher taxes. Industrial development which by the end of the First World War was to quadruple Japan's wealth, was as yet in its initial stages. Most of the new factories were in the Osaka section. While some of the wealthy families had their headquarters in Tokyo their prosperity was not shared by the people generally. In Osaka the Christian congregations were made up largely of business men while in Tokyo their membership was drawn chiefly from the professional and educational classes. It was natural, therefore, that the first Church to attain self-support was Christ Church, Osaka. On the other hand most of the large Christian institutions were in Tokyo. This and the prestige of the capital city brought about the concentration of able Christian leaders in Tokyo, so that on the whole, the Church there was stronger than in Osaka. It was a great educational center and as students were the most responsive element in the population to the

Christian message, it presented an unusual opportunity for evangelistic work.

During these years following the Russian War there was also marked development in self-government. This was particularly noticeable in Osaka. In Tokyo there were two resident foreign Bishops and a large number of missionaries, most of them connected with our Christian institutions. Osaka also had two Bishops, but as neither of them was resident and as there were no missionaries of our Church in charge of evangelistic work in the city, the responsibility for leadership devolved upon the Japanese pastors. Under the leadership of men like Naide and Hayakawa and some of the C.M.S. trained clergy, the Church became firmly entrenched in the life of the city. The mayor of Osaka declared in a public address, "When I first became mayor I thought that my problems would be mainly financial and industrial, but I soon found that my most difficult problems were spiritual and moral. In dealing with these I have had to depend largely upon the cooperation of the Christian pastors." The employment by the factories in and around Osaka of a large number of young women laborers created a serious moral and physical problem. Many of these young women came from village homes where their life was strictly regimented. They were utterly unprepared to meet a situation in which they were thrown upon their own responsibility and it is not surprising that the result was wide-spread moral collapse. Moreover, they worked twelve hours a day with sometimes two or three hours added for what was called training, but was in effect additional work. Their wages were low and their living conditions unsanitary. Many of them collapsed physically under this strain. The Christian forces in Osaka made a notable contribution to the solution of this problem. Credit for this is due to a group of Japanese women, who, under the leadership of Miss Uta Hayashi, a member of our Church, and with the assistance of two foreign women, Miss Holland of the C.M.S. and Miss Bull of our own mission, brought about what might literally be called a transformation of the conditions which had prevailed among female factory workers. This is only one illustration of what our Japanese Christians accomplished when thrown upon their own initiative. The progress of the work in Tokyo followed more conventional lines than in Osaka where there was very little foreign guidance. For example, when Mr. Kobashi, the founder of the Widely Loving Society Industrial Orphanage died, his friends decided to erect a memorial to him. It consisted of

a bronze statue of Mr. Kobashi dressed in a frock coat and silk hat leading a cow by a rope. At least one could say of it, "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own."

In July of 1910 my brother from China came over to Japan to recuperate from an attack of malaria. The doctors advised him to go to Karuizawa. As I was scheduled to speak at a clergy conference in Echigo, the province just west of Karuizawa, I spent a few days with him there but had to return to Tokyo. When about the first of August the time came for him to return to China, I went up to Karuizawa with the intention of staying three days there and then coming back to put him on his steamer. The following letter written on August 28th will give an account of my detention in Karuizawa by a flood which cut us off from communication with the outside world for about three weeks:

"I went to Karuizawa three weeks ago to spend a day or so and then to bring Gus down for his steamer. The rain commenced the day I left Tokyo, and the night before we were to have left Karuizawa, it was completely isolated by the washing away of railroads and bridges on every side, so that my three days visit was lengthened to eighteen. It was not exactly what one would call a vacation, for all of the men in the foreign community had to get out and work like coolies to save the village from being washed away. Twenty-four inches of rain fell in thirty hours. On the east and west of the village are two small streams, harmless looking ordinarily, but the three days downpour converted them into raging torrents. The Chapman house in which I was staying was on high ground and so was not affected by the flood. On the worst day, August 10th, Chapman, Ancell, Gus and I went over the only remaining bridge to the village to inquire about trains. Ten minutes after we crossed the bridge, it was swept away. Ancell, whom I had married in Yokohama just before leaving Tokyo, was honeymooning in Karuizawa. He was in a state of great excitement at being cut off from his bride, but the rest of us enjoyed sleeping with a crowd of refugees on the floor of the hotel. In the morning we found that one of the streams had cut through its bank and was rushing down through the middle of the village, threatening to wash away a number of houses. Our first task was to remove the people living in them. My allotment was an old lady who must have weighed over two hundred pounds. When she first mounted on my back, I fell down flat in the water, but I finally managed to convey her to a place of

safety . Our next task was to save the village by returning the stream to its proper channel. Fortunately, we had as our leader in this operation Lieutenant Strong of the American Army who was an expert in dealing with floods. Gus and I being accustomed to water were stationed in midstream. It was great sport, though somewhat chilly. Our experience in surf bathing stood us in good stead, though our legs were pretty badly cut by the stones and logs which were constantly being washed down. When I was not in the water I was in charge at the pickaxe brigade, much to the detriment of my hands which were soon divested of skin. Four days of strenuous work assured the safety of the village. We then set to work rebuilding bridges. Two foreign houses and part of a hotel were washed away. Many others were badly injured and in some of them sand was piled up three feet above the level of the floor. At one time we were threatened with famine, but after a few days managed to get a supply of food brought in by coolies over the mountains from the west."

Gus and I finally managed to get back to Tokyo by walking some fifteen miles through tunnels and over the mountains to a railway station. As we approached Tokyo we found the country on the north side of the city flooded, so that we had to walk for a long distance through waist high water. This was my second experience with Karuizawa floods. A few years previously while on a mountain-climbing trip with an old Japanese hunter, I was caught by a terrific typhoon just below the summit of Yurigatake. We took refuge in a rock shelter known as the Bears Cave. There we spent three nights in a very cramped position, wet and hungry. We had left our food supply down below in order to explore the possibility of making our way back to civilization by way of the ridge. It was a very exciting climb, but we finally found a way to descend from the ridge into the valley. There our progress was blocked by the fact that we were on the wrong side of a raging torrent which covered the valley from side to side. The old hunter, who felt a real responsibility for my safety turned to me and asked, "Would you dare to swim across?" I was more concerned about his ability to handle himself in water than my own, but fortunately the current carried us across to a sand bar on the other side. Then after a long climb over a ridge and frequent fordings of streams in flood, we finally reached a village and food at 2:00 A.M. The next morning I started off by train for Karuizawa. When we reached Komoro, a station some eighteen miles from Karuizawa, I was informed that the railway bridges

had been washed away so that the train could go no further. I decided therefore to walk the remaining distance. As there would be several flooded streams to cross, I took off my trousers and mailed them by parcel post to my Karuizawa address. After a very strenuous trip I finally reached the Karuizawa plain only to find it completely flooded. Finally, by swimming and wading, I reached the hotel. As I was trouserless and there was a ball going on, I had to enter through the kitchen and be conducted by a back stairway to my room. Fortunately this was a gentle flood, so that no particular damage had been done to the village. I still remember how much I enjoyed the delicious food that was served me in my room after four days with almost nothing to eat. The hotel, I am sure, lost money on me.

During the first month after my return to Tokyo I was chiefly occupied in preparing for the opening of the fall term of the college and in relief work for those whose homes had been damaged by the flood. Practically the whole northern section of the city had been under water and while few houses had been washed away, many were left uninhabitable. Also a great deal of damage was done to the rice crop, which meant suffering in the rural district where my country churches were situated. In October there was another long spell of furious rains, which looked as though it would produce another flood. Right in the midst of it our schools started off on their annual excursion. "Early in the morning we left Ueno station by train and after four hours alighted at a little village called Nishinonasu, which being interpreted means the "Eggplant of the West." From there we marched thirteen miles through rain and magnificent scenery to Shiohara Onsen (Hot Springs). After warm baths and a comfortable night, we spent the next day tramping through the mountains. The maples on the mountains were beautifully colored. We had our tiffin, two rice balls and a piece of smoked salmon, at an interesting sulphur spring. After seeing all the sights of this district, which is famed for its autumn foliage, we returned to our hotel. The next morning the boys returned to Tokyo, but I was so much entranced by the scenery, that I decided to walk across the mountains to Nikko some thirty miles distant. It proved to be a grand walk, a large part of the way through a virgin forest of oaks, maples and chestnuts. Not being a poet, I am incapable of adequately describing the beauty of the autumn colors. It is a pity that this region is so inaccessible, for it seemed to me to surpass

in loveliness anything that I had seen in this land of beauty." (Quoted from letter of October 1st).

During the autumn, the 50th Anniversary Evangelistic effort was followed up by a series of Sekkyokwai in all of our parishes. I was invited to preach at many of them. At that period the sekkyokwai (preaching meeting) was the favorite means of securing new material for evangelism. Their value of course depended upon proper preparation and adequate follow-up. Very few people are converted to Christianity by listening to a sermon. As a matter of fact at a sekkyokwai they usually had the opportunity of hearing three sermons, but even this barrage is chiefly useful in preparing the way for person to person evangelism. The following description in one of my letters of a meeting at Christ Church, Kanda, will illustrate the technique. For several days previous to the meeting the young people of the Church had distributed posters in the homes of that section of Tokyo, wherever possible supplementing the poster with a personal invitation to attend the meeting. As a result of this preparatory work the congregation more than filled the Church. The meeting began at 7:30 and lasted until 10:30. There were two sermons by the visiting clergy, each of which was followed by an exhortation by Mr. Minagawa, the pastor, himself a famous evangelist. Scattered about in the congregation were a number of the younger Christians whose function was to show a friendly interest in those around them and to furnish cards on which those who wished to hear more about Christianity could write their names and addresses. As the Japanese are a very polite people and the younger Christians are often overzealous in their solicitation, many of the cards did not indicate any real interest, but they at least gave an opportunity for a follow-up visit, which in some cases opened the way for fruitful personal evangelism, especially when the visitor was Mr. Minagawa.

The Church Missionary Society had an interesting preaching station on the Ginza, at that time the main shopping street of Tokyo. The ground floor was arranged so that passersby could stop in and listen to the sermon standing up. If they were interested, they were invited by younger Christians to come in and occupy one of the seats. After each sermon those who were interested were invited to go up to the second floor where there were rooms provided for small group meetings. Then on the third floor there were smaller rooms for individual interviews, to which those in the groups who were interested were invited. It was a

good device for discovering the good ground in which the seed sown at random was likely to produce fruit.

My home letters were chiefly concerned with my personal experiences and with the mission work. In one of them, however, I find the following reference to the Manchurian situation, which is chiefly interesting as an illustration of the difference between foresight and hindsight. "Everyone here is much interested in the Chinese question. Japan and Russia seem to have a cinch on Manchuria and their problem is to keep China in a good humor while they 'cinch' it. We all think that Japan is, relatively speaking, trying to do the square thing. She has taken a much smaller share of spoils than most other countries would have done under similar circumstances." This of course was written long before 1931, when the eggs upon which the militarist had been quietly sitting for so long suddenly hatched an alarming brood.

In December the Japanese Church was much saddened by a cablegram announcing the death of Bishop Williams. Memorial services were held in many places including one at the Cathedral which I attended. There was universal and genuine grief displayed by the Japanese, for he was one of the few foreigners who has ever really won their affection as well as their admiration. His life was an example of the triumph of character, for in other respects his ability was not outstanding. The Japanese raised a fund for a stone, or tablet to be placed on his grave in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, where he was buried. Provision was also made for the writing of an account of his life and work. Dr. Motoda was chosen as the author. As this book was written in Japanese and as it was a somewhat inadequate account of Bishop Williams' life, many years later I asked one of our retired missionaries, the Rev. P. A. Smith, to write a more complete life of Bishop Williams in English. He spent a great deal of time and effort doing this with the result that we have in manuscript a very full life. It is possibly too long for publication, but I hope that some time it may be published in shortened form.

The return of Mr. Chappell in the autumn relieved me of the responsibility of looking after the country churches which Bishop McKim had assigned to me during his absence. In a way I hated to give them up, for I enjoyed the work, but with twenty-four hours a week of lectures and my other duties, I still had more than enough to occupy all of my available time as the following extract from a letter written in December will show.

"Of the many crowded weeks of my life the one just past easily wins the palm. Besides the trivial round of common tasks I had promised the editor of our Theological Magazine to get an article on the Incarnation finished by December 1st. They gave me such short notice that I did not finish my preliminary reading until the beginning of the previous week. Consequently I had to put in every spare moment of the days and a goodly portion of the time sacred to Morpheus to getting my thoughts on paper and be only a day late. One of the pleasant features of my work here now is that I am called upon to do a great deal of this sort of writing for the Japanese. It is, I feel, one of the most valuable ways of serving them and at the same time it is stimulating to oneself. My only difficulty is that I am a slow and poor writer and have so little time to do the necessary reading."

I will close my 1910 recollections with an account of a midnight Communion service at the Roman Catholic Cathedral which I attended after returning from some Christmas Eve festivities. "An old Bishop preached a beautiful sermon in excellent Japanese, perfectly simple and evangelical. The central part of the Church was filled by women wearing long white veils. They seemed very devout. I sat among the men in the gallery. The Bishop read the service in Latin, while a Japanese at the same time read it in a loud voice in a tongue understood by the congregation. The Church was prettily decorated and well lighted. The service was simple but impressive. It is difficult to estimate the real strength of the Roman Catholics. In statistical tables their Churches are reported as having either 500 or 1,000 members, but as they keep themselves entirely aloof from other Christians, it is difficult to tell what this means. However, one cannot but admire the devotion of their missionaries. They have an excellent educational system which is in charge of the Jesuits. I have had some contact in the Asiatic Society with the man who seems to be in charge of this part of their work. He impressed me as a highly educated and able man. While their teaching and their cultus do not appeal to me personally, one cannot but hope that they are making a real contribution to the building up of the Kingdom of God in Japan." (Quoted from a letter written on Christmas 1910.)

At All Saints our Christmas service was at 9:30 in the morning. We had a fine congregation and a large number of communicants. There were only two baptisms, as I did not consider the other candidate sufficiently prepared. In the afternoon we had a children's service and entertainment with about a hundred present and at night

another Christmas celebration for the grown people, which lasted until about midnight. The Japanese have a fondness for festival celebrations. Christmas made a very wide-spread appeal even to non-Christians. In Tokyo the shops along the Ginza were decorated and displayed Christmas goods to an extent far beyond the proportion of Christians among their patrons. The fine attendance at religious services might be partly due to the fact that Buddhists and Shintoists were accustomed to visit their temples and shrines on special occasions. I used to think that this explained the rather small attendance at the regular Sunday services, but since my return to America I have come to the conclusion that the Japanese Christians measure up pretty well to the standards of church attendance which prevail at home.

Marriage—and Election as Bishop of Kyoto

1911

THE year 1911 was eventful for me personally. I was married in April and was elected Bishop of Kyoto at the meeting of the House of Bishops in the autumn. Both of these events took me rather by surprise. While I had been for a long time bombarded by suggestions that I ought to get married both from friends in Japan and by some of my brothers, I had never given the proposition serious consideration. However, during my enforced idleness in Karuizawa at the time of the flood, I had frequent opportunities of coming into contact with Miss Warnock whom I had met incidentally on her arrival in Japan in 1908. She had previously been a member of a party which I led in an ascent of Mt. Asama. As I was an enthusiastic mountain climber, this may have helped to direct my attention to her. In any case, I soon found my satisfaction with my bachelor status crumbling. As she was living at that time with her sister in Tokyo not very far from All Saints Church, the Karuizawa acquaintanceship was continued there with the result that by the end of the year on my own initiative I was able to announce to my family my engagement to be married. It was undoubtedly the greatest triumph of my career. In writing to my family I could give very little information as to Miss Warnock's pre-Japanese history, but I was able to tell them that her father and five uncles had been soldiers in the Confederate army. This, I was sure, would be enough to secure their entire approbation. We were married on April 18th by Bishop McKim in the Tokyo Cathedral. Our first home was my little house at No. 54 Tsukiji. Fortunately Bishop McKim, who was much better versed in such matters than I was, insisted upon having the interior of the house done over to fit it for feminine occupancy. He and some of the women of the mission took charge of the alterations, occasionally

consulting with Miss Warnock. I was banished to my old room in the Divinity School. I was glad to be relieved of this responsibility for as I wrote home, "I am so constituted that I never notice whether things are fixed up or not. In fact, I get rather attached to a hole in the plaster or to a picture awry." The result was that when Mrs. Tucker and I returned from a short wedding trip, we found the house spick-and-span and looking to me at least almost like a palace except in size.

All during the early spring I was much occupied with preparations for the erection of our new college buildings. I had to negotiate with the head priest of a temple which owned the property between ours and the railway station, concerning a road. It was a characteristically Japanese conference. We sat on the floor and talked about everything except the matter we had met to discuss. Finally, after two hours the question of roads was introduced as though it were a mere incident. Both sides affirmed repeatedly that they had but one purpose, the convenience of the other party. Then, after numberless cups of tea, we went out to look over the ground. After that we fixed upon a time for another meeting at which the real negotiations would presumably begin. After several such meetings the problem was settled to the satisfaction of the temple, but at considerable expense to us. The priest was an expert at manipulating the iron hand in a velvet glove.

My second furlough was due in the summer of 1911. As I was anxious to push forward our plans for St. Paul's and had taken a special trip home in 1909, I offered to postpone it for a year. The Bishop, however, thought it best for me to go according to schedule, so as to come back and have an uninterrupted five years to establish the college in its new location. I therefore engaged passage for Mrs. Tucker and myself on the *Siberia*, due to leave Yokohama on June 20th. About a month before we left, Bishop McKim informed me that Bishop Partridge had been elected Bishop of Kansas City (now West Missouri) and would probably accept. As he mentioned this incidentally while we were in the midst of a very serious discussion of the plans which Dr. Motoda and I had formulated for the transfer of St. Paul's to our new site, it didn't seem to have any particular significance for me personally. My mind was too much occupied with the problems of my own work to leave any room for speculation as to who would be chosen to succeed Bishop Partridge. So far as I can remember, Bishop McKim never said anything further to me about Kyoto. Just before we left for America he did tell Mrs. Tucker that the Japanese clergy

in Kyoto wanted me, but that he did not think I could be spared from Tokyo. I was blissfully ignorant of this, so that all my plans were being made on the assumption that I would be a fixture at St. Paul's for many years to come. He had also told Mrs. Tucker that he looked forward to having me as his successor in Tokyo. Even if I had known this, it would not have disturbed my tranquility. Bishop McKim was still comparatively young and vigorous, so that the prospect of succeeding him would have been too distant to cause me any excitement.

Just after my wedding, the General Synod of the Japanese Church met in Tokyo. I was one of the clerical deputies from North Tokyo Diocese. As the meetings were held in the Cathedral Parish House, which was next door to my home, attendance on them did not interfere too greatly with the fulfillment of my newly acquired family responsibilities. Most of the debating was done by the Japanese deputies. It was interesting to note the progress made since the previous synod in the transfer of leadership from the foreign missionaries to the Japanese clergy. The House of Bishops met with the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies taking part in the general discussion of the various questions, but voting separately. A concurrent majority in both houses was required for the adoption of a resolution. Bishop McKim was an excellent presiding officer, so that despite the tendency of the Japanese to make long speeches, the Synod got through its rather complicated business in a surprisingly short time.

The last home letter written before my departure for America says, "There is nothing going on here. Last Sunday the Bishop confirmed five at All Saints, only half of my candidates, as the others were not sufficiently prepared. I leave Japan feeling that something has been accomplished during the past year. Much of my time and attention has been given to the new Theological College. If we can succeed in putting this and St. Paul's on a firm basis, I think that a splendid foundation for the future work of the Church in Japan will have been laid.

"Lillian (Mrs. Tucker) and I have been very happy in our little Japanese home. We shall come back to it after my furlough at least until my house at the new site is built. The Bishop wishes to put that up as soon as possible, so that I can superintend the erection of the new college buildings."

The new Theological College referred to in the above letter was made possible by a large fund raised by the Pan-Anglican Conference

which met in London in 1908, as well as I remember, just before the Lambeth Conference. The purpose was to combine the theological schools which had been established by the American and English Missionary Societies into one central institution which would serve the whole church. The Bishops wished to have it located somewhere in the neighborhood of our new college, so that I was asked to take charge of the selection and purchase of a suitable site. After some very tedious negotiations, we succeeded in securing a tract of land just across the road from our college property. We were held up for quite a time by my friend, the temple priest, who owned a part of the tract and put an exorbitant price upon it. However, after some polite bargaining, he agreed to let us have it for a sum not quite twice its real value. As it was right in the middle of the tract we had to have it, but fortunately it was small in area.

A terrific typhoon delayed for a few days the sailing of our steamer, but apparently it exhausted the energy of the wind, for we had an unusually calm passage across the Pacific. We stopped for a day and night at Honolulu, where we were taken in charge by Bishop and Mrs. Restarick, who introduced us to Hawaiian food at one of the mission schools. The school was interesting but I cannot honestly recommend the cooking. After reaching San Francisco we went first to Mrs. Tucker's former home, Atlanta, for a brief visit and then to Virginia Beach, where my family were spending the summer. A missionary's furlough, however, is very far from being a holiday. About the middle of August I had to start off on a speaking tour through New England. Dr. Wood suggested that while there I had better consult Mr. Cram, the famous architect, about plans for our new college buildings. He received me very graciously and said that he would, himself, draw the plans without charge, if I would agree to his doing them in a Japanese style of architecture. That seemed to me very appropriate. A few months later he presented me with a set of plans which to my inexperienced eye appeared beautiful and just fitted to our needs. When later I showed them to the Japanese, they rejected them scornfully saying that the only buildings erected in that style were the old feudal prisons. While I did not think this criticism was justified, it was obvious that what they wanted was Western style architecture, so that the buildings were finally erected according to their wishes in what I suppose might be called collegiate Gothic.

While in New England I went to see Mr. Theodosius Tyng who was at that time living in Ashland, New Hampshire. Despite his retirement his interest in Japan was as keen as ever. He had just completed a revised translation of the Epistles and Gospels for the Japanese Prayer Book. Like Mr. Cram's plans this translation was never adopted by the Japanese. He had also composed a new constitution for the state of New Hampshire, which he insisted upon reading to me. This, I am sure, met with the same fate as his translation, but they both indicated a remarkable mental alertness and restlessness. I spoke at a good many of the New Hampshire and Maine coast summer resorts. Among my listeners at North East Harbor was Mr. J. P. Morgan, Sr., but so far as I could ascertain my oratorical efforts produced very little in the way of contributions to the St. Paul's building fund either from him or from other supposedly wealthy listeners in the various places where I spoke. However, there must have been a considerable amount of money in hand, for before I left Japan we were told by the Board of Missions that we could go ahead with the building and that they would borrow the \$50,000 needed over and above what had been raised to pay for it. The credit for raising this money belonged largely to Dr. Wood and a group known as the Philadelphia Committee. All that Dr. Motoda and I were asked to do was to arouse interest by speaking about St. Paul's. This was a wise procedure as neither he nor I was much good as a solicitor. I remember being sent by Dr. Wood to see three old ladies in Philadelphia who were noted for their generosity. They promised to contribute a thousand dollars. Somewhat later, after I had been elected Bishop of Kyoto, they asked me to come and see them about this contribution. I was much concerned lest they were going to rescind this gift, but to my surprise they told me that Mr. George Wharton Pepper, whom they had consulted, had advised them to increase it to \$10,000. They had agreed to do this and wanted to let me know about it. This incident will show how dependent we missionaries were upon the devoted cooperation of interested lay people for the financing of our work. The missionary was the channel through which the generosity and the Christian witness of the home church were enabled to make an impact upon the people in the mission field. The effectiveness of our work depends upon the spiritual life of the home church being at a sufficiently high level to give energy to what flows through the channel.

The autumn months were spent largely in speaking tours, so that I saw but little of my family, who were at this time living in Lynchburg, Virginia. One of my appointments was to make an address at the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of Southern Virginia at Salem, a small town not far from Lynchburg. I was sitting next to the Rector of the Church, when the presiding officer called upon him for noon-day prayers. He turned to me and said, "You go take those prayers. I have got a chew of tobacco in my mouth." He was a fine old gentleman representing a school of manners that despite the chewing was very attractive. After I had "taken the prayers" someone handed me a telegram. It was a notification of my election as missionary Bishop of Kyoto. It presented me with an unanticipated problem. I suppose I must have previously thought of it as a possibility but as no one either in Japan or at home, so far as I can remember, had mentioned it to me as a probability, and as I knew that Bishop McKim expected me to return to St. Paul's, the possibility was too remote to cause me much concern. As I was due to speak to the Auxiliary I put the telegram in my pocket with the resolve not to worry about it until after my return to Lynchburg.

My first determination was not to make any decision until I had heard from Bishop McKim. Whether he had come over for the Bishop's Meeting or not, I do not remember, but he did send me a very lovely message in which he said generously that he wanted me to feel perfectly free to make my own decision, but at the same time stated vigorously his reasons for wishing me to stay on at St. Paul's. Two considerations, however, led me finally to a decision to accept the election. First, I felt the importance of transferring leadership to the Japanese as soon as they were qualified for it. I had full confidence in Dr. Motoda's competency to take charge of St. Paul's. My contribution to the working out of the plans for the college had already been made. So far as leadership was concerned, I would be a kind of super-cargo, though I might still be of use as a liaison between him and the Bishop. Bishop McKim's desire to have me stay on was due largely to his lack of confidence in Japanese competency for leadership. As much as I respected his judgment I felt that my intimate relationship with Dr. Motoda over a long period justified me in taking a different view of his qualifications. In the second place, the bishopric offered me an opportunity for independent leadership in promoting the policy of self-government which seemed to be so essential to the development of the

Japanese Church. As Bishop of Kyoto I would be able to concentrate my efforts upon the preparation of Osaka to become a self-supporting, independent diocese. All this may have been a rationalization of my longing to enjoy the dignity and honor of the Episcopal office, but even so I still think that my reasons for accepting the election were sound and that in the end I rendered a greater service to the Japanese Church than I could have done by remaining at St. Paul's. When finally I notified Bishop Tuttle of my acceptance, I expressed a desire to have my consecration take place in Kyoto. He approved of this and before I left for Japan took order for my consecration on March 25th in Holy Trinity Church, Kyoto, and appointed Bishop McKim as the consecrator.

Mrs. Tucker and I arrived back in Japan about the middle of February 1912. It was good to be back in the first home of our married life for even a short time before we ventured forth into a new home and unaccustomed responsibilities. We were kept too busy during this last month in Tokyo to engage in much speculation as to the future. The process of winding up one's connection with an institution like St. Paul's required innumerable conferences with Dr. Motoda and the Bishop. I had rather hoped that Dr. Motoda would succeed me as President, but Bishop McKim felt that in view of the building operations and the problems involved in establishing the college in its new location it would be wiser to appoint a foreign missionary. After a good deal of consideration of possibilities, the choice fell on the Rev. Charles S. Reifsnider, who was Priest-in-charge of our work in Fukui in the District of Kyoto. The event proved this to be a wise selection, for St. Paul's prospered under his leadership much more rapidly than I had dared hope. Fortunately the plans drawn by the New York architect were satisfactory to the Japanese. They sent over a young architectural engineer, Mr. Wilson, to superintend the erection of the buildings, which saved the new President a great deal of worry and enabled him to concentrate his efforts upon the educational problems involved in the development of the college. As the result of this I was enabled to leave Tokyo with the satisfaction of knowing that my departure would cause no break in the continuity of the work. In fact, when I saw the accomplishments of the next few years, I concluded that it had been a blessing in disguise.

During my final week in Tokyo, my time was largely taken up with sobetsukwai, i.e., farewell meetings. While they are gratifying as

an indication of the kindly feeling of one's friends, they are rather embarrassing because of the lavish and frequently undeserved praise with which the speakers overwhelm the departing guest.

The following extract from a letter written to Mr. Joshua Kimber by my friend, Armistead Welbourn, will illustrate what I mean: "I was at a farewell dinner given to Tucker by the faculty of St. Paul's when one of the head teachers spoke most beautifully of him, and sincerely, too, I am sure. He said that in past times they had had many princes in Japan and now they had one in St. Paul's. It was Mr. Tucker's character," he continued, "that had made so great an impression and it was due to that character that he himself had come to know and believe in God." I quote this at the risk of violating the principle of modesty, as it illustrates the Japanese habit of sacrificing accuracy to generous courtesy. During the nine years in Tokyo I believe that I had won the friendship and confidence of my fellow-workers at St. Paul's so that my parting from them involved a real emotional wrench.

Consecration and Introduction to the Diocese of Kyoto

1912-1923

MRS. TUCKER and I left for Kyoto on March 14th, so as to get settled in our new home before the consecration.

The following description is taken from a letter of March 19th:

"Here we are in our new quarters with the impossible address of Karasumaru dori Shimotachi uri. We are in a state of great confusion. On our arrival we found only half of our effects here. We have had to sleep on the floor as not a single bed was entire. However, we expect the rest of our things today. The compound, or yard, is nearly an acre in extent, situated just across the street from the old palace grounds. There are several buildings in the compound, but ours is the only one used as a residence. It is a two-story frame dwelling, built originally by a C.M.S. missionary and later bought by Bishop Partridge and moved here. While it is not a grand mansion, it is more than ample for two people. The chief drawback is that the tiny English grates seem to make no impression whatever upon the temperature."

Shortly after our arrival, the servant announced that we had visitors. I found three men attired in frock coats and top hats and at first thought that the Mayor of Kyoto had come to extend greetings. However, they proved to be officials of the electric light company who had come to negotiate about the wiring of our house for electricity. They were very welcome visitors as our lighting facilities at the time consisted of two broken lamps.

The consecration took place in Holy Trinity Church, which was only about half a square distant from our house. It was a very impressive and interesting ceremony. As Bishop McKim was the only American Bishop in Japan my co-consecrators were the English Bishops of Kobe and South Tokyo. Then as I was to be consecrated, at one

and the same time, a bishop both of the American Church and of the Nippon Sei Kokwai, the Promise of Conformity and certain other parts of the service, had to be read from both the American and Japanese Prayer Books. English Bishops on becoming Bishops of the Sei Kokwai severed their official connection with the Church of England, but Americans had a double status. We had a seat and vote in the House of Bishops of the American Church and the foreign missionary district was entitled to the same representation in the House of Deputies as that of a domestic district. We had a council of advice in accordance with the provision of the American canons, and a standing committee as required under those of the Japanese Church. The members of the former were appointed by the Bishop and consisted of communicants of the American Church. The Japanese canons provided that five members of the standing committee should be elected by the Chihokwai, i.e. the Diocesan Convention, and that one should be appointed by the Bishop. This seems a complicated arrangement, but in reality there was no conflict of jurisdiction, as the Council of Advice's responsibility was limited to members of the American Church. My official duties as a Japanese Bishop began almost immediately after the consecration, as I had to preside at a meeting of the Chihokwai (diocesan convention) which started in the afternoon of the same day. It was rather a trying experience, but thanks to the consideration of the Japanese for their new Bishop, I managed to get through without undue difficulty.

The Diocese of Kyoto consisted roughly of that section of the main island (Hondo) which lies between Kyoto and Nagoya with the addition of a long narrow strip on the west coast running north about 120 miles. Historically, it is perhaps the most interesting part of Japan. In it are situated the first and second permanent capitals, Nara and Kyoto. It included Osaka, the second largest city of the empire. Jurisdictionally, Osaka was also connected with the Diocese of Kobe. When the diocesan division was made, both the English and American missions had work there and it was agreed to place the English work under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Kobe and the American under the Bishop of Kyoto. I have no statistics available for the period about which I am writing, which is perhaps fortunate, but roughly we had about fifty churches and mission stations with some 2,200 communicants, and more than twice that number of baptized persons. There were a large number of places where we had no regular work, but in

which there were one or more resident Christians. In such places occasional services were held in the homes of our Church members. As we had less than 5,000 baptized persons in a district whose total population was 8,000,000, there was unlimited evangelistic opportunity.

One of the first letters written after my consecration explains the situation as regards evangelism. "Evangelistically, there is a great opportunity. About a year ago the Government issued an order encouraging the teaching of Shinto in schools. Though nothing was said about Christianity, it had the practical effect in country districts of arousing hostility among officials and teachers. This hurt our Kyoto out-station work greatly. The new Government, however, has adopted a quite different policy. Last month it summoned the representatives of the three religions, Buddhism, Shinto and Christianity to Tokyo for a conference. This was practically an official recognition of Christianity as one of the religions of Japan. It has had the effect of breaking down the hostility of rural officials and teachers, which in many places arose from the suspicion that Christianity was a form of Socialism. It is hard for us Americans to realize how great a difference the attitude of officials makes in that of the people generally in the smaller places of a country like Japan. Within a month in almost every part of this District the way has been opened for Christian teaching and influence.

"Unfortunately our staff of workers is inadequate to deal with such an opportunity. Now that Chapman has gone home on furlough, we have only three foreign missionaries. We have, it is true, thirteen Japanese priests, most of them fine men, but they are fully occupied with work in the larger towns and cities. In the smaller places we have to depend upon catechists. Some of these are enthusiastic evangelists, but they are too few in number and many of them too lacking in ability and training to deal adequately with the opportunity."

My conclusion was that the Bishop would have to serve as the chief evangelist. It was for me an enjoyable assignment, as the following quotation from a letter written in June will indicate. "During the past three weeks I have been visiting country stations in the Nara and Mie Prefectures. It is really a pleasure to visit such places. The warmth of the welcome and the enthusiasm of the little circle of the faithful more than compensate for the small numbers. At night we have a meeting for non-Christians, when the little preaching places are crowded with attentive listeners. Indeed, I have done more of this

kind of work during the past two months than in all of the rest of my time in Japan. One realizes in this country work, that we have reached only the fringe of the population with real Christian influence, but that everywhere there are numbers of earnest people waiting for the message. When we get enough Japanese workers to reach the great masses of the people there is going to be a mighty awakening. I see indications that the nation as a whole is, through a variety of causes, being brought to a state of mind favorable to the reception of Christianity. Our present responsibility is to train and develop the church so that it will be prepared to enter upon its task of interpreting Christianity to the nation at the psychological moment, to use a trite phrase."

While the intervention of the militarists and the two World Wars interrupted this development, yet in the long run the miracle of the Cross has been repeated and God has transmuted the apparent triumph of evil into a new opportunity. Post war Japan presents to us the anticipated moment when the nation as a whole is favorable to the reception of Christianity. Unfortunately, the Japanese Church has emerged from the second war too weakened to take full advantage of the opportunity. It will need our cooperation to prepare itself for the task. This too, may be providential if it is accepted as a warning against the mass conversion of people who have no proper understanding of the real meaning of the Christian religion.

I always remember what happened in one of our Kyoto towns. An enthusiastic missionary baptized 125 people during his first year of service there and brought the Church into such disrepute that there were no further baptisms for twenty-five years.

One of my chief concerns in coming to the Kyoto District was to help the Church in Osaka attain the status of an independent diocese. A confirmation visitation, made during the latter part of April gave me a good opportunity to survey the situation there. I found five congregations which owed their origin to the work of our American mission. In addition to these there were perhaps an equal number of C.M.S. Churches. Two of our congregations, Christ and St. Paul's, were wholly self-supporting and a third, St. John's, was in what one may call the struggling state of self-support. Mr. Naide of Christ Church and Mr. Hayakawa of St. John's were strong, aggressive leaders. St. Paul's was self-supporting by virtue of an over-large endowment, which inevitably tends to weaken initiative and self-effort on

the part of a congregation. Besides these there was a flourishing chapel at the Widely Loving Society and a parish church in the neighboring city of Sakai which despite its rather inefficient pastor showed real promise of strength, largely due to the energetic leadership of one of its lay members, Mr. Yanagihara. For a good many years there had been no foreign missionary priests connected with the evangelistic work in Osaka, so that conditions there showed what the Japanese could do when thrown upon their own responsibility. While this tended to promote independence and self-effort, it had one serious drawback. The Osaka Churches over a long period of time had received practically no aid from the American Church in the provision of material equipment. The Christ Church congregation for example worshipped in a dilapidated frame building too small even for the adults and with no room at all for the children. There was no parish house. The congregation themselves had undertaken the raising of \$5,000, which represented fairly well their financial ability, but which was totally inadequate for the kind of building needed for what was destined to be the leading congregation in the anticipated diocese. It seemed to me that here was a situation where one could well apply the principle of helping those who help themselves. My offer to do this proved an added incentive to the congregation. In the end, they raised a great deal more than \$5,000 and with the help of the Mission Board within a few years a fine large brick church was erected. I applied the same principle to the other Osaka Churches, so that by the time the diocese was established the congregations were provided with reasonably adequate material equipment.

One of the great problems of missionary work is how to help people without pauperizing them, how to make aid a stimulus rather than a deterrent to self-effort. The importance of this was impressed upon me by a remark made by one of our Japanese workers soon after my arrival in Kyoto, "The mission is a great cow. Milk her all you can." My reply was, "I am afraid that you will find that the cow will soon begin to go dry." In looking over our annual budget I found an appropriation for the payment of sextons' wages in most of our mission stations. I politely notified them that this appropriation would be immediately discontinued on the ground that if they couldn't pay the wages they could at least do the work themselves. "Politely" means that I used men like Naide and Hayakawa as a medium for communicating the notice. They heartily endorsed my policy. When it

came to the people not as the arbitrary action of the foreign bishop but as the considered policy of their own trusted leaders, they accepted it without undue complaint.

Another problem that demanded attention was the small proportion of the salaries of Japanese clergy and catechists paid by most of the congregations. The total amount for the District was less than 10,000 yen. This, I felt confident, was below the capacity of the churches. Over-subsidization is not only an obstacle to growth, but it also destroys the influence of a church with non-Christians and tends to lessen the efficiency of the clergy. With the help of some of the more aggressive workers a survey was made to determine how much each congregation might reasonably be expected to pay towards the pastor's salary. Under Mr. Naide's leadership an effort was made to get the various congregations to accept this as a recognized responsibility. The response was very gratifying. While many of the congregations could not attain the proposed goal, practically all of them agreed to make an effort to increase year by year their payment on their pastor's salary, with the result that during the following ten-year period the amount paid for this purpose in the District as a whole had been more than quadrupled.

I tried to apply the same principle to aid given for the provision of material equipment. It was perfectly proper that the mission should pay for the initial building in a new station where there was practically no congregation. This usually was a house that served as the rectory, parish house and church. When, however, the growth of the work made further equipment desirable, it seemed to me that mission aid in providing it should be dependent upon and proportioned to the congregation's readiness to contribute a reasonable amount towards the project. This would both furnish an incentive for self-support and would also be helpful in avoiding the danger of over-equipment. It was fairly easy to apply this principle in a large and prosperous city like Osaka, but in the smaller places it was taken as a matter of course that it was the function of the Mission to supply land and buildings. If the initiative in proposing some new building came from the congregation, it gave me the opportunity to say to them, "If you consider this need so essential that you are willing to raise an amount equal to your capacity, I will be glad to try to get the Mission to supplement your gifts to the extent necessary to provide a suitable building." While the response did not usually amount to a great deal in dollars and cents, it did at

least obviate the danger of making mission help a substitute for self-effort.

Another real problem in missionary work is how to guide freedom without destroying it. In the early years of my episcopacy, Osaka was the only portion of the district in which this problem had much relevance. Elsewhere the proverb, "he who pays the piper calls the tune," described the situation only too accurately. A Bishop in the foreign field through his absolute control of the funds is always faced with the temptation to use this control as his chief means of guidance. His problem is to devise some way of developing freedom and initiative and where he is successful to discover some way of guiding them other than the fear of being financially penalized. Some of the catechists through lack of training or ability needed close supervision and direction. For example, I received complaints that one of them who was stationed in a small mountain town did nothing but stay at home playing chess. His reply to my admonitions was that he could find nothing to do. Well, I replied, I will give you something to do. I want you, at nine o'clock every morning to walk as fast as you can from the north to the south end of the town, and at three in the afternoon proceed in the same manner from the east to the west end. If the people see you moving briskly they will conclude that you are doing something and will come to you. This prescription did a little good, though he never developed much efficiency as an evangelist. On my visitations I would spend a good deal of time with the catechists, first getting them to make a detailed report of their activities and then giving them advice and instruction as to their work. Many of them, especially those who had gone through the regular course at the Divinity School, responded to this treatment and developed to the point where they were qualified for ordination.

With the clergy, my policy was to give them full opportunity for independent leadership. In the Nara Prefecture, for example, I found that we had five priests in charge of a considerable number of small stations. Before they could take any constructive step, they had to find out from the Bishop whether the needed financial help would be forthcoming. I determined to try out a new system. So I called them together and informed them as to the total amount of mission money that had been spent in the Prefecture during the preceding year. You ought to know, I said, how this money can be wisely used to promote your work much better than I do. It will, therefore, be put at your

disposal to use as you think best. At the end of the year you will of course render an account of your stewardship. The result was most gratifying. Under their administration the amount spent on exisiting work was so reduced that a considerable balance was available for new projects. Still more important was the atmosphere of alertness and self-confidence which on my subsequent visitations I found prevailing among both the clergy and their parishioners.

In supervising Japanese workers, a knowledge of the personal relationships existing among them is very important. Organized grouping or the ability of two individuals to work together harmoniously is determined more by these relationships than by common adherence to some abstract principle. Political parties in Japan for example are generally groups bound together by loyalty to some leader. The workers in the Kyoto District were divided up into two factions, one led by Naide and Hayakawa and the other by Kan and Yoshimura. One was reminded and somewhat comforted by what St. Paul wrote about the Church in Corinth. Both Naide and Kan were priests of outstanding ability and fine Christian character, but they invariably took opposite sides on any question that arose. Fortunately my relationship with each of them was peculiarly close and friendly, but even so it was difficult for one occupying the driver's seat to steer a team to some desired goal with the leaders pulling in opposite directions. The thirteen priests whom I found in the diocese were mostly men who were my seniors both in age and in length of service. As I had never worked with any of them, and indeed had never even met the majority of them, my first task was to become acquainted with them and to win their confidence. Fortunately, my previous experience in Tokyo had taught me to recognize beneath the surface the real characteristics of the Japanese and had given me a fair degree of competency in dealing with them. The clergy met me more than half way, kindly overlooking a beginner's mistakes. Among the friendships that I have formed in a rather lengthy ministerial career, none has been more satisfying than my intimate relationship with the Kyoto clergy. They differed greatly in efficiency, but their loyalty and their confidence made working with them a real joy.

The catechists could be divided into two classes. Most of the younger ones had completed the regular course in the divinity school and as catechists were receiving the clinical training needed to qualify them for ordination. The older ones might be called perpetual lay evan-

gelists. Some of these had attended the theological school, but for one reason or another had failed in their practical work to measure up to the standards required for ordination and independent leadership. Others had received little or no scholastic training other than that given by some missionary or Japanese clergyman. Some of these were men of great native ability, who at the time that they decided to undertake Christian work were too old or had too little formal education to be sent to the divinity school. They were often in the primary stages of evangelism more efficient than the better trained men. I remember particularly a catechist named Nagata, who had a real genius for evangelism. He was the human agent through whom some of the best ministers had been brought to an acceptance of Christianity. While his knowledge of dogmatic theology was limited, he was able to present the Christ whom he knew in his own experience to non-believers with persuasive power. He had a baby carriage filled with New Testaments and hymn books which he would roll to some factory when the workers were free at the lunch hour. They would crowd about him while he gave his Gospel message, after which he would distribute the hymn books and have a song service and give Testaments to those who were interested. For that kind of occasion he was the best evangelistic preacher that I have ever heard. Whenever I visited him he would have a group of inquirers, the product of such meetings, come to his house in order that I might give them further instruction. His name ought to be remembered, for few men made a greater contribution to the growth of the Church than he did during his years of active service.

Another influential and well known catechist of an entirely different type was Mr. Urabe of Hashimoto. It was said that before his conversion he had been a "soshi," that is a man employed by one political party to beat up the members of the opposite group. This may have been a fiction, but he certainly had many of the characteristics which one would expect in a "soshi." Everyone in the community stood in awe of him. He was an exceptionally able administrator but his methods were unconventional. On one occasion, Dr. Motoda went to Hashimoto to conduct a mission which began Sunday night. He arrived in time for the morning service but Mr. Urabe informed him that as they would be busy he had changed the Sunday morning service to Saturday night. Thanks to an incident which occurred on my first visitation I was in his good graces. Mr. Dooman, the Priest-in-charge and I were staying in a hotel. When the time came to leave, I gave

him my purse and asked him to pay the hotel bill. "Ah," observed Mr. Urabe, "the Bishop is a true gentleman. He turns over his financial transactions to his inferiors." Though he was an obstreperous old gentleman from that time on I had no trouble in my relationships with him. On one of my subsequent visitations he asked permission to say a few words before I began my sermon. The few words lengthened out into a 45-minute exposition of the difference between Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason and of Practical Reason*. As he had never read a line of Kant his subject was pure window dressing, but he did succeed in giving the congregation some pertinent advice about the Christian way of life. He always reminded me of St. Paul's words "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," but despite his queerness he conveyed it undiluted to his people.

The Japanese workers required more of my time and attention than did the foreign staff. During my first year in Kyoto we had only four American priests, one of whom, Mr. Chapman, was on furlough. One of these, Mr. Cuthbert, was stationed in Kyoto at St. Mary's Church. His work was largely among the students of the Imperial University. While his attractive personality made him very popular with the students, his inadequate understanding of the permanent Japanese characteristics which underlay the Western veneer acquired by young men in the modern schools of Japan, always seemed to me to render his influence over them rather superficial. However, he gave himself unstintingly to his work and externally at least St. Mary's prospered under his leadership. He was an extreme Anglo-Catholic and used to tell me that St. Mary's was the only church east of Suez that observed the seven points of ritual. While this was not exactly my line of interest, we got along famously together and I did all I could to back him up in his work. Later on, some unfortunate circumstances for which he was not altogether to blame made it necessary for him to return to America.

The other two foreign priests, Dr. Correll and Mr. Dooman, rendered useful service as supervisors of the mission stations in the prefectures where they were located, but did not take much part in general diocesan activities. Dr. Correll was a man of outstanding ability. He had an unusually fine command of the Japanese language and was undoubtedly our ablest preacher. Like many of the older missionaries he clung to the policy of foreign control. This made him unpopular with the Japanese workers, who resented being given orders as to what they should do even in matters of minute detail. This situation was

relieved by his transfer to the superintendency of the Church Publishing House in Tokyo, a work for which he was eminently fitted and in which he rendered notable service. Mr. Dooman went to the opposite extreme. He was a member of a Christian group which from the early centuries had maintained their faith in the Mohammedan environment of Persia. As a young man he had been sent to the United States for his theological education by some mission group that was working in Persia, but finding the Episcopal Church more congruous with the cultus in which he had been reared than the non-liturgical denomination which had sent him to America, with their permission he entered the General Seminary. As we had no work in Persia, through Dean Hoffman's influence after his graduation he received an appointment to missionary work in Japan. His innate understanding of the Asiatic temperament made him sometimes too tolerant of Japanese peculiarities. For example, old Mr. Urabe, for some reason known only to himself, decided to sit down during the recitation of the creed, except when the Bishop was present. I knew nothing about it until Mr. Dooman's successor, the Rev. John Ambler reported to me that after a down and out fight (not physical) with Urabe he had succeeded in getting him to stand up for the creed. While this rather trivial incident illustrates Mr. Dooman's easy going methods of administration, he was very zealous and energetic in his evangelistic work. His sympathy with and understanding of the Japanese points of view won him a host of friends in circles which are unapproachable by most foreigners. I was very fond of him personally and derived a great deal of benefit from his knowledge of things Japanese, especially the artistic side of Japanese life.

At the time of my arrival in Kyoto, we had an interesting group of foreign women workers. With the exception of the teachers at St. Agnes' School, most of them were too old and decrepit to be of any use so far as the work itself was concerned, but they had peculiarities which made them interesting and at the same time a problem to the Bishop. One of them was a collector of stray infirm dogs and another of cats. Hardly a day passed without some complaint coming in from their neighbors in regard to the misbehavior of these animals. The dog lady, who had in her younger days been an extremely useful missionary, died a year or so after my arrival. She left a will providing that her estate should be used for maintaining her 23 dogs as long as they lived. After their death the money was to go to the Japanese Society for the Preven-

tion of Cruelty to Animals, but not until the Japanese Government should enact a law prohibiting vivisection. The Japanese saw to it that the dogs did not long survive their mistress. There was an immense crowd of her friends and admirers at the interment in the cemetery and after the service was over, two of the dogs who had mysteriously died were buried, one on either side of her grave. The will named me as executor and as there wasn't the slightest prospect of a law against vivisection being enacted, I succeeded in having it broken so as to let the money go to an indigent sister in California. There were several other women fully as inefficient though less picturesquely so. In Osaka, however, Miss Bull, though equally advanced in years, was still actively engaged in work. The Japanese felt for her the same respect and love that they had for Bishop Williams. She was not only a saint but had a real capacity for leadership, a combination of qualities which placed her in the front rank of constructively useful missionaries. In an earlier part of these memoirs I have spoken of Miss Suthon's work in Kanazawa. After her age and health made some less strenuous activity necessary, she was transferred to Kyoto and asked to superintend a small group of girls who were preparing to become Bible-women. While she, herself, was not able to engage in much active work, she became a kind of unofficial adviser or oracle for many of the Japanese clergy and lay workers. Through them she was able to collect a store of information about mission happenings which she took pleasure in dispensing to those who were interested. These animadversions do not signify a lack of appreciation of the value of the work done by women missionaries in general. They were not only needed to reach the Japanese women, an area which was largely closed to foreign men, but frequently they were able to get hold of Japanese men more effectively than either the foreign or native clergy. For example Miss Kimball, the lady of the dogs, exerted a tremendous influence upon the students of the Nara Normal School. Among the products of her devoted labor were a young man who later became the pastor of Christ Church, Osaka, and a number of very able Christian teachers, including a professor in the Kyoto Imperial University.

As my first year in Kyoto was largely spent in trying to become acquainted with the problems of our evangelistic work and to formulate policies for its development, I will postpone any description of the educational and medical institutions. They played an important part in the development of the Church and later on presented problems

which claimed a large portion of my time and attention. The following extract from a home letter describes one of my visitations to out-stations. "For the past week I have been away on a trip through the province of Kishu, far away from railroads, so that it was not possible to write. Mr. Dooman and I left Wakayama by a small coast steamer at midnight for Tanabe. Nothing that I have ever seen surpassed in beauty the combination of ocean, islands and mountains lighted up by the full moon. We reached Tanabe at eight in the morning and were taken ashore in a small boat belonging to the police department. The reason for this was that several years ago there was a socialists' plot to assassinate the Emperor. Some of those involved came from that section of the country. The authorities apparently thought that socialism had some connection with Christianity, so that they sent the police to investigate our catechist, Mr. Horiuchi. In his library they found an English book entitled "Christianity and Society." They could not read it, but the title strengthened their suspicion, so that Mr. Horiuchi was put under observation. This meant that his away-from-home activities were carefully watched by some one from the police. Mr. Horiuchi saw in this enforced companionship an evangelistic opportunity. The result was that several of the policemen became actual converts and the attitude of the Department grew so friendly that the Chief, himself, came out with his launch to greet the new Bishop. In the evening we had a preaching service with a large congregation representing all sections of the town's population. On the following morning we had confirmation and the Holy Communion. There was a good class, one of its members being a man who was next in rank to the former feudal lord. This was an indication of the change of attitude towards Mr. Horiuchi and the religion which he represented. From Tanabe we worked our way back up the coast, stopping at various small towns for services. I was invited to address the students in several schools, so that altogether we had a very successful trip, evangelistically speaking."

This kind of work kept me away from home much of the time, which meant that Mrs. Tucker was left alone with only the Japanese servants for companionship. I was much relieved, therefore, when one of my sisters, Maria, accepted an invitation to come over for a prolonged visit. As we were short of English teachers in St. Agnes' School for girls, I was able to give her a limited amount of work. Also, during the summer my brother from China paid us a visit. Kyoto has a rather hot and

humid summer climate. As he had been sent over under doctor's orders to recuperate from the effects of overwork, I thought it wise for him and Mrs. Tucker to go to Karuizawa. I joined them there whenever I could get away from my work. Karuizawa with its altitude of over 3,000 feet and its exhilarating climate was what one might call the summer capital of our foreign missionary forces. It not only met the need for physical recuperation, but it offered an opportunity for fellowship and spiritual refreshment. There was a continuous succession of conferences, retreats and lectures, which were helpful especially to missionaries who were stationed in isolated places. Personally, due perhaps to some lack in my makeup, I did not particularly relish this side of Karuizawa life, but preferred to spend most of my limited time in exploring the high peaks of the Japanese Alps. However, after my marriage Karuizawa became much more attractive, and the extension of the West Coast Railway made it a convenient headquarters for work in one section of the Kyoto diocese.

In September of 1912 the funeral of the Emperor Meiji was held in the neighborhood of Kyoto. The foreign community was invited to send two representatives. Dr. Gulick of the Congregational Mission and I were chosen for this purpose. We were instructed by the officials in charge of the ceremony to wear a frock coat and top hat and not to bring either an overcoat or umbrella. They assigned us a place where we had a fine view of the funeral procession, although we were too far away to see the actual interment. The traditional ceremonies were elaborate and impressive. It was not a very comfortable experience as we had to stand in a driving rain for several hours much to the detriment of our frock coats and top hats. The Emperor Meiji had the reputation of being a man of ability and force of character who exercised a real influence upon the course of events. He also had as advisers a group of able men who had a realistic understanding of the conditions that must be fulfilled if Japan was to attain a "place in the sun." His passing away was a real calamity, as his successor lacked the qualities essential for leadership in the critical years that followed. This and the gradual disappearance because of death or infirmity of the elder statesmen who had served the Emperor Meiji so wisely, left the way open for the ultimate control of the Government by a group of extreme nationalists and militarists.

The Kyoto foreign community consisted for the most part of missionaries and their families. Numerically the Congregationalists predomi-

nated due to the fact that Kyoto was the headquarters of their educational work. Doshisha University had been founded by Niishima and was perhaps the best known Christian institution in Japan. Its foreign professors were good representatives of New England culture of a rather precise type so far as outward expression was concerned. When, however, one became accustomed to this mannerism they proved very cordial and warm-hearted friends. I was particularly attracted by Dr. Gulick who was both a fine scholar and a man of great practical ability. Another very interesting man was a German Pastor named Schiller. He had several children who spoke German, French, English and Japanese with equal facility. Our nearest neighbor was a YMCA Secretary, Sydney Phelps. He and I had been thrown together on a mountain climbing trip some years previously which is one of the quickest and best ways of cementing a friendship. Mrs. Phelps also was a kindly neighbor who helped greatly in making us feel at home in Kyoto. During the first year, the members of our own mission staff with the exception of Cuthbert and one or two teachers at St. Agnes' School were all elderly women. Only one of them, Miss Peck, was engaged in active work. She, unfortunately, was very deaf, but despite this handicap she conducted an English night school for boys, and with the help of a very fine Japanese woman organized a day nursery which rendered useful service in caring for the children of the laborers in the silk factories in the Nishijin section of Kyoto. One of the old ladies who had formerly been a teacher in St. Agnes' School managed to consume a good deal of my time. She would, about once a week, appear at my office and spend the whole morning consulting with me about various personal problems. She was a collector of cats, which involved her in misunderstandings with her servants and her neighbors. As she rejected my suggestion that the only solution would be to get rid of the cats, I suspected that she clung to them because they gave her an excuse for a weekly visit to my office. Another problem concerned the ownership of the home in which she lived. She had borrowed from Miss Denton of the Congregational mission a large portion of the money with which to purchase it. Miss Denton, however, claimed that she had purchased the house and was renting it to Miss Aldrich. Under Japanese law foreigners could not own property, so that I was able to settle this problem by arranging with the Japanese in whose name it was held to transfer the title of the property to the Mission Zaidan (corporate person). He was only too glad to be relieved of the responsibility of

deciding between the conflicting claims of the two old ladies. Miss Denton got her money back, Miss Aldrich got the life occupancy of the house, and the mission, to which she had left it in her will, was assured of its permanent ownership. I mention this as an illustration of the kinds of problems that fall to the lot of a missionary bishop. They would have been exasperating, if one had not been amused by their utter ridiculousness.

By the end of 1912 I had become sufficiently acquainted with the diocese to formulate plans for its future development. Our foreign staff was reinforced by the transfer of Miss Clara Neely from Tokyo and by the loan of the Rev. Hubbard Lloyd by Bishop McKim. In response to my appeal to the Board of Missions for new and younger workers, Dr. Wood assured me that re-inforcements would be sent as soon as suitable volunteers could be secured and trained. During the next few years quite a number of capable young women were sent out, but as no foreign clergy were forthcoming, I had to place my main dependence upon the development of a Japanese ministry. During my episcopate in Kyoto I had only two clerical recruits from America, the Rev. L. A. Peatross and later on the Rev. Frank Dean Gifford. They were both fine men, but unfortunately both of them for reasons of health had to leave Japan before they had become integrated into the work of the diocese. The only permanent addition to my staff of foreign clergy was a young man, P. A. Smith, who after several years of teaching in one of the Japanese Kotogakko (junior colleges) decided to study for the ministry. He had been accepted by Bishop McKim as a candidate for Holy Orders and during his preparation for ordination was given an appointment as a lay worker in the Kyoto District. He and his wife, who was the daughter of Dr. Draper, a well-known Methodist missionary, proved to be valuable additions to our staff of foreign workers. Their knowledge of the language, their sympathetic understanding of the Japanese people together with their evangelistic zeal, qualified them for exceptional service in personal evangelism, which is an important factor in missionary work. Their friendship and their loyal support were a great help in carrying out my plans for the Diocese.

The New York General Convention

1913 was rendered eventful for me by the birth of my first child. As there was no foreign doctor in Kyoto, Mrs. Tucker went up to Tokyo to be under the care of Dr. Bliss, Dr. Teusler's associate at St. Luke's Hospital. In a letter written to my father on May 28th, I find the following account of the boy's progress: "Lillian writes me that the baby is getting along famously and that she herself is up. We are planning to have him baptized at the Cathedral by Bishop McKim next Monday. He will be given the family name, Henry St. George." In the same letter there is an account of a trip to the Nara district. "I am just back from a visitation to the churches in the province of Yamato, Mr. Chapman's field. There were 28 confirmed in all. Mr. Chapman has charge of twelve stations, some of them in small villages, but others already developed into fairly substantial congregations. The number of Christians is not large, but among them are some of the leading people in the small towns. In one place, Takata, we have a self-supporting church. One serious handicap to the work is the large number of lapsed Christians. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago there was for a while a great wave of enthusiasm for Christianity as the religion of Western civilization. Large numbers of people were baptized who understood but little of its real meaning, but who wished to be considered progressive. To be known as Christians gave them a certain prestige. This period passed and with it their Christian faith. However, they were still known as Christians, so that their bad conduct brought disrepute upon the church. This was particularly true in Yamato, which is our oldest country work. However, the really good Christians have done much to counteract this influence. Also, I am glad to be able to say that we are beginning to reclaim some of those who had fallen away. On my recent visit to Tawaramoto, where practically all of the large number of people baptized had lapsed, I had the pleasure of welcoming back into the Church a whole family connection. Many others, who for years have had nothing to do with the Church,

are showing signs of repentance and reconversion, with the result that in a place where for a long time the prospect for evangelistic work seemed hopeless, we have now an enthusiastic congregation made up almost entirely of lapsed Christians."

Mrs. Tucker and I sailed for America at the end of July as I had to attend the meeting of the General Convention. While I regretted the interruption of my diocesan work, yet I welcomed the opportunity that the visit would give to present the need of the diocese for additional missionary personnel and material equipment. The list which I drew up included five ordained missionaries, six women workers, nine church buildings, funds for the improvement and enlargement of St. Agnes' School, money for the purchase of property and the erection of buildings in various stations where the work was being carried on in rented Japanese houses. In addition to these I outlined a rather ambitious programme for the training of catechists and recruits for the ministry, for the development of our Sunday Schools and for the provision of Christian literature. As I read over the statement I am amazed at my naiveté in hoping that the church at home would be prepared to furnish the money needed for these various undertakings. Fortunately, I had a good friend at headquarters in Dr. John W. Wood. He told me that it would be unwise to make a precipitate appeal for such a large sum all at once, but assured me that he approved of my programme and would do his best to help carry it out. Thanks to his cooperation during the next four or five years, practically everything that I had asked for was provided in one way or another. I mention this because I want to bear testimony to the fact that whatever I was able to accomplish during my Kyoto Episcopate was due largely to Dr. Wood's able and generous cooperation.

I have no letters written during my stay in America. Practically the only remembrance that I have of what happened is my attendance at the General Convention in New York. On the trip across the Pacific I walked a large part of the way between Yokohama and Vancouver. My three month's old son had been effectively spoiled by his Japanese nurse. The Japanese pay great attention to the eldest boy, whom they call the "wakadannasan" i.e. young master. Servants, particularly, resent any attempt to discipline him. The result was that in order to keep this wakadannasan from disturbing the other passengers, I had to spend most of my time walking with him up and down the decks. He did

better on the trip across the continent, except that when the negro porter would appear, he evidently mistook him for some kind of a monster and would greet him with a terrific yell.

The New York Convention was my first introduction to the House of Bishops. Only four of the members of that House are still living. I was one of the "baby" Bishops, being eighth from the bottom of the list. At that period the sessions of the House were closed to the public. This undemocratic procedure had one advantage in that it encouraged franker and more unrestrained debate. The audience was confined to the younger Bishops, who by an unwritten law had a seat and vote, but no voice. We listened in awed silence to the pronouncements of older and more experienced Bishops like Hall of Vermont, Vincent of Southern Ohio, Lawrence of Massachusetts and Gailor of Tennessee. My only responsibility was to act as one of the tellers in the elections of missionary bishops. We met in what was known as the old Synod Hall. The acoustics were very poor. As some of the older bishops were hard of hearing, a movable sounding board was placed on the platform. A good deal of our time was consumed in responding to requests from various bishops to have its location changed so that they could hear better. One of the main questions before the House was the proposal to create a Negro Missionary District. The Virginia bishops were opposed to this plan as they thought it was a violation of the principle of the unity of the Church. Bishop Randolph of Southern Virginia was being entertained at a home in which there was a very fine private library which interested him much more than the debates on the Missionary District. As soon as the reading of the minutes and other preliminaries were finished, he would get restless and insist on returning to the library. He met the protests—that his vote and voice were needed in opposing the proposal—by saying that he couldn't keep the chauffeur, furnished him by his host, waiting any longer. Among the bishops whom I met at this convention, I remember especially Bishop Williams of Michigan and Bishop Spalding of Utah. The fact that they were comparatively "young" as bishops, did not keep them from joining in the debates and giving forthright expression to their opinions even when they were in direct opposition to those of the senior bishops. These intrusions into the monopoly of the elders added much to the enjoyment of those of us who were seated in the rear. There was no difficulty in hearing what these two bishops had to say. The incisiveness of their remarks would often stir the older men to reply in a tone

that penetrated to the back seats. As a young missionary bishop the thing that I appreciated most was the fine spirit of fellowship. During the sessions we younger men were not expected to talk, but in the intervals nothing could have exceeded the graciousness with which we were welcomed.

After the General Convention, I had to spend most of my time travelling about doing missionary speaking. My family were at that time living in Lynchburg, Virginia, so that I made that city my headquarters. When I first arrived in America my father and mother were staying in the cottage at Virginia Beach. There we had a family reunion, which gave me the opportunity of seeing most of my brothers and sisters, who by that time had become pretty well scattered around the country. Only two or three of them were living in the Lynchburg home. One advantage of such a large family connection was that like the sailor who has a sweetheart in every port, wherever I went on my speaking tours I would find either a brother or a sister or at least a cousin. While these opportunities to renew contacts with friends and relatives were pleasant, yet one soon gets tired of living in suitcases and of being looked upon as a peripatetic beggar, so that both Mrs. Tucker and I were glad when the time came to return to our Kyoto home. We sailed from San Francisco on February 12th on the steamer, *Manchuria*. The only thing that I remember about the voyage is that the ship was overflowing with a great crowd of exuberant "Elks" on their way to a meeting in Honolulu. In addition to Mrs. Tucker and the baby, our party included her sister and an Atlanta friend, Mrs. Tigner. As a missionary bishop has to spend a great deal of his time travelling, this enlargement of our family circle provided very welcome companionship for Mrs. Tucker and the baby during my frequent absences from home.

On my return to Kyoto, I found the Diocese in good shape. As I had been away for six months, after a week or so spent in catching up on office work, I started off on a series of visitations to the churches and mission stations. A few quotations from letters written home will give some idea of the nature of this work. "Sunday was a busy day for me. At eight o'clock I had the early English Communion service at St. Mary's, as Mr. Cuthbert was ill. At ten I preached and had confirmation at Holy Trinity. There was a large congregation and a class of nine. After an early lunch, I started on a five hour train trip for Gojo, a small town in the southern part of Nara Prefecture. The

Mission building is a long, low house, one half of which serves as the Church and Parish house, and the other as the Rectory. Mr. Miki, the catechist, is an aggressive worker of unlimited zeal, but very little scholarly training. At the night service the church was crowded and he presented a class of eight for confirmation. After the service there was a social meeting which lasted until nearly midnight. By five the next morning many of them were back again to attend the morning service which is held during Lent every day at 5:30 A.M. The only time they seemed to have for sleep was during the sermon, and quite a number took advantage of this opportunity. I had to catch a six-thirty train in order to get back to Kyoto for the St. Agnes' School commencement exercises. They wound up with the taking of a group photograph, which is a tremendous function in Japan. The photographer in frock coat with his three assistants was very impressive and as dictatorial as the Czar of all the Russians. He marshalled and remmarshalled the crowd like a general at a review, much to the annoyance of those of us whose dinner hour was already long past due. But to the Japanese these proceedings afford unalloyed pleasure—they must all, I am sure, be lineal descendants of Job."

Evangelistic Campaign on the West Coast

A LARGE part of my time during the spring of 1914 was spent in the West Coast section of the diocese. The people in that area were very conservative, and being for the most part devoted adherents of the Hongwanji sect of Buddhists, were antagonistic to Christianity. However, this attitude had been somewhat modified owing to dissatisfaction with some rather dubious activities on the part of the leaders of the sect. While it was not our policy to upset the faith of sincere Buddhists, yet there was an increasing number of younger people who under the influence of modern education had fallen away from their ancestral faith and had found no substitute for it. We determined therefore to take advantage of the lessened opposition to Christianity by conducting a campaign of evangelism in the West Coast cities and towns. The results of this effort were very satisfactory in opening the way for the strengthening of existing work and for its extension to a number of places where previously Christian evangelism had been impossible. A year or so later I had the privilege of baptizing eight young men in a town where the prejudice against Christianity had been so strong that no one would dare to rent even a room for the holding of a Christian service. Extracts from letters written during my West Coast tour will add a little local color to these general statements. (April 8th) "My trip up the West Coast to Toyama was interesting but cold. We had a very warm spell about March 20th and the cherries, thinking that spring had come, burst into bloom. Then on the 25th it turned tremendously cold. It was just during this cold snap that I made my tour and enjoyed the curious sight of cherries blooming in a violent snow storm. Toyama is beautifully situated not far from the foot of the Hida-Etchū mountains where I go climbing every summer. After the snow stopped I had a grand view of the range, absolutely white. Our meetings were well attended, though in

our Toyama Church we have at present only one communicant outside of the deacon's family, an old woman who is really an excellent Christian. We had quite a number last year, but they belonged to the official class and have all been transferred elsewhere. Toyama is the headquarters of the "patent medicine" industry of Japan with a population of about 70,000. The people are just beginning to get in touch with the progressive spirit of modern Japan. The attendance of native town people at our meetings encourages us to believe that from now on they will be much more reachable, so that I shall try to strengthen our forces and secure permanent property there.

"From Toyama I went to Kanazawa, a city of more than 100,000 population. We have a substantial church there with over sixty communicants. The pastor, Mr. Ohashi, is one of our ablest Japanese clergymen. He has a large following among the students of the government colleges. Our missionary, Miss Rees, is an exceptionally fine worker, who is using the Embroidery School and Kindergarten as a means of bringing the influence of Christianity to bear upon a steadily increasing number of women and children. While our Kanazawa congregation is not large, it includes a number of substantial native born citizens, one of them a well-known leader in Kanazawa's chief industry, the production of habutai silk.

"Our next stopping point was Fukui. The congregation here is much smaller than in Kanazawa. It includes among its members a woman who belongs to a family that has been Christian for 250 years. During the ages of persecution this fact had to be kept secret. The father would take his children, when they reached a certain age, out to a cave where some Christian relics were kept and teach them the principles of his faith so far as he knew them. When the restrictions were removed and our Church began work in Fukui, this woman seized the opportunity to ally herself with a Christian congregation. In Fukui we have no Church building, so that services are held in one of the rooms of the foreign residence that was built some years ago by Charles Reifsnider. It is large enough to serve as home for the missionary, the church and the parish house. However, the congregation during recent years has increased to the point where we ought to have a separate building. P. A. Smith is the missionary in charge of the work in this section. He is a fine evangelist and is beginning to extend his influence to some of the neighboring towns. It was a great comfort to me to sit by a stove after a week's freezing in Japanese hotels. While

in Fukui we held a convocation of the West Coast workers at which we discussed plans for the continuance of our evangelistic campaign."

My West Coast activities had to be interrupted after the Fukui meetings in order that I might get back to Kyoto to act as host to the Sōkwai (General Convention) of the Seikokwai. Before describing this, however, I will finish the story of my participation in the West Coast evangelistic campaign. South of Fukui, our first center of work was at Tsuruga, an important port and railway junction. Perhaps because of this it was unsatisfactory from an evangelistic point of view. The government and railway officials who made up the larger part of our church membership were transients who after a few years would be shifted to some other post. Our meetings here were well attended. While I do not recall any startling immediate results, they were helpful in breaking down the barrier which up until that time had made it practically impossible to reach the permanent residents of the town.

From Tsuruga we proceeded southward to Obama. This is the place where I had the conference with the mayor, described earlier in these memoirs, which resulted in our securing land for the Church. Obama was the native place of the two Sugiuras with whom I was closely associated while in Tokyo. We had here a small but very devoted group of Christians who for many years had maintained their faith in a strongly anti-Christian environment. Our next stopping point was Shin (new) Maizuru. It was an outgrowth of an old town, Maizuru. We had work in both places. Shinmaizuru was a naval base. Its population was made up almost entirely of naval personnel or of workers connected with the base. In contrast to the people of the old town these representatives of the navy were exceptionally responsive to the Christian message. The latest statistics which I can find show that we had eighty communicants in Shinmaizuru and only ten in Maizuru. On the whole the navy in Japan is much less militaristic and nationalistic than the army. This was doubtless due to its wider contact with the outside world. When I first went to Shinmaizuru, I had to go around the naval base to reach the church, but later on I was given a permit to take a short cut through the grounds of the naval base. I was careful not to abuse this privilege by being too inquisitive or by talking about what I had seen. The chief handicap to our evangelistic efforts was the long working hours, from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., seven days a week. This made it necessary to hold all of our services in the evening. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Murata, was an exceptionally able

and energetic man. His tact and friendliness enabled him to win the confidence and affection of the naval contingent. My enjoyment of my visitations to Shinmaizuru was increased by the fact that in the rectory yard there was a large fig tree. Mr. Murata would arrange for me to come to his church at the time when the fruit was ripe. As the navy people shared my fondness for figs, we could always count on a large congregation. Their willingness to stay on for an after meeting lasting late into the night was doubtless due more to the figs than to their interest in what I might have to say, but at least it generated the friendly attitude which is so important a factor in evangelism.

From Maizuru we went by a small steamer to Miyazu. The boat trip carries one through some of the most beautiful scenery in Japan, though for those who are subject to seasickness this does not compensate for the roughness of the passage around the numerous promontories. Near Miyazu is one of the three "famous sights" of Japan, Amanohashidate, the Bridge of Heaven, by which the first Imperial Ancestor came down to assume charge of his future domain. During the intervening centuries it has been transformed into a long sand-spit very prettily decorated with an abundant growth of pine trees. The Miyazu congregation is a demonstration of the evangelistic value of Sunday Schools. In the early days, because of the prevailing hostility to Christianity, the older people were unapproachable. Their eagerness for education, however, made them willing to allow their children to attend anything to which the name "school" was attached. The first congregation was composed almost entirely of graduates of the Sunday School. Through their influence some of the parents were led into the Church and the way was opened for community evangelism. Some of these young people in the course of time went to live in the village of Kaya about ten miles distant from Miyazu. With them as a nucleus we were able to establish work there. In one of my home letters, I find the following mention of our service in this village: "The sekkyokwai (preaching meeting) was characteristically Japanese. It was scheduled to begin at eight, but actually started off at 9:10 with some fifty people squatting on the mats. The first preacher spoke for an hour and twenty minutes, so that the night was far spent before my turn came. I felt great sympathy for those who followed the example of Eutychus. Fortunately, we were on the ground floor, so that there were no casualties. Between naps they were very attentive and I am sure that the meeting will produce a considerable number of new "inquirers."

The meeting of the Sokwai (General Convention) began on April 22nd. Apparently I was kept too busy to do any writing, as I find no letters describing its proceedings. In Japan the Bishops sit with the deputies, but vote separately. In order to give an opportunity for a more intimate discussion of various problems, the Bishops held a three-day meeting in my office prior to the Convention. At that time there were seven of us, four British, two American and one Canadian. Of the British two were C.M.S., and two S.P.G. The Canadian, Bishop Hamilton, and I, being juniors, kept comparatively quiet, but the others, representing as they did quite different points of view, engaged in very lively, though always amicable, debate. The English Bishops were great consumers of tea, especially Bishop Andrews of Hokkaido. In that particular he was a worthy rival of Dr. Johnson. However, he was such a gracious, lovable man that the household staff devoted themselves enthusiastically to furnishing him with an ample supply of his favorite beverage. Bishop Cecil of South Tokyo was also a great favorite with the feminine portion of the household. He was a bachelor whose practical wants were so well looked after by his sister that he, himself, was as helpless as an infant in the ordinary processes of living. Despite his guilelessness in practical matters, he was very competent intellectually and was very helpful as a counsellor to those who had spiritual problems. The member of our little group who impressed me particularly as having a combination of practical ability and intellectual acuteness was Bishop Lea of Kyūshū. He was a staunch defender of C.M.S. principles and though often in the minority, his able advocacy helped to preserve a proper balance in controversial questions. A good deal of our time was consumed in discussing the proper way of handling remarriage after divorce. In Japan, marriages are arranged by the families concerned. When, as sometimes happens, the result is not satisfactory to one or the other of the families, they may insist upon divorce without any regard to the wishes of the married couple. If, subsequently, they arrange a remarriage of one or the other of the divorced couple, the question of the proper discipline to be administered becomes a real puzzle. According to Japanese custom, which is more binding than law, the responsibility in such cases rests with the family which is non-Christian and the discipline would fall upon Christian individuals to whom the same custom denies any choice in such a situation. Even the English Bishops were often glad to take refuge in our American canon which says, "The Bishop, after due in-

quiry into the circumstances, and taking into consideration the godly discipline of justice and of mercy, shall give his judgment thereon in writing."

I will conclude my recollections of 1914 with a few extracts from letters written to my family in America.

November 9th. "Kyoto was in a state of great excitement yesterday over the fall of Tsingtao to the Japanese forces. The streets were filled with lantern processions and bands marching from one end of the city to the other. It seemed to arouse more enthusiasm among the people than the capture of Port Arthur in the Russian War. (This was Japan's first achievement as an ally with Britain and France in the First World War). There is, unfortunately, a great deal of irritation against America, which is kept stirred up by alarmist newspaper reports in connection with the land ownership legislation in California. This has not affected our work in this section as much as I had feared it would, but we see evidences of it in a recent decision to invite no one from America to speak in the nationwide evangelistic efforts planned for next year. Personally, I get more invitations than I can possibly accept."

One interesting by-product of this situation was my reception of a number of invitations from Chambers of Commerce and other civic bodies to speak on the anti-Japanese sentiment in California. I agreed to do this on the condition that I would be permitted to explain frankly why the Japanese were disliked on the Pacific coast. These talks were well received and I think helped to create a better understanding of the situation and to modify somewhat the resentment aroused by what they naturally considered the unjust treatment of Japanese in America.

December 7th (To my sister). Merry Christmas to you, Winthrop and your boys. We are able to say "boys" now of our own family, number two having put in an appearance on St. Andrew's Day, November 30th. He is a queer looking youth, but is mild vocally compared to his brother, St. George, Jr. We have named him James Warnock after Lillian's father. She was very ill for three days, but is getting along nicely now. The rest of the family are well with the exception of St. George, who discovering some grapes in the kitchen swallowed them whole, much to the detriment of his interior.

The work this year is surprisingly good. We had expected that the strong irritation against everything American, caused by the California land legislation would hurt us, but evangelistic meetings have been

exceptionally well attended. This may be partly due to a tremendous scandal in the Hongwanji sect of Buddhists. They have been very antagonistic to our work, but in their disgust at the scandal a good many people are showing an interest in Christianity. While we do not rejoice in their trouble, we hope that this experience may lead the Hongwanji to a more tolerant attitude towards Christianity.

December 25th. "Our Christmas celebration was enlivened by the arrival of Bland early in the morning." Bland was my youngest brother. I had secured for him a position as English teacher in one of the Kyoto Middle Schools. The educational authorities in order to improve the teaching of English had adopted the policy of placing foreigners in certain of their schools and had solicited the aid of the YMCA in selecting suitable persons. While the teaching of Christianity in the class-rooms was prohibited, extra-curricular missionary activity was not only allowed, but was often encouraged by the school authorities. Some of these teachers such as Captain Janes in Kumamoto, W. S. Clark in Sapporo and later Frank Muller in the naval college were notable for successful evangelistic work among their students. P. A. Smith laid the foundation for his useful missionary career by several years of Christian activity while a teacher in one of the government colleges. As Bland was looking forward to entering the Virginia Seminary I felt sure that this experience would be a very useful preparation for his future work. It was a great delight to Mrs. Tucker and myself to have him join our family circle.

About this time the Chapman family transferred their residence from Nara to Kyoto. The church in Nara had grown to the point where it was put under the charge of a Japanese priest. As there were no educational facilities for their seven children in Nara and as Mr. Chapman's country stations could be conveniently reached from Kyoto, it seemed wise to have him live there. In addition to his evangelistic work, he gave me great help in my administrative work, acting as treasurer and doing the work of an executive secretary. With two families, the Walkes and Chapmans, added to our collection of elderly ladies, we had a fairly substantial Episcopal community.

My fears as to the deleterious effect of the outbreak of a war between Christian nations upon our evangelistic work proved groundless so far as the immediate situation was concerned. I have already mentioned the surprisingly good results of the West Coast campaign. The interest shown in our preparations during the autumn for a nation-wide united

evangelistic effort in 1915 seemed to indicate that the war had produced a more favorable attitude towards Christianity. This may have been due to the fact that for the first time, Japan was fighting as an ally of England and France. It was not until the so-called twenty-one demands were made on China that one could begin to suspect that despite these apparently favorable conditions, the war was promoting the growth of nationalism and imperialism. The army, it was commonly said, was opposed to Japan's entering the war on the side of the Allies. They had chosen Germany as their model because of its military efficiency and they could not conceive the possibility of a German defeat by England and France. The failure of the German attempt at hegemony in Europe did not destroy their hope of success in a similar attempt by Japan in the Far East. It was fortunate that we did not anticipate the disastrous effect of this attempt upon our Christian work. By using to the full the opportunity afforded by the "calm before the storm," the Church was strengthened sufficiently to enable it to survive what otherwise might well have been an annihilating calamity.

Coronation of the New Emperor

THE chief event of the early part of 1915 was the series of great evangelistic meetings held in the Osaka-Kyoto section. They represented the beginning of Japan's participation in the three years program of evangelism planned by the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference. I was invited to speak at one of the opening meetings in Osaka, at which the other speakers were a prominent Osaka business man and the only woman banker in Japan. The large audience of over 2,000 people was either very much interested or politely patient, for the three long addresses were listened to with rapt attention. It is difficult to estimate the permanent results of such gatherings, but the attendance of from one to two thousand people at meetings held several times a week during a three months' period, at least indicated a high peak of interest on the part of the general public in our Christian message. Where, as in our Osaka churches the pastors were alert in their "follow up" activities, very substantial increases in church membership were made during the next few years. In fact, the impetus injected into our work by this evangelistic campaign inaugurated a process of growth which by 1923 enabled Osaka to fulfill the conditions for the establishment of an independent, self-supporting diocese.

Another encouraging feature of the work throughout the district was the steady increase in self-support. At the end of 1914 I wrote to the Churches and mission stations urging them to increase the amounts which they, themselves, paid on the salaries of the Japanese clergy and catechists. I explained to them that the reason for this appeal was not that the mission begrudged the help given them, but rather that the influence of a Christian congregation in its community was dependent upon its willingness to support itself to the best of its ability. The response was very gratifying. Where the people were, themselves, so poor and so few in number, it was difficult to reach complete self-support, but in proportion to their means they were beginning to give

very generously. Mr. Smith of Fukui told me that upon investigation he found that the combined incomes of his 22 communicants did not equal his salary, which from our foreign point of view was a very modest one. Of course the foreign style of living was so much more expensive than the Japanese that there was no comparison between salaries. My brother, for example, received a salary twice as large as the principal of his school. Ideally it might seem that if the foreign missionary had adopted the Japanese way of life and thus reduced the discrepancy in salaries, his missionary efficiency and his ability to keep in close and sympathetic touch with the people would have been increased. Experience, however, proved that generally speaking this was not the case. It was obviously impracticable for men with families, and the few single men whom I saw trying the experiment did not encourage one to follow their example. This of course may have been because they were cranks to begin with.

In one of my home letters I find the following observation on church attendance. "The congregation at Holy Trinity consists very largely of St. Agnes' School girls, which assures a regular attendance. The rest of the congregation consists of about 25 men on the average, with perhaps almost as many non-school women and a considerable number of children. To one accustomed to the large churches of America, these numbers will seem very insignificant. However, in proportion to the number of communicants, Japanese congregations do not fall much below those at home. Regularity is not a characteristic of the people. Not only in regard to church, but also in school and business, a very little matter affords an excuse for a holiday. Even in the absence of "a little matter," it is always possible to say that you were not feeling well, and no one would dream of going behind the assertion to ascertain the facts. Then, in this country, you do not need an indefinite number of "grandmothers," for the funeral of any remote connection or of anyone living in your neighborhood is ample excuse for one or two days absence. Strangely enough the men are as a rule, more regular in their attendance at Sunday services than the women. This is probably due to the fact that as Sunday is a holiday, the housewives have to stay at home to prepare for and to receive visitors."

In May of this year, St. Agnes' School suffered a great loss in the death of its Principal, Mr. Tamura. He was an able educator and a splendid Christian layman. Under his long and efficient leadership, St. Agnes' had developed into one of the best girls' schools in this

Kyoto-Osaka section. Mr. Hayakawa, the Pastor of St. John's Church, Osaka, was chosen as Mr. Tamura's successor. He was one of the ablest of our Japanese clergy and during his long term of service at St. John's had been very successful in attracting young people to the Church. Some of our finest young ministers and candidates had been recruited through his influence. Mr. Hayakawa was greatly helped at St. Agnes' by the acquisition of a group of young American women teachers. One of them, Miss Myers, was already at work and soon after his arrival several others were sent out in response to an appeal for foreign teachers, among them Miss Hallie Williams, whose work at St. Agnes' proved so valuable that she was asked by the Japanese to return after the late war. The development of the Church in Japan owes a great deal to the work and influence of women missionaries. As the credit for their achievements is often given to the Bishop or the clergy, it is only just to mention the names of those who, like Miss Myers and Miss Williams were prime factors in opening up a new era of progress at St. Agnes' School. The following incident will illustrate the Christian impact of the school upon its students. A Buddhist family wished to send their daughter to St. Agnes,' but the parents were fearful lest she might be proselytized. Mr. Hayakawa assured them that religious instruction was given on a voluntary basis and that no effort would be made to proselytize the young girl. This promise was faithfully carried out and so far as anyone knew she was entirely unaffected by the religious work among the students. Sometime after her graduation she was taken seriously ill. When it became apparent that she would not recover, she was asked what posthumous name she would like to have. She replied, "Sheep." When asked why she chose such a peculiar name, she explained that while she had obeyed her parents' instructions not to attend religious classes, the Christian atmosphere of the school and her association with Christian students brought her to a belief in Christ and his way of life. She wanted to be called sheep as that was the name that He gave His followers: Her parents were so much impressed that they asked Mr. Hayakawa to baptize her and to give them Christian instruction.

While St. Agnes' was primarily a high school, it offered a certain amount of graduate work, the chief feature of which was a course for the training of kindergarten teachers. The efficient superintendent of this department, Miss Bacon, had resigned in order to be married just before Mr. Hayakawa came to the school. Fortunately, Dr. Wood

found for us a well qualified successor, Miss Tracy, who arrived in September of 1915 in time to avoid any break in this important department. Kindergartens were a valuable asset to our evangelistic work, especially in small towns, where the people were shy about coming to our preaching places. Through them we secured an entree into families that were otherwise unapproachable. They were also the most inexpensive form of institutional work, costing only about \$200 a year, and often being self-supporting through tuition fees.

During the spring of 1915 we suffered another great loss in the retirement because of illness of Dr. Laning, the superintendent of St. Barnabas' Hospital, Osaka. He had been in Osaka for some forty years, during which time he had worked more and talked less than anyone in the mission. In the old days when he, Bishop Williams and Mr. Morris were together in Osaka, it is said that the three of them would sit together for a whole evening without uttering a word. However, Dr. Laning, despite his silence, was a great evangelist. A professor in an Osaka college was once a patient in St. Barnabas' Hospital. Dr. Laning examined him without saying a word. Finally the young patient asked, "Doctor, what is the matter with me?" "I don't know," replied the doctor. The next day the same thing happened and only on the third day did the doctor venture upon a definite diagnosis. The professor told me that the doctor's honesty impressed him so greatly that he determined then and there to become a Christian. The growth of the Church in Osaka owed a great deal to the silent witness of a life entirely dedicated to Christ. Very few missionaries have ever won from the Japanese the respect and affection accorded Dr. Laning.

Dr. Laning's retirement left in Osaka only one foreign missionary, Miss Bull. She deserves mention in any account of the District of Kyoto because of the tremendous influence which she exerted upon the women of Osaka. Like Dr. Laning she was extremely modest and retiring, but she endeared herself to the Japanese to a remarkable degree. Despite her modesty she was a capable leader and organizer. She was the President of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Kyoto District. With the assistance of a very remarkable Japanese woman, Miss Uta Hayashi, she brought the Auxiliary up to a degree of efficiency which would compare favorably with that of the best diocesan branches of that organization in this country. If our Church had preserved the ancient custom of canonization, she along with Bishop Williams would undoubtedly have been accorded the dignity of "Sainthood." When

in 1937 I revisited Osaka, my first official duty was to accompany a large group of Japanese Christians on a pilgrimage to her grave.

Somewhat earlier in these memoirs I mentioned another very effective but peculiar woman missionary, Miss Kimball, the lady with the 23 dogs. I find in a letter written in September 1915, the following account of a visit to her. "While in Nara I visited Miss Kimball. She is about 80, but I found her bright and cheery, fearfully and wonderfully attired with what looked like a flour sack for an apron. She is too crippled to do much outside work now, but her house is usually crowded with young men, some of them students, others former disciples who stop by to see her whenever they get in the neighborhood of Nara. She feeds them and at the same time entertains them with a constant stream of good advice and Christian teaching, so that despite her infirmities she is still a power for good. The only drawback is that the 23 dogs keep up a vigorous barking all the time that visitors are present, utterly heedless of her constant admonitions to keep quiet."

During the autumn the city of Kyoto was busily engaged in preparations for the coronation of the new Emperor, which was to be held in the old palace buildings. The coronation itself took place on November 10th, but the ceremonies connected with it lasted for about three weeks. The whole city had to be cleaned up and renovated. We were much gratified when the officials who came to inspect St. Agnes' pronounced it the cleanest school in the city. As a million or more visitors were expected, the Christian Churches planned to hold special evangelistic services in a large tent. A special day was set aside for foreign visitors to salute the Imperial cortege, but I missed that as it came on a Sunday when I had a confirmation appointment. The elaborate ceremonies were designed to symbolize and also to stimulate the loyalty of the people to the Emperor, which was both a patriotic and a religious relationship. Westerners frequently misinterpret the significance of the divinity ascribed to the Emperor by the Japanese. While it does imply a religious element in the reverence accorded him, this is quite different from our conception of man's relationship to God. It is perhaps more akin to the former European conception of the divine right of the King. The Emperor Meiji was a man of real ability who showed wisdom in his advisers and was able to make his influence felt in the determination of policies. His successor was conspicuously lacking in the qualities needed in a ruler, so that he became practically a tool in the hands of the party in power.

Formosa

IN 1916 the General Convention of the Episcopal Church met in St. Louis. As my furlough was also due that year, I was absent from my diocese during its latter half. In January I was unable to use my eyes because of an attack of what was at first diagnosed as trachoma, but later was found to be conjunctivitis. This eye trouble and the press of work apparently interfered with my correspondence, for I find in my files no 1916 letters, except a few written during a trip to Formosa in March. Our work in Formosa was a mission of the Nippon Seikokwai, supported and directed by the Japanese, themselves. As there was no Japanese Bishop, one of the foreign bishops was asked to give Episcopal supervision. Because of geographical considerations this responsibility was generally assigned to the Bishop of Kobe, but as Bishop Foss was unable to make the trip to Formosa in 1916, I was asked to go as his substitute.

The following account of my visit to Taiwan, the Japanese name for Formosa, consists of quotations from letters written to Mrs. Tucker and my mother. Mrs. Tucker and the children were enroute to America. The two boys had not been well, so we decided to give them a longer time to recuperate in the home climate and also an opportunity to become acquainted with their American relatives.

Taichu, March 7th.

We arrived at Keelung at one o'clock Friday. It was raining, which is not unusual as the annual rainfall of Keelung is nearly 200 inches. The harbor is very beautiful, enclosed by hills rising up from the water's edge and green with the foliage of spring. From there we went by train to Taihoku, 18 miles distant. The scenery in this northern part of the island is not particularly tropical, indeed, if it were not for the Chinese houses of unbaked bricks with their red tile facings, one would not realize that he was not in Japan. In Taihoku I was royally entertained by an English family, Mr. and Mrs. Woodley. I

have never seen so much food. On my first evening the Japanese Christians invited me to a welcome meeting. Mrs. Woodley insisted that I must have something to eat. The "something" developed into a six course dinner.

Taihoku is a fine modern town, more substantially built than any city in Japan proper. The government building is a tremendous affair of brick and granite, some six stories high. Even the ordinary shops were of brick construction with the second story extending out over the pavement. At the Monopoly Bureau I was shown the process of refining camphor and at the Railway headquarters I was presented with a pass, good over all the railroads which are operated by the government. I was much interested in the way in which the opium problem was being handled. Opium, like camphor, is a government monopoly. Confirmed users of opium were registered and were allowed to purchase a reasonable amount. At the same time they were encouraged to enter institutions provided by the government for the cure of the habit. Those without registration cards were not allowed to purchase it.

Our work in Formosa is confined to the Japanese. In Taihoku we have some fifty communicants with a very good church building, the second story of which is used as a parish house and home for the pastor. At the Sunday morning service, the pastor presented a number for confirmation and at night we had a preaching meeting with an overflow congregation. Work among the native Formosans is carried on by the Canadian and Scotch Presbyterians and also by the Roman Catholics. On Sunday, at an English service held in the Woodley house, I met several of the Presbyterian missionaries and was much impressed by their accounts of the development of their work throughout the island.

On Monday morning I started south going as far as Taichu the first day. Here we have a small group of Christians, but no church building nor resident pastor. Our service was held in the Japanese hotel, where a few were presented for confirmation. From Taihoku to Taichu the scenery is fairly good, with occasional fine views of the Eastern mountains. The country looks much like Japan, except that you see no houses. They are all located, so I was told, in bamboo thickets for protection against wind and robbers. The water buffalo is much in evidence, pulling a plough of a model that *Cincinnatus* might have used. Apparently the Taiwan natives are industrious but rather primi-

tive. They do not trust their money to a bank, but put it in a hollowed stick which is either buried or plastered up in a wall of the house. There are three classes of natives in Taiwan, the Dojin or people of Chinese descent, the Seiban or aborigines, and the Inkuban, who are of aborigines' descent, but have come out of the mountains and have adopted the Chinese way of life. The Seiban live in the mountainous eastern section of the island. They are still savages and the Japanese have not as yet succeeded in subduing them. It is possible to visit some of the outlying villages, but to go into the mountains one requires a military escort and more time than I can afford, so that my peregrinations will have to be confined to the western plain.

On the way down from Taichu, we stopped to visit a sugar factory, where we have quite a number of Christians among the Japanese employees. The officials of the factory entertained us very hospitably, not only making arrangements for our confirmation and communion service, but also inviting us to have a preaching service for the whole body of the employees in the evening. The large hall of the club house was filled to overflowing. The next day we went to see the central shrine of a famous Formosan religious cult. The building is not particularly striking except for the gateway which is lacquered and adorned with a multitude of queer little statues. On the altar, besides the ordinary ornaments, there were a large number of clocks, all keeping different times. In addition to the regular worship there, I noticed two rather unique rites. One was the burning of paper with prayers or sacred characters written on it. In the temple yard there is an immense brick oven, with round holes on one side of it, through which the paper is thrown into the fire. It is bought from the temple shops, which apparently encourage the idea that the greater the quantity thrown into the fire, the greater will be the efficacy of the prayers. The other rite is the tossing up of two pieces of bamboo root, one side of which is flat and the other round. First you draw out of a jar a stick with a number on it. Then you toss up the bamboo roots and if they fall with one flat and one round side up, your number is a lucky one. If the first attempt doesn't succeed, you repeat the process until a lucky number is revealed. Then you go to a board on which are numbered slips of paper, and pick out the one which corresponds to your own lucky number. On this you find written a prescription which will cure you of your particular ailment.

After leaving the shrine we visited several places where there were small groups of Japanese Christians. Among them was a village on the seacoast, where the chief industry is the extracting of salt from sea water by evaporation. As salt is a government monopoly, we found here a considerable number of Japanese officials, including several Christians. We held a service in the home of one of these, confirming a man and his wife. We also had a preaching meeting attended by most of the Japanese community. It is a lonely, dreary place, so that they were glad to welcome visitors and to listen to our message. We came away in a "Toroko," that is a truck pushed by Formosan coolies. It was more comfortable and made better time than the little narrow gauge railway trains in which we had been previously travelling.

On our arrival at Tainan, the chief city of southern Formosa, we were met by a delegation of Christians, among them three of my former All Saints, Tokyo, parishioners. Tainan was the old Chinese capital of Formosa. It has much more of an Oriental appearance than Taihoku. Indeed, when one gets off of the streets widened by the Japanese, one finds the same narrow, stone-paved alleys that are so characteristic of Chinese cities. Our church in Tainan was formerly the residence of a wealthy Formosan. It is an immense place with a large number of rooms thrown together with no apparent plan, but serves our purposes admirably. The resident congregation is somewhat smaller than that in Taihoku. However, Tainan is a convenient center, from which the deacon in charge can visit groups of Christians in the various towns of southern Formosa. I visited two of these, Takoa and Ako. The former is the chief port of southern Formosa and the latter a charming little inland town, the most typically tropical place that I have seen, with bananas, mangoes, nokpa and other tempting looking fruits growing in every yard.

The Formosans are simple and hardworking, but like Dr. Samuel Johnson, they have no passion for cleanliness. My room in the Tainan hotel has a window which looks out over a yard into the back of a native house, so that all the domestic arrangements and activities are clearly revealed. Exactly why they do not all die of cholera or typhus is a mystery, for such dirt you never saw. The washing, whether of clothes or dishes is done in the drains through which a filthy looking stream runs or else on the edge of a well so that the dirt all falls down into it. Then they have the disagreeable habit of chewing the betel-nut which blackens their teeth, gums and lips.

While in Tainan I had tiffin with one of the Presbyterian missionaries, Dr. Barclay. Their work impressed me very favorably. They have a hospital, several schools and a large church in Tainan, with a mission staff of some sixteen people. In most of the towns that I visited I found very substantial churches, many of which had been built almost entirely by the native Christians, some giving money, others materials and still others their labor.

Our own work, as I said above, is confined to the Japanese. The services were well attended, with a large confirmation class in Tainan and smaller ones in the neighboring towns. In almost all the places that we visited, practically the whole Japanese community would turn out for our evangelistic services.

On the whole I was favorably impressed with the efficiency of the Japanese government in Formosa. While the native Formosans were pretty thoroughly regimented and practically all of the official executive positions were held by Japanese, yet I think that the average native is better off than they had been under the Chinese regime. The sugar factories, for example, were a great boon to the farmers. Each of the thirteen factories was allotted a fixed area, in which the farmers were required to raise sugar cane and to sell it to the factories at a price determined by the Japanese. This, however, gave them a market for their products such as they never had previously. Also, schools have been established so that the children are being educated. Possibly this in time will bring them to a point where they will be able to govern themselves and will resent Japanese control. The teaching in some of the schools that I visited left a good deal to be desired. In one place I found a native teaching Japanese to two classes at the same time. One was reading a tokuhon (reader) out loud while the teacher was catechizing the other class. The conflict of noises did not seem to worry the students. There were an unusually large proportion of Seikokwai Christians among the Japanese in Formosa, many of whom I had known previously in Tokyo. This was doubtless due to the fact that Dr. Motoda had some unofficial connection with Formosan administration.

As I was to leave for America during the summer, I had to spend most of the time intervening between my return to Japan and my departure in confirmation visitations. Unfortunately—or perhaps I should say fortunately—I have no letters written during that period, but my recollection is that I found conditions in the churches very

satisfactory. During the four and a half years since my consecration there had been steady progress in self-support, the clergy were beginning to show more self-reliance and initiative and the increase in the number of communicants bore testimony to the value of our evangelistic work.

The following report made by a committee appointed by the bureau of education of the Kyoto prefecture indicates the change of attitude on the part of government officials in regard to religion. It is entitled *The Scheme of Cultivating a Religious Sentiment in the Family.*" The translation is an interesting example of Japanese English.

"With the progress of science and the complication of the idea and the opinion of the people, the culture in families is getting to be too scientific and materialistic. When we think of this phase of the world, we cannot but fear that the people are apt to neglect cultivating a good sentiment among themselves. As a method of cultivating this sentiment, the following items are thought of as good ones:

(1) To let every family realize the existence of a certain spiritual power and to make it the center of the family.

(2) To make some part of the house a holy place and to hold a service twice a day, morning and night.

(3) To let every individual keep his or her own ecclesiastical books.

(4) To make all the members of the family know the real meaning of the national holidays and make them show their enthusiasm as citizens.

(5) To visit the graves of parents or ancestors or hold some kind of meeting to commemorate them or show respect to them.

(6) To try to make a wedding or funeral as religious as possible in a church or shrine

(7) To make the people show respect when visiting a temple or shrine.

(8) To be present at a sermon in temple or church and to join in a solemn ceremony and every now and then to have a religious or ethical speech given at home.

(9) To encourage going to a Sunday School or a meeting of girls, boys, women or old people which has some religious purpose.

In order to get the actual result of these we must go hand by hand with schools. For that, it is necessary that educators should have the understanding of religion."

As a response to these recommendations the churches in the Kyoto area undertook the publication of a Christian magazine which through the cooperation of the principals of the middle schools was widely distributed among the students. Later on, when the militarists came into control of the government, these suggestions were perverted into a means of promoting extreme nationalistic propaganda.

I reached home in time to spend a few pleasant weeks with my family at Virginia Beach. The serenity of my vacation was somewhat disturbed by a letter from Dr. Wood notifying me that I had been chosen as the speaker on foreign work at the General Convention missionary mass meeting. After leaving the Beach I had to go to a Lynchburg hospital for an operation, which due to an infection kept me in bed for almost a month. This, however, gave me an opportunity to write out my speech. After reaching St. Louis I had the misfortune to lose my manuscript, which though a shock to my nervous system, was perhaps providential. My extempore talk, while less grammatical, was doubtless more interesting than the reading of a learned dissertation would have been. At any rate—thanks to a flattering commendation by Bishop Graves—it was well received, and I acquired an undeserved reputation of being an “expert” on foreign missionary work. The St. Louis Convention was interesting because of the animated debates on several problems with which it dealt. At one of the joint sessions Bishop Lloyd was being severely criticized for attending an interdenominational meeting known as the Panama Conference. Just when the discussion was reaching a climax of violence, Mr. Rosewell Page rose to a point of order. Bishop Tuttle who was very deaf asked his assistant what the gentleman from Virginia was rising for. When he learned that he had made a point of order, the old Bishop without inquiring what the point was, proclaimed, “The gentleman’s point of order is well taken. The discussion is closed.”

The only thing that I remember about the rest of my furlough time is that Dr. Wood informed me that the Board of Missions had decided to send me a secretary. Apparently he had found great difficulty in deciphering my handwriting. Miss McGrath, who was elected to fill this post, not only solved this problem but proved to be one of the most efficient missionaries that we have ever had in Japan. On my way back to Kyoto I stopped by Florida to see my father who had been sent there to recuperate from an illness. After a few days in San Francisco we finally set sail on the *S. S. Korea*.

“In Journeyings Often”

1917-1918



I FOUND the Diocese in good shape. Our chief problem was a shortage of workers both Japanese and foreign. During the spring I was kept busy making a round of the churches and mission stations. In a letter written in August, I find the following comment on the “State of the Church”—“The work this year is very encouraging. Our confirmation classes have been unusually large and there is notable progress in many of the churches. If we could only get the Christians to stay put we would soon build up our congregations. Unfortunately, the class of people from which they are drawn are constantly on the move. This is especially true of the smaller places. The young men and women on becoming Christians seem inspired with a new ambition to make something of themselves, which starts them off to the larger centers. They often move to places where there is no church. If we had a sufficient number of catechists and clergy, this would open up an opportunity for new work, but as I have only one man who can be assigned to the task of looking after isolated Christians, we cannot do much more than pay them an occasional visit.”

One of my visitations was to Kaya, a village near the west coast, which I have mentioned earlier. On this occasion there was only one person confirmed. He had many years ago, been a Sunday School student, but later, when he went off to school and college, he drifted away from any interest in Christianity. After graduating from college with high honors and securing a fine position as a teacher, he was suddenly rendered helpless by paralysis in both legs. Returning to his native village he supported himself and his family by taking private pupils. His misfortune brought back to mind his early Christian training. He not only came back to the Church, himself, but used every opportunity to evangelize his pupils. One of his converts was a young man who had just passed the entrance examinations to the Naval Academy. It was pathetic, but inspiring, to see him coming into the

Church with his teacher on his back, the one to be baptized and the other confirmed. Another significant event at this service was the baptism of two women. Up until this year the conservatism of the Kaya community had kept even the wives of Christians from presenting themselves for baptism, but the paralyzed man persuaded his wife and one of her friends to ignore the convention which discouraged women from aligning themselves with the Church.

One of the signs of progress in Japan was the substitution of automobiles for the former horse-pulled stagecoaches by which one had to travel to places off the railway. In the early stages of this change the auto was not an unmixed blessing. For example, on my trip to the West Coast I had to ride from Tsuruga to Obama, a distance of thirty miles in one of the auto-stages of which the Japanese were so proud. On a previous trip the car had broken down eleven times, so that it took seven hours to make the thirty miles. On this occasion, thanks to new tires, we made it in two and one-half hours. From Obama I had to take a small steamer which was scheduled to leave at the pleasant hour of five o'clock in the morning. When I reached the wharf I found half of the congregation gathered there to say good-bye. When the ropes were cast off the steamer refused to move. Investigation showed that they had neglected to build the fire. It took nearly an hour to get up enough steam to start the engine. In the meanwhile I had to stand on the deck bowing and saying innumerable good-byes to my patiently waiting group of Christians. Another incident on my return trip illustrates the mixture of the old and the new in this stage of Japan's progress. I was riding in an up-to-date auto-bus. The road was on a low bluff which rose up from the seashore. Suddenly, we heard a yell from a man who was in swimming asking the bus to wait for him. In a few minutes he appeared over the edge of the bluff in a state of nature, holding his clothes in his hands. No one seemed disconcerted and the bus driver waited patiently while he donned his garments in full sight of the passengers.

I had finished my tour of visitations in time to join my family in Karuizawa in early August. July had been an extremely hot month in Kyoto. For 26 consecutive days the thermometer registered 96 degrees or over, so that the cool bracing air of Karuizawa was a welcome change. While on the subject of the weather I may add that during September and October we had a series of typhoons which flooded the whole Kyoto-Osaka area. The farmers were the chief sufferers

because of the damage done by the wind and floods to their rice. Some of the buildings of the Widely Loving Society Orphanage were so badly injured that they had to be practically reconstructed. Non-Christians in Osaka contributed very generously to the cost of this work. This not only made possible prompt restoration of the damage, but was an indication of the high regard entertained by the Osaka community for the work of the orphanage.

My confidence in the good results achieved by the work of the Widely Loving Society was confirmed by a visitation which I made for Bishop McKim to a series of mission stations in the mountainous section of Northern Japan. Many years before, a large number of children from the district whose parents had been killed by an earthquake were brought to the Hakuāisha (Widely Loving Society). They were given agricultural training and when they grew up were sent back to their former homes. As there was no Christian work in this remote mountain section, these young people organized themselves into congregations that before long developed into small but active and enthusiastic churches. They were put under supervision of the missionary in Wakamatsu, the nearest large town. The only way to reach them was by walking across the mountains. Bishop McKim knowing that mountain climbing was my hobby gave me the privilege of going as his substitute for the confirmation visitation in the fall of 1917. The Priest-in-charge at Wakamatsu was the Bishop's son, Cole. We started off on our six-day trip in the face of a blizzard. Our plan was to have in each place an evangelistic service at night and a celebration of the Holy Communion and confirmation early the next morning. It was a fairly strenuous programme as it involved a walk of from 15 to 25 miles from station to station. An excerpt from my diary describing the third day's walk will give some idea of the kind of country through which we passed. "The following day we walked from Tajima to Yamaguchi, some 26 miles. The road took us over a high pass. As the snow on the mountain side was about two feet deep the walking was rather slow and tedious. The trip took about seven and one-half hours so that we did not arrive at our destination until after dark. When the time came to go to the evening service, we found that we couldn't get on our shoes, so followed the Japanese custom of using clogs with our feet bare. I may say, however, that I carried some dry woolen socks to use during the service. At night we had baptisms and evangelistic preaching. At seven the next morning there was a celebration of the Holy

Communion at which two people were confirmed." The scenery during the whole trip was beautiful. As the maple leaves were just turning, the effect produced by the contrast between their rich colors and the white snow more than compensated for the discomfort of having to trudge through the latter. Also, the enthusiastic welcome given us by the little groups of Christians, made us forget the tediousness of the journey which we had to make to reach them. As we climbed up the steep passes, I thought of Isaiah's words, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." It was the only time that I ever ventured to apply that adjective to my own means of locomotion.

The entry of the United States into the First World War did not make any appreciable difference in our evangelistic work. In a letter to my father at the end of October I find the following comment: "We are getting on quietly out here. Japan is one of the few countries to which the adjective 'quiet', can be applied at the present time. We are busy with evangelistic meetings celebrating the 30th anniversary of the organization of the Nippon Seikokwai. Numerically we are not perhaps very strong, but if the progress made during these 30 years is continued, we ought, on our 50th anniversary, to be well on the way to complete independence and self-support. The vigor of the church, the ability of its leaders and the influence of the Christian community upon society as a whole, though they cannot be tabulated statistically, are the most substantial results of our efforts." At the time that I made this optimistic forecast, I did not realize that the "war to end wars" was opening the way to an abnormal growth of the nationalism and militarism which was already latent in certain sections of Japanese society. As is so often the case, foresight has to make abject apologies to hindsight. Yet, though the timing was over-optimistic, the Church's survival of war conditions and the post war receptivity to the Christian message on the part of the people generally, justifies the estimate of the substantial evangelistic results achieved during the period covered by these memoirs.

Letters from home during the autumn told of the enlistment in the army of five of my brothers, two of them as chaplains. It made me feel somewhat restless for though I had offered my services, until some clear need for them arose, it did not seem right to leave my work in Japan for which no substitute was available. My diocesan duties kept me busy, but a missionary bishop in a field like Japan has to be not

only an administrator, an evangelist and a pastor, but he has also to qualify himself to be a theological guide to his clergy and to be ready to give an answer to the innumerable questions addressed to him by intellectual non-Christians. This involved both keeping in touch with current events and applying to them the lessons learned from the experience and thought of the past. The difficulty was to find time in which to detach oneself from the pressure of routine activities. I find a reference to this problem in a letter written to my brother, Beverley. "A large amount of railway travelling has given me a good deal of time for reading. My home study just now is Dorner's *History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ*. The cumbersome style of the English translation makes it pretty tough reading. As I am trying to compare his conclusions with his sources, progress is slow. However, it is well worth while, for I am convinced that if we want to think intelligibly about the problems of Christian theology, we must take into consideration the past experience and problems of the Church. Incidentally such study reveals to me the fact that some of the paths of thought whose beginnings look attractive have long ago been explored and marked "no thoroughfare." In order to supplement and prepare the way for Dorner, I devote my railway reading largely to history. I am somewhat ahead on that, in fact am now well up to the Reformation period. I have just finished Creighton's *History of the Papacy*, a fascinating book and am now well along in Ranke's *The Popes of Rome*. What an illuminating study that is of the Roman Church in the Middle Ages! One gets an idea of the forces that determine the progress of events and ideas. This makes one realize the importance of understanding the currents of one's own age, so that one's efforts can be directed towards their utilization rather than in a hopeless struggle against the inevitable, or what is even worse resigning oneself to stagnating in a back water."

1918

My first 1918 letter, written on January 13th, is largely taken up with a description of a terrific snow storm. "In Fukui the snow is seven feet on the level and in nearby Imajo ten feet. Back in the mountain towns it is said to be over 20 feet deep. A large number of people have been killed by crushed-in roofs." After railway traffic was resumed, I went over to the West Coast on a tour of inspection. In Fukui where the snow from the roofs had been thrown into the streets, a pathway for pedestrians had been dug out. On either side, little tunnels

provided an entrance to the houses. As the houses themselves were invisible, there were no landmarks, so that it took me nearly an hour to find my way to the mission house.

In Kyoto we were spared the inconvenience of this deep snow, but the weather was extremely cold. There was a great deal of sickness among the members of our mission, some of whom had to be sent back to America on account of ill health. One of my sons has been unwell ever since our return to Japan. The doctors advised me that he should be taken out of the Japanese climate at the earliest possible opportunity. As I was due to attend the 1919 General Convention, the best plan seemed to be to let my family go home ahead of me. One of the hazards of missionary work in Japan is the detrimental effect of the climate, especially upon Western women and children. During 1918 and the two following years we lost a large part of our Kyoto District foreign staff because of ill health, old age and marriage. Two very promising young priests, Mr. Peatross and Mr. Gifford had to return to America because of the health of their wives. Two others, Messrs. Ambler and Dooman, retired on account of age. Several of our single women were married and Dr. Correll, who was getting too old for rural evangelistic work transferred to Tokyo to take charge of our Church Publishing House. These losses confirmed me in my belief that for the future we must depend upon Japanese leadership. Fortunately we had just at this time a group of young Japanese clergymen who had developed to the point where they were ready to take independent charge of the parishes left vacant by the retirement of the foreigners. For example, the Rev. Roger Walke who for several years had been in charge of St. Mary's Church, Kyoto, had as his assistant a brilliant young deacon named Takamatsu. When the time came for Takamatsu's ordination to the Priesthood, Mr. Walke told me frankly that he felt there would be little use in his remaining at St. Mary's, as Takamatsu was capable of carrying on the work. Mr. Walke had done excellent work at St. Mary's among the students of the nearby Imperial University, but his point was, that when a Japanese competent to undertake this responsibility was available, the foreign missionary should retire in his favor. As much as I disliked the prospect of losing Mr. Walke, I could not but admire his unselfish readiness to sacrifice his own interest out of loyalty to an important missionary principle. Soon after this the problem was solved by his reception of an urgent call from the vestry of the Church at the University of Virginia. Their

Rector, who happened to be my brother, Beverley, had left to serve as a chaplain in the Army. In view of the emergency and of Mr. Walke's experience in student work, it seemed eminently proper for him to accept this call, though his leaving was a severe loss to the church in Japan.

The secretary who, as I said earlier, had been promised me by Dr. Wood, arrived in the autumn of 1917. Miss McGrath proved to be a remarkably competent person and also a devoted missionary. Among the many reforms which she introduced into my office was the keeping of a diary. This was something which I had never succeeded in doing on my own initiative. Every afternoon when I was in my office she would appear and politely but firmly insist that I dictate an account of my activities since the last entry. As a result I have a superabundance of material for the latter part of my episcopate. The following extract will illustrate some of the relatively unimportant but yet interesting problems that arise in missionary work.

March 11th, 1917. Interview with Mr. Waterhouse, a Congregationalist missionary. He reports an urgent invitation from the Congregational group in Omizo (a small town on Lake Biwa) to come and help them—wishes to know whether or not we are prepared to give up any idea of aggressive work in Omizo. He says that as long as Wakabe occupies his present position in the work (Wakabe was an unofficial an untrained lay reader who probably received an honorarium of five yen a month for his services) there is no hope of making progress, as the people are afraid of him. This is because having been their former feudal lord, when he wishes to borrow money, they cannot refuse him or demand its return. My reply was that while he was at perfect liberty to go to Omizo for evangelistic work, we could not abandon our own people. I said that before giving him a definite reply I would have to consult with Mr. Okamoto, the Priest-in-charge. According to Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Okamoto visits Omizo only once in two months.

March 12th. Mr. Okamoto's rebuttal.

Mr. Okamoto agrees that there is no objection to Mr. Waterhouse going to Omizo to help the Congregationalists. He says, however, that we are doing more work than Mr. Waterhouse thinks. He goes to Omizo three times a month. He thinks that his criticism of Wakabe is not applicable at the present time, though he undoubtedly has his faults. He suggests, that instead of abandoning our work, we should

push it more aggressively. At least Mr. Waterhouse's proposals have had the effect of sticking a pin in Mr. Okamoto, who though a fine scholar and gentleman, has not been noted for over-activity.

In the early part of 1918 the railways announced that there would be a large increase in fares in July. It seemed wise, therefore, to make my visitations to the more remote points during the spring. Among the places visited was Kaseda, a small village in the province of Wakayama. The catechist here was Mr. Urabe, whom I have mentioned before as a stern character who inspired awe throughout the whole district in which he worked. He presented for confirmation a class of seven. After the service he stood up before the class and ordered them all to be present at the celebration of the Holy Communion the next morning. One nice looking young man, a farmer's son, said that he was sorry, but as they were in the midst of the silk worm breeding, his father would not allow him to leave. "What," cried Mr. Urabe, do you mean to say that you are going to obey a man rather than God!" The poor boy looked as though he would like to sink through the floor. My sympathies were with the boy as I knew that during this period every member of a family is conscripted for the task of picking mulberry leaves to feed to the worms, whose incredibly voracious appetite must be satisfied if they are to produce the cocoons upon which a large part of a farmer's income depends.

In April, I went to Shanghai with Bishop Cecil of South Tokyo to attend the General Synod of the Chinese Church. The purpose of our mission was to make some arrangement for episcopal care of Chinese congregations in Japan and Japanese congregations in China which would not compromise the rights of the territorial Bishop nor violate the principle of one church in one country. The plan agreed upon was that the Chinese Bishops would give to some Japanese Bishop an annual authorization to visit and supervise the Japanese congregations in their dioceses and that we would do the same thing in regard to Chinese congregations in Japan. This plan was unanimously adopted by the Synod and later on was approved by the Japanese Church. Apart from this the most interesting action of the Synod was the confirmation of the election of a Chinese to be Assistant Bishop of the diocese of Chekiang. This was the first instance in our Church in Japan and China of elevating to the Episcopate a native priest. The comment in my diary on this is, "The method pursued by the Chinese should be carefully considered by us here in Japan." On the whole I

think we were wise to postpone the election of Assistant Japanese Bishops until after we had accomplished our purpose of organizing one or more independent dioceses with Japanese Bishops supported by the Japanese themselves. In Osaka we were almost ready to fulfill the canonical provisions for the organization of a diocese. Tokyo was somewhat behind Osaka in the number of self-supporting congregations, but there was every reason to believe that in a few years both cities would be able to meet the requirement of six financially independent churches and that with the help of the Episcopal endowment fund they would have no difficulty in providing an adequate salary for the Bishop. I may explain that the Japanese canons directed that offerings at confirmations and ordinations should be given to this fund and that when a diocese was organized it would be entitled to draw not more than one-third of the bishop's salary from its income. Men like Motoda and Naide of the American Mission and Imai and Fukada of the English were fully qualified for independent leadership. It would have been both embarrassing and a waste of good leadership material to ask them to serve as assistants to foreign Bishops. Moreover, in Japan we were convinced that self-support was an essential condition for self-government. The situation in China was at that time quite different so that their decision to elect Assistant Bishops was doubtless wise.

During the spring and summer of 1918, a good deal of my time was taken up with various building operations. Under Mr. Hayakawa's leadership, St. Agnes' School had grown to the point where new buildings were urgently needed. The first problem was to find the necessary funds. When this was solved, partly through contributions from the alumnae and friends of the school and still more through generous donations from the Virginia Woman's Auxiliary, we were able to begin work on a new class room building and later on a dormitory. This involved a struggle with Japanese architects and contractors. The contractor had a penchant for putting an undue amount of sand in the concrete which was finally cured by my insistence that he do the work over again after an actual demonstration of my ability to knock off a piece of the wall with my foot. The dormitory was made a memorial to Miss Sally Stuart, the first President of the Virginia Auxiliary. A large-size picture of her was hung in the entrance hall. Though not exactly a "thing of beauty" it won respectful admiration from the Japanese.

One of my chief concerns was to help the Osaka churches secure the equipment needed for efficient work in anticipation of the establishment there of an independent diocese. It was a case of helping those who were ready to help themselves. The Christians themselves assumed the responsibility not only of determining what was needed, but also of raising the main part of the funds required for carrying out their plans. My part was to supplement their efforts so that the new buildings would not only meet present needs but would also provide reasonable room for future growth. As a result of these joint efforts, when the diocese of Osaka was finally organized in 1923, the churches which owed their origin to the American Mission were able to take their place in it with fairly adequate equipment. The same thing was largely true of the English trained congregations. We, however, had the advantage of being able to use for this purpose a small portion of the proceeds from the sale of some former missionary residences.

Japanese architects while expert in drawing plans for Japanese style buildings did not appreciate what one might call the spirit of foreign architecture. The following extract from my diary describing a church and parish house which were erected this year in the isolated town of Tanabe will illustrate what I mean by this. "The new buildings are well constructed. The parish house is very attractive, being built in Japanese style. The church shows the effect of being constructed entirely in accordance with local ideas. It resembles a school room more than a church, but still it is light, commodious and well appointed. To the people it doubtless seems suitable for a place of worship, which after all is the main consideration." After seeing this Tanabe Church I began to wonder whether it would not be well to introduce into our Japanese Churches some features of Buddhist or Shinto architecture. They at least would have for the people some association with worship, while even correct Western ecclesiastical architecture had for them no particular meaning.

With the Red Cross in Siberia

DURING the first half of 1918 my work had kept me so continuously away from home that I had promised to spend the whole of August with my family in Karuizawa. On August 3rd I received a telegram from Dr. Teusler urgently requesting me to come over to Siberia and help him with his Red Cross work there pending the arrival of promised re-enforcements from the United States. As Dr. Teusler was in Tokyo seeking recruits, I went there to meet him and after hearing his explanation of the emergency, agreed to go over to Vladivostok with him. My particular responsibility was to be an investigation of the refugee situation in Eastern Siberia and the drawing up of tentative plans for dealing with it. Dr. Teusler estimated that this could be done in a month or at most six weeks.

I had the officials of the Kyoto District meet me in Tsuruga, the port from which we sailed, to make arrangements for carrying on the work during my absence. After a pleasant trip we reached Vladivostok on August 13th. The instructions given the Red Cross Corps were to assist in organizing medical work for the Eastern division of the Czech Army and to investigate the refugee situation in Eastern Siberia with a view to giving emergency relief where necessary and practicable.

Eastern Siberia for our purposes meant the territory east of the junction of the main line of the Siberian and the Chinese Eastern Railways. Refugees fleeing from the ravages of the Bolsheviks had for some months been pouring into this section. Many of them had managed to get to Vladivostok. Other groups were located in the larger stations along the railway. The Russians, themselves, were doing what they could to provide relief, but as the amount needed was far beyond their capacity, we were instructed to cooperate with them and supplement their efforts.

The Czech Army was composed of prisoners, who, while fighting in the Austrian Army had surrendered to the Russians. In many instances this surrender had been voluntary, as they were violently

anti-German. Their own wish was to be allowed to organize themselves into a division of the Russian Army, but the Tsarist government was suspicious of their democratic tendencies. They did accept one regiment but the remainder were kept strictly confined in prison camps. The Karensky government after some hesitation decided to allow the Czech prisoners to organize themselves into regiments. When, however, the Bolsheviks took over the government and made peace with the Germans, they adopted an unfriendly attitude toward the Czechs. After a great deal of discussion they agreed to allow them to go to France by way of Vladivostok on condition that they should be disarmed. Two regiments, the 5th and 8th, managed to take advantage of this rather short-lived arrangement. They arrived at Vladivostok fairly well armed with rifles and machine guns which they had concealed in their train, and on June 29th succeeded without much trouble in taking over control of the city. Later on, other Czech soldiers managed to get through, so that at the time of my arrival it was estimated that there were approximately 10,000 Czechs in Eastern Siberia.

The Czechs at first proposed that the Red Cross should establish a base hospital in Vladivostok. By the time I arrived, Dr. Teusler already had a hospital in operation on what was known as Russian Island and negotiations for taking over the Naval hospital were being carried on. The Czechs, however, decided that they would prefer to have the second hospital at Harbin. Dr. Teusler, therefore, asked me to go to Harbin and make arrangements for securing a suitable building and for opening hospital work. I was also asked to investigate the refugee situation in northern Manchuria and make recommendations as to the kind and amount of relief that was needed.

For details of my short stay in Vladivostok I will have to depend upon extracts from letters written to Mrs. Tucker.

August 13th. When we woke up this morning the Siberian hills were showing up finely on our starboard bow. The harbor is very beautiful. Russian Island cuts it off from the sea, the harbor proper being an inlet bordered on either side by low hills. The city forms a crescent, with houses extending from the shore almost to the top of the mountains. From a distance it is very picturesque, although closer inspection rather detracts from the first impression. The people, however, are interesting, representing every conceivable nationality and style of dress—also every variety of dirt.

August 16th. We are quartered in a school building. It is an immense affair, but with the school still going on and a considerable number of American engineers and newspaper correspondents occupying most of the available space, our Red Cross group are confined to one small unfurnished room. Vladivostok is filled to overflowing with soldiers, refugees and Russians who are trying to return to their own country from America, so that the housing situation is pretty desperate. Our first business yesterday was a call on Admiral Knight, who is the ranking American official in Vladivostok. His clean, commodious quarters on his flagship, the *Brooklyn*, were a welcome relief after the crowded, smelly conditions that we encountered in the city. We spent the morning conferring with him as to future plans. I was much impressed by his clear grasp of the Siberian situation. From the *Brooklyn* we went in a launch to Russian Island to inspect our hospital. It is beautifully situated on a bluff overlooking the harbor. In a few weeks Dr. Teusler had succeeded in transforming shabby, dirty buildings into an up-to-date, clean, smoothly-running hospital of some 200 beds, a remarkable achievement in view of the confused conditions prevailing in Vladivostok at the time.

In the evening we returned to the *Brooklyn* for dinner with Admiral Knight. Some army officers who were the advance guard of the expeditionary force that was being sent by the United States to Siberia were also present. After dinner we had a very interesting conference which kept up until 12:20 A.M. We had breakfast the next morning at a restaurant run by a Turk, where each guest was served a loaf of bread, a jar of jam, four eggs and a glass of coffee. Later, when I was inspecting a refugee camp where some 400 men, women and children were quartered in an old barracks building, many of whom had eaten nothing at all that day, I wished that the over-supply at the Turk's restaurant might have been shared with them.

I am putting Mr. Hall in charge of the local refugee situation, as I expect to leave Saturday for Harbin. There are said to be a large number of refugees in northern Manchuria from the Trans-Baikal Cossack section of Siberia. Gus and some other doctors from China are in Harbin. I hope to see Gus if he isn't sent to the front with the field unit of which he is in charge, before my arrival. My old friend, Langdon Warner, is also there. Much to my amusement one of the YMCA secretaries who is working with us and is a fine man though rather solemn, told Dr. Teusler this morning that he thought Warner

too frivolous for such serious work as we are engaged in. Personally, I thought his elimination would be a misfortune to the Red Cross, similar to that caused by the passing away of Garrick. Dr. Johnson, you remember, said that his death "eclipsed the gayety of nations."

Owing to the disorganization of railway traffic, trains going to Harbin were few and far between. I was fortunate enough to secure a compartment, but was advised to occupy it several hours before the departure of the train in order to prevent some one else from seizing it. This was a wise precaution, for no sooner were we settled than a man appeared claiming that he had purchased the compartment from the stationmaster. He was followed by others making the same argument. My subsequent experience with Russian officials led me to suspect that there was some truth in what they said, but I left the settlement to my interpreter, who with the aid of a rifle and bayonet successfully maintained the validity of the principle that possession is nine points of the law. He was assigned to me by the Czech Army. Although only a private, he was exceptionally well educated, being a graduate of the Prague conservatory of music, with a doctor's degree from the University of Vienna. Without his aid I would have been entirely helpless in the complicated negotiations with refugees from practically all of the countries of Western Asia and Eastern Europe.

In Harbin our Red Cross force was quartered with the railway men brought from America by General Stephens to help get the Siberian Railroad in running order. At night we slept on cots placed close together in an immense barracks building. As there were several hundred of them, I was frequently reminded of Thackeray's lines in the "White Squall":

I heard the cabin snoring
With universal noise.

They were, however, a fine crowd of men and gave us valuable help in solving the serious problem of transportation. Harbin was said to have a population of some 200,000. The people whom one saw on the streets were all in uniform. They seemed to be mostly majors or colonels, though I was told that this rank was conferred by their tailors for a consideration and that many of them were civilians who had never been in the army. The city had some fine buildings, but most of the houses had an unkempt, slovenly appearance. Hogs ran about freely. The interiors of many of the buildings looked as though the

hogs had been quartered in them. Our Red Cross office force consisted of three men, Langdon Warner, an art connoisseur, a locomotive engineer and a bishop. We seemed peculiarly ill qualified for the kind of work we were called upon to do. After much negotiation the authorities of the railway hospital agreed to let us have one of their buildings. In the meanwhile the Czechs decided that they wanted the hospital at a point further north. They secured a building in a place called Buchidu. We, accordingly, sent three of our doctors there. Within about ten days after their arrival they succeeded in converting a very dirty barracks building into an attractive hospital ready to receive patients. We had in Harbin nine doctors who had been engaged in medical missionary work in China and Korea, and also a considerable number of trained nurses, who were impatiently waiting to be assigned work. As the Czechs had very little information about their forces in central Siberia they asked us to hold the rest of our doctors in reserve with the exception of two whom they wanted sent to the front as a field unit. My brother, Gus, and Dr. Claude Lee were chosen for this service. We found a box car for them, supplied them with a cook and an interpreter and all of the medical equipment that we could scrape together. They went off happily like Abraham not knowing whither they were going, as the front changed day by day.

A large part of my time in Harbin was occupied in the effort to secure shoes and winter clothing for the Czech Army. At first I thought that it would be impossible to find such articles in Harbin, but soon samples began to pour in until we had one end of our office piled up to the ceiling with a remarkable assortment of men's attire, most of which was entirely useless for our purpose. My stay in Harbin was too short to do much more than eliminate what was unsuitable and to settle upon procedures for securing what was really needed, but after I left, the Red Cross was able to provide enough equipment to keep the soldiers from freezing during the winter.

The following extract from a letter describing the trip from Vladivostok to Harbin may be of interest:

August 21st. "When we entered the compartment reserved for us, we found it already filled with baggage. My Czech interpreter immediately called the stationmaster, who assured us that the compartment was ours. We, therefore, removed the baggage into the aisle. When the owners appeared, they were naturally indignant. However,

my interpreter, backed up by the stationmaster's assurance and his own rifle, won the argument. We had an upper and a lower berth with no sheets or blankets and very dirty. Even in our southland, I never travelled on such a dilatory train. The shortest stop was ten minutes and they often extended to a full hour. The passengers pour out of the train to get hot water and food. At each station there is a large tank of boiling water, from which they fill their tea pots. Then there is a kind of lunch counter where one can purchase black bread, cabbage soup or even a cooked chicken. The trip to Harbin took 30 hours, so that we did not reach our destination until eleven Tuesday night. That morning I felt sorry for a woman standing in the aisle holding a baby and invited her to come into the compartment and sit down. She was followed by a crowd who rushed in uninvited until we were packed like sardines. As most of them were chewing sunflower seeds and spitting out the hulls, the remainder of the trip was not altogether pleasant."

After getting the work at Harbin reasonably organized I planned to go north to investigate the refugee situation. There was no regular railway service, but the Czechs kindly arranged for me to go on one of their trains. Just as I was about to start, a telegram from Dr. Teusler announced that he was on his way to Harbin with a portion of the Red Cross Sanitary train. As I was confident that Dr. Teusler would wish to go north, I decided to wait over and go with him.

Letters August 30th and 31st:

"Dr. Teusler arrived this morning and we have been doing business all day at a mile a minute rate. Tomorrow we go to Buchidu. On this trip I hope to get enough information to whip our refugee policy into shape so that I can organize my staff and set them to work. Everything depends upon the rapidly changing military situation. The further the allies advance, the greater the number of refugees who can return to their homes. We do not know, however, how soon transportation can be provided for them nor what the conditions in their homes will be. We had a very satisfactory interview with the Czech general, which clears up the medical situation in Eastern Siberia. We hope on this trip to get information about the Czechs further west, which may greatly expand the scope of our work. I shall be glad to get a little respite from the odd collection of jobs that have fallen to me in Harbin. I have been chaplain (holding services for the railroad engineers), relief worker, quartermaster, medical director and employment agent, to

say nothing of diplomacy, which is a fine art with the people of this country. The Russian officials are long on promises, but short on performance. For instance, a few days ago I had an interview with the head doctor of the railway hospital with a view to securing one of their buildings for our medical work. He was very courteous, gave me a magnificent lunch, took me to see the contagious disease building, which he said had only a few patients who could be easily removed elsewhere. When I went back later to claim the fulfillment of his promise, he calmly informed me that the place had been so badly damaged by fire the preceding night that he could not give it to us. I had stopped by to look at it on my way to his office and saw no signs of damage, but my long experience in Japan had taught me the uselessness of questioning the grounds of an excuse."

At Buchidu we learned that the Cossack General Seminoff (pronounced Semyonoff) had his headquarters further up the railroad. We decided to pay him a visit in the hope of securing information about the refugee situation in that section of Siberia.

Letter written at Boza, September 4th.

"As I write I can see through the car window General Seminoff's headquarters, a train on an adjoining track. Boza is a village some 50 miles beyond the border of Siberia and Manchuria. The little town is almost deserted except for Seminoff's troops, its inhabitants having been driven out by the Bolsheviks. Some of them are now beginning to come back. Seminoff's army is composed of a queer mixture of Russians, Buriats, Mongolians, Chinese, Japanese and Cossacks, reminding one of David's host at the cave of Adullam. This morning we walked over to a cavalry camp, where we found a group of Cossacks, Buriats and Mongolians squatting around a fire. The Mongols had on bright red robes, a Buriat chief was clad in a long blue gown, while the Cossacks wore a grey uniform striped with yellow. Many of them had long shaggy beards. The soldiers look like pirates with shaggy beards and long swords that often drag on the ground when they walk. However, those that we spoke to seemed friendly. They are said to be excellent cavalry men. At eleven o'clock we had an interview with Seminoff. He is a young man, perhaps under 35, with a full face and a curled mustache. His mother is said to have been a Buriat. In any case, both those of the Trans-Baikal Cossacks who live in the district between the Manchurian border and the Onon River and the Buriats

recognize him as their leader. The refugees are largely from his district so that he was glad to give us any information that might lead to their relief. He had with him several Buriat chiefs, who described to us very vividly the damage done to their people by the Bolshiviks. These Buriats are for the most part nomads, moving with their herds from place to place and living in felt tents. The Cossacks live in villages. So far as I could ascertain the pasture land surrounding these villages is not privately owned, so that they move around as they please with their horses and cattle. In the villages at which we stopped along the railroad we found a few houses burned. Those that were standing were stripped bare of their contents and had their windows smashed. The people off the railroad were said to have suffered still more. Some of the agents whom General Seminoff had previously sent out to collect information had already brought in their reports, so that he was able to give me a list of some 10,000 people, representing those that were worst off. Help in the provision of winter clothing was the most pressing need—which was not surprising in a section where the thermometer during the winter months often falls to 50 degrees below zero.

We had originally planned to go only as far as General Seminoff's headquarters. On our way there we heard rumors of an unexpected advance of a Czech army. General Seminoff confirmed these rumors. The Czechs he told us had come as far as the opposite bank of the Onon River. As he himself was anxious to ascertain the attitude of this Czech army towards him and his forces, he offered to furnish an engine to take our train to the bank of the river opposite the Czech headquarters if we would take his chief of staff along with us. We reached our destination just before dark. In the fields on either side of the railway we could see the camp fires of Seminoff's advance forces, with their horses picketed. They were a tough looking lot of men, but as we had Seminoff's Chief of Staff along with us we had no trouble with them. Dr. Teusler and I immediately started off for the Czech headquarters on the opposite bank of the river. The railway bridge had been blown up, but a temporary bridge had been thrown across the river. On it were a number of flat-cars loaded with rocks, around which we had to crawl. As we approached the other side we were challenged by the Czech patrols, but my interpreter persuaded them to let us pass. When we reached the other side we were directed to the General's car, where we were cordially received by his chief of staff. While we were waiting to be received by General Gajda, the chief of

staff gave us a thrilling account of the Czech advance through Siberia. The most severe battle was near Lake Buikal, where the Czech army of 4,000 men with the cooperation of a small Russian force, practically annihilated a Bolshevik army of some 20,000. About nine o'clock we were sent for by General Gajda. He is only 28 years old, tall and impressive looking. The day before we met him, he had been notified by the Czech National Council of his promotion from Captain to General on account of his brilliant exploits. He did not, however, seem unduly elated, but was very friendly and unaffected. One gained the impression that he was a man of strong will, capable of forming daring plans and carrying them out skilfully and resolutely. Whether he has experience enough to represent the Czechs in the very complex negotiations impending with the Allied Powers is a question. General Gajda had invited Colonel Popoloff, the head of the new Russian army being formed in Siberia, to sit in with us at the conference. He was careful to consult with him on every point that arose and to request for the Russian army the same help that he hoped we would give the Czechs. So far as our Red Cross work was concerned, he asked that it be extended to cover the whole Czech army. Then he asked us to present to the American authorities the urgent need of both the Czech and Russian armies for winter equipment. He also asked us to inform the representatives of the Allied Powers in Vladivostok of his desire to consult with them in regard to the military situation. As our visit was entirely unauthorized and unofficial, we were somewhat embarrassed by his apparent assumption that we could guarantee acceptance of his proposals. We did our best to be non-committal and to make it clear that any decision in regard to them would have to be made by the American authorities. General Gadja invited us to come back the next day and take part in the celebration of his appointment as general.

Our trip back over the bridge in the dark was exciting. We passed the Czech sentries without difficulty, but those on the other side were Mongolians. The first one we met commanded us to halt, but mistaking his command for a polite good evening we kept on walking, until we were brought to an abrupt stop by the click of his rifle. Fortunately Seminoff's chief of staff, who was tagging on behind us arrived in time to rescue us from any unpleasant consequences. After spending the next morning helping the Czechs celebrate, we started on our return trip. We had to pass through a section occupied by Japanese soldiers who had been sent into southern Siberia from Korea. At one of the

stations a Japanese major attached his car to our train. We did not object to this, as it was one of the courtesies commonly extended at a time when there was no regular transportation. The chief annoyance was that we had to prolong our stay at the various stations where he seemed to have some business to transact. We had on our train a newspaper correspondent who had begged a ride and was impatient to get to a place where he could send off his news reports. At one of the stations he complained to the stationmaster of the delay caused by the Japanese officer. The Siberians apparently resented the presence of the Japanese soldiers in their country. At any rate the stationmaster said that if the correspondent would order the officer's car cut off we could leave immediately. At the next station we were met by a detachment of Japanese soldiers who had orders to put us under arrest. Dr. Teusler and I, who knew nothing of what had happened at the previous station, demanded an explanation. When the Japanese discovered that the correspondent had given the order without our knowledge, they said they would let us go and keep the correspondent under arrest. As I was conversant with the language, I called the officer in charge apart and told him that while of course he could do this, it would embarrass the Japanese government to have it known that he had arrested a British subject in a zone where under the international agreement there was no provision for the presence of Japanese soldiers. He scratched his head for a moment or so and agreed to let him go on my assurance that I would persuade him not to give the incident undue publicity. At Manchuli, a station on the border of Manchuria and Siberia, we found ourselves short of bread. I was delegated to purchase some, but found my way into the village barred by a line of soldiers with bayonets pointed in my direction. However, when disregarding the bayonets I asked them in a friendly tone of voice if they would tell me where I could get bread, an officer in the house before which they were standing called out "Naruhodo" (of course). "Come right in here," he said, "and we will let you have all that you need." I was relieved to see the stern expression on the faces of the soldiers turn into a smile, as they opened a way for me to enter the house. At another of the stations we ran into my brother, Gus, and Dr. Claude Lee. The Eighth Regiment, to which they were attached, had been ordered to proceed to the western front.

When we reached Harbin I found that no reply to my recommendations for relief work in that district had yet been received. As nothing

further could be done until we received approval, Dr. Teusler decided that I should give instructions to our local staff to go ahead with the work as soon as the authorization came, and go with him to Vladivostok. This would enable me to submit my recommendations for relief in the Trans-Baikal Cossack section to the American authorities there and secure their endorsement before sending them on to America. Also, he wanted my cooperation in presenting to them the information we had received from General Gajda together with his suggestions as to the assistance which he hoped the Allied Powers would give the Czech army in their projected campaign against the Bolsheviks.

The three key men among the representatives of America in Vladivostok at the time were Admiral Knight, General Graves and the American Ambassador to Japan, Mr. Roland Morris. My recommendations in regard to relief were submitted to Mr. Morris and after careful scrutiny and some revision were approved by him and sent on with his endorsement to the Red Cross National Headquarters in America. I, myself, had to leave Vladivostok before the authorization to go ahead with the work was received. I took up the request for winter equipment for the Czech army with General Graves. He very kindly undertook to present the matter to the home authorities and to arrange for transportation should the request be granted. Apparently with the many problems that demanded attention in Washington, it took a long time to get action on our Siberian requests and even when approved, the difficulty of getting supplies across the Pacific caused still more delay. Fortunately, we were given funds to purchase what could be secured locally. This enabled us to give a limited amount of aid to the worst sufferers.

The question as to how much military cooperation the United States should give the Czechs in their struggle with the Bolsheviks was warmly debated at a series of conferences which Dr. Teusler and I were invited to attend. Admiral Knight seemed to us more sympathetic with the proposals of General Gajda than General Graves, whose instructions from headquarters in Washington did not include military intervention. I think that he was rather peeved at the Red Cross representatives for presenting General Gajda's proposals. We had to be careful therefore, to act simply as messengers and to refrain from expressing any opinion, which was a rather difficult role for one with Dr. Teusler's enthusiasm and capacity for initiative. The scope of our Red Cross responsibility both for medical and refugee relief work was greatly en-

larged by the change in the military situation. Previously, our concern had been necessarily confined to Eastern Siberia, but due to the advance of General Gajda's army, the opportunity of rendering similar service throughout the whole of the western area had been opened up. The Czech forces in the east were already beginning to move westward, so that we had to follow them with our medical service. The American authorities in Vladivostok thought that we ought at least to investigate the refugee situation between Irkutsk and the Ural mountains and make a report on it to the Red Cross headquarters in Washington. We had already organized a small Sanitary train with a view to transporting medical supplies and personnel to the eastern section. Our problem therefore, was to enlarge it and to secure supplies that would be adequate for our enlarged responsibilities. The railway people seemed willing for us to take over any empty cars that we could find, so that we were able to gather together some 17 freight cars and five passenger coaches. Dr. Teusler planned to go with this train and take me along as far as Chita in order to complete my investigation of the refugee situation in the Trans-Baikal section of Siberia. At the last moment, however, Dr. Teusler found it necessary to remain in Vladivostok, so that I was ordered to take charge of the train and to proceed with it to Western Siberia. There, after conference with the Czech authorities, I was asked to direct the organization of our medical work until Dr. Teusler could come out on a second sanitary train. It was a unique job for a bishop who knew nothing of railroading and little more about medicine. Before describing the trip through Siberia, I will give some extracts from letters written in Vladivostok.

September 12th. Since leaving Harbin there has been no opportunity to get letters mailed. I am sending this by Dr. Teusler, who is making a hurried trip to Japan. We have been terribly rushed. It is a race with winter to keep 13,000 refugees and the whole Czech army from freezing. Already it is getting cold in Siberia. It would make your heart sick to see those who had fled before the Bolshevik advance returning to ruined homes, where nothing but the frames of the houses are left, with the window panes broken and furniture and winter clothing either stolen or burned. They lead a wretched existence at best. Thanks to the data furnished me by General Seminoff and other Russian officials, I have been able to formulate a fairly accurate list of what is needed for emergency relief. After consultation with Ambassador Morris, I have wired this report to Washington and am waiting for

their permission to go ahead with the securing and distribution of the necessary supplies. In our visit to General Gajda we discovered that the same conditions prevail all the way to the Ural mountains and also that the whole of the Czech army is without winter equipment. I hope that the government will be able to send out experts to handle these problems, but in the meanwhile I am up to my neck in the effort to collect information and to forward recommendations to Washington. It is impossible to say just when I can get back to Japan. I am impatient of every day's prolongation of my absence, but feel that the call to help these people in their wretchedness must be answered. Also, we must do what we can to help the Czech army survive under winter conditions, for upon them depends the formation of an eastern front against the Bolsheviks, which in our opinion will be an important factor in determining the future of Siberia and even of Russia. I cannot write, in a letter, about the serious military situation which we are facing here. Dr. Teusler and I have been forced to take part in the solution of problems that may have far-reaching effects. This is not exactly our line, but as we are the only ones who have any information about conditions in central and west Siberia, we have to sit in on the conferences.

September 13th. I am fortunate in being able to live here on our train. The hotels in Vladivostok are filthy and full of bugs. My car is new and has not as yet acquired an army of parasites. The local refugee situation is being capably handled by Mr. Hall and Miss Matthews, so that I do not have to spend much time on it. While waiting for a reply to my recommendations for relief in the Manchuria and Trans-Baikal districts, I am kept busy trying to find out what can be secured locally in the way of supplies. Russia is the most provoking country imaginable. One can never get anything definitely fixed. You will be offered something at a certain price and when later you decide to buy it, the seller looks surprised at your presumption in expecting to purchase it so cheaply. The money, too, varies in value from day to day. The only constant thing is the dirt. Last night I had an interesting interview with General Graves. He is kindly helping us secure the uniforms and other clothing needed for the 60,000 Czech soldiers, who are entirely without winter equipment. The great difficulty is to get boat space for them across the Pacific. General Graves is trying to arrange this for us.

September 20th. Washington has not yet given an answer to our recommendations for refugee relief. As I am due to leave on the Sanitary train within a few days, it looks as though I shall have to turn over

the responsibility of distributing relief to the staff here and in Harbin. I have samples and prices of what we shall have to purchase locally, so that we are ready to go ahead as soon as we hear that the needed funds are available. Even if the money asked for is not granted, we shall be able to render some relief with the old clothing which is being sent to us from various parts of the world. The Russians themselves have taken the responsibility of furnishing food so that our part is limited to clothing and other equipment needed to keep the refugees from freezing. There is also, wide spread need for medical supplies. Yesterday, I took General Gajda, who has come to Vladivostok to confer with the Allied authorities, over to see our Russian Island Hospital. We went in the Admiral's launch. As the bay was very rough, the General was seasick, so that I do not think that he enjoyed the trip.

September 22nd. Except for an hour and a half at the Cathedral this morning there was but little today to remind one that it is Sunday. In some respects the Russian service was very impressive. The Church was crowded with people who stood reverently while the priests were conducting the long and very elaborate ceremonies. Every now and then there would be an epidemic of making the sign of the cross. Some of the congregation seemed to be engaged in private devotions. They would walk over to a place where there were candles, light one and apparently spend a few moments in silent prayer. Then, at irregular intervals, a man carrying an alms box would wander about pushing his way through the crowd, many of whom would respond by dropping a piece of paper money into the box. The people impressed me more than the priest who seemed to go through the ritual in a rather mechanical way. The chanting by the choir was remarkably fine. There was every indication of a deep and sincere religious attitude on the part of the people. Yet, while it is far removed from the emotional excitability of our southern Negroes, it does not seem to me to include the moral and intellectual elements which form so important a part of our conception of religion. During my former stay in Vladivostok Dr. Teusler and I met the head surgeon of the American Expeditionary Force. He informed us that he intended to transform an old building into an army hospital. Dr. Teusler, who had just completed a similar job, offered to give him the benefit of his experience, but the surgeon replied curtly, "The army needs no outside advice." Today we went to see how the "army" was progressing with the work. We found that while they had spent twice as much money, they had accomplished in

a month's time only about one-fifth of what Dr. Teusler had done in two weeks. This is not so much a criticism of the army as a tribute to Dr. Teusler's capacity for getting things done.

A few days before the Sanitary train was ready to start west, Dr. Teusler found that he would have to stay on in Vladivostok a while longer. He therefore asked me to take charge of the train and to supervise the medical work until he himself could get out to West Siberia on a second train. The Czechs had advised that the most urgent need was for an evacuation and base hospital within a reasonable distance of the fighting front and for medical supplies. We took on our train all the supplies available at the time of its leaving and a group of doctors and nurses sufficient to man an evacuation hospital. In addition to our American personnel we had three Czech doctors and a considerable number of hospital attendants. So far as I was personally concerned this meant turning over my original assignment of refugee relief in Eastern Siberia to other members of our staff. I had to get back to Japan by December at the latest to meet Dr. Wood who was coming over to inspect the mission work in China and Japan. Owing to the prolongation of my absence Mrs. Tucker had postponed the family's return to America until spring. While I felt that I ought to get back to my diocese, the emergency was so great in Siberia, I felt that I had to agree to Dr. Teusler's request that I take temporary charge of Red Cross activities in the West. In addition to the medical work, I was to investigate the need for refugee relief. He had already received word that a well qualified man, Colonel Thompson of Massachusetts, would shortly arrive in Vladivostok. He was to accompany Dr. Teusler on the second Sanitary Train, so that on its arrival in the West I would be able to turn over the medical work to Dr. Teusler and the refugees to Colonel Thompson.

Sanitary Train, October 1st. We left Vladivostok at eleven Sunday night with a long train of 23 cars. They are apparently too great a load for Siberian engines. We have been crawling along making tedious stops at the stations. I have now been living on a train for over a month and have learned to accommodate myself to the bunk and to a small can of water for a bath tub. The scenery today has been beautiful, a hilly country with bright autumn tints, which together with a lot of work has kept me from being bored. In Russia it takes five times as long to do a job as it would even in Japan. Then, too, our task keeps growing. Crowds of refugees are moving eastward. Today

we passed a train with 400 men, women and children packed into box cars, who had come all the way from Samara, Russia. They looked pitiable and it makes one shudder to think what will happen unless we can provide for them before winter comes. I sent a telegram to have this party met in Vladivostok. The trouble there will be that we have no place in which to house them.

October 3rd (Harbin). When we changed engines at the last division point, they gave us one about the size of St. George's toy locomotive. It could hardly pull our 23 cars on a level track and absolutely balked when we struck an up-grade. In consequence, instead of getting to Harbin yesterday we arrived at seven this morning. Here we are picking up our American doctors and nurses. Our train has four second class and one first class sleepers. I have a compartment in the latter for my office and bedroom. Then we have a diner, half of which is converted into an operating room. The rest are box cars, in which are our hospital supplies, though one of them is used as a kitchen, carpenter and tailor shop. We are taking along some cattle to assure us of a supply of meat, and one horse. Whether the latter is intended for food or transportation, I haven't yet ascertained. Included in our supplies are two thousand dollars worth of cigarettes sent us by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. He evidently knew the Russians and Czechs, for whom medicines without a smoke would be cold comfort. Dr. Boshek, a Czech, has charge of the medical work on the train. Assisting him are quite a large group of Czech soldiers. In addition to the Czechs we have five American doctors, a dentist and eight nurses, who will serve as the staff of the evacuation hospital which we plan to establish in West Siberia.

October 7th. I am writing a short note in the hope that I can find some one to take it back from Manchuria station. Yesterday, we were at Buchidu, where I inspected our hospital and spent a busy three hours adjusting various problems. It is wonderful to see what a fine hospital our men have made out of a filthy old Russian barracks building. The Czech soldiers helped make it attractive by painting pictures on the walls. Everything was clean and neat. The patients looked supremely happy, most of them being convalescent typhoid cases. We have here two doctors and six nurses.

We are nearing Manchuria station. Here my Trans-Baikal refugee work begins. I have everything ready to start it as soon as the Red Cross at home appropriates the necessary funds. The distribution will

be made by two American men and two women with some Russian assistants. I, myself, have to push on further west, where I will continue my investigations and send back recommendations. I dislike doing this until I know whether the Red Cross at home is going to comply with our requests for the necessary funds, but I have to follow my instructions. There are so many problems to be attended to in Washington that I suppose delay is inevitable. Winter is coming on rapidly here and the people are already suffering from the cold. In addition to the Siberians there are many groups of European refugees making their way east, who are sadly in need of help. Tell St. George and Jim that we can see from our car windows, camels going along the road. Chinese soldiers are marching about. On one side of us is a Japanese encampment and just ahead of us is a British troop train.

October 9th (Onon River) This train will hold the record for slowness. We have made only about 100 miles since yesterday morning, stopping from one to five hours at every station since leaving Manchuria. It has been rather convenient for me as I have had time to follow up my refugee investigations. Unfortunately, very few of those needing help are in the station villages, as the railway is taking responsibility for providing for the needs of its employees. However, I have been able to get what profess to be accurate reports about the outlying places. Some of them suffered badly. In one village there are over 1,000 people in distress, with their houses burned and their household goods destroyed. Fortunately, the country is so vast that the majority of the villages were out of the path of the Bolsheviks. The Russian officials and General Seminoff's men have been very cooperative in helping me compile lists of places which suffered damage together with the number of people in each village in need of assistance. While I cannot vouch for the absolute accuracy of this information, it does give an approximate estimate of the amount and nature of the help needed in this section.

Our train is now standing at a small way station, where the depot and all but one of the homes were burned or blown up by the Bolsheviks. The people are all living in the one remaining house, which is quite roomy. They seem happy and well with the exception of one woman who has pleurisy. Our doctors are attending to her. Last night we had thick ice and today it is snowing. There is not a tree in sight but the low hills are covered with grass which looks excellent for grazing. As we came along, from the train we could see herds of cattle, horses

and camels, and occasionally, of sheep. There is generally (near the railway station) a Mongol settlement with low log or mud huts. A while ago we saw a group of Buriats with their felt tents picturesquely scattered about on the side of a hill. The men wear sheep skin coats and enormous fur caps. The Mongols, who are fine horsemen, use a peculiar boot lined with wool. Yesterday, we saw one of them galloping along the ridge of a hill. He looked just like a Western cowboy. Much of this winter equipment was destroyed by the Bolsheviks, which creates a real problem for men who have to spend their time out of doors.

Our delay here is caused by the difficulty of getting across the river. The railway bridge was blown up and only one car at a time can be taken over the temporary one. After we cross the river there is a doubletrack, so that we ought from now on to make better time. I will have to stop at Chita where a large number of refugees are stalled, but do not expect to find any more until we reach Irkutsk.

October 13th. Irkutsk.

This is Sunday morning. The Church bells are ringing, taking me back in memory to my home in Virginia. I hope to get to one of the services, but as the Czech commandant is coming to see me, I may be kept here all of the morning. In the afternoon I have a service for our train staff, but as none of them are Episcopalians, and we have no Prayer Books, and none of the Czechs except my interpreter understands English, it will have to be a very informal ceremony. The Czechs who are very musical will perhaps sing for us some of their own hymns. Sunday is not much of a rest day in wartime, but as ours is an errand of mercy I do not feel any compunction about keeping busy.

Yesterday, we came through a region of beautiful scenery. We arrived at Lake Baikal about nine in the morning. The railway follows the lake circling the southern end and coming a considerable distance up the west coast. Everywhere we had wonderful views of the lake with snow covered mountains for a background. The sunset was superb. We were just at the south east corner. The surface of the lake was a sea of shining gold, turning to saffron and lavender in the distance, and bounded by pink and purple mountains. In the morning we passed through the battlefield where General Gajda practically annihilated the Bolshevik army. The train was stopped so that the Czechs could have a commemoration ceremony. Their singing of

the Czech national anthem was very impressive. We saw many evidences of the fight, dug-outs, overturned and shell battered cars, the tunnel which was blown up, also many graves in which the killed were buried. The Czech officers explained to me in detail the tactics of the battle. A man has just come who offers to carry my letters east. I have run into a serious refugee situation here. It has turned suddenly cold and people are literally freezing. The deep snow makes it difficult to get about.

In Irkutsk, I was able to secure from the American consul, Mr. Harris, and from the Czech commandant much valuable information about the refugee situation and the Czech army. The consul, who impressed me as a very able man, told me that great numbers of Russians were pouring into Siberia, but that the basic responsibility for taking care of these refugees would and should be assumed by the Siberians themselves. He thought, therefore, that the American Red Cross might well confine its efforts to looking after non-Russian refugees and to helping the Siberians secure medical supplies and such other necessary articles as were not procurable locally. There would be certain emergency situations in which our help would be needed. In particular he told me of a large group of children in the Ural Mountain section for whose care no provision had been made. When the Bolshevik revolution started, these children had been sent there for safety, but in the ensuing disorders were completely cut off from any communication with their parents, many of whom had been killed by the Bolsheviks. They were left with no resources and with no one to look after them. He felt that the Red Cross should make these children their special concern. On his recommendation I sent telegrams both to Dr. Teusler and to Washington asking for authorization to assume this responsibility and for the money that would be needed to carry on this work.

The Czech commandant emphasized the need of the establishment of an evacuation and base hospital reasonably near the fighting front. Owing to the over crowding of hospitals further west, the newly wounded had to be brought some 2,000 miles to Irkutsk, where already the facilities for caring for them were inadequate. Also, he told me that the army was woefully lacking in medical supplies. They had practically no bandages, so that the suffering of the wounded during their long journey was intense. He thought that I would find at Omsk

members of the Czech National Council with whom I could arrange the details of our plans for work.

In Irkutsk, I had several conferences with the leaders of the local relief organization. Among them was a highly educated Russian woman who spoke English perfectly. She gave me a very clear account of the situation in that section of Siberia, emphasizing the need of medical supplies for the local hospitals. The difficulty was to get her and most of the educated Russians whom I met, to distinguish between what was ideally desirable and what was essential to meet the requirements of an emergency situation. The lists of medicines asked for looked to me like a copy of the *materia medica*, so that we had to decide ourselves what were the things actually needed to carry on during the emergency period.

Before leaving Irkutsk the American Consul handed me a telegram which instructed me to investigate the possibilities of securing supplies of meat should the American army be sent west. Apparently the news that meat might be wanted preceded me up the line. At Novonikolaevsk I was awakened at three o'clock in the morning by a man who was eager to sell his sheep to the U. S. Government. He talked to me until breakfast time describing in detail the superior quality of his sheep, a subject about which I was profoundly ignorant. I find among my papers the following telegram to the Red Cross in Vladivostok. "Five thousand sheep offered at Novonikolaevsk averaging 59 pounds meat net at seventeen dollars gold each. Price considered high. Lower quotations at Omsk, but uncertain how many obtainable. Notify authorities interested."

As the American army never went west, my negotiations with the sheep dealer were time wasted, but I mention the incident as an illustration of the curious things I was called upon to do during this Siberian expedition.

After leaving Irkutsk we passed through many miles of country that was alternately jungle and what appeared to be rich farming land. A letter written on October 17th from the junction from which a short branch line goes to Tomsk tells of the serious refugee situation which we encountered as we proceeded westward. "Russians are pouring into Siberia as a result of the Bolsheviki advance in the Samara section. They are killing large numbers of the most intelligent people, so that in threatened districts there is nothing to do but flee. At each station we pass long lines of box cars packed with men, women and children

who have no other home. How they manage to keep alive I do not know. Food is not only expensive, but often cannot be bought at any price. Flour is rationed and in most places one person is allowed to buy only three pounds of black flour a month. This is practically their only food and in some places no rationing tickets are issued to newcomers. This, added to the bitterly cold weather, causes great suffering. On most of the box cars there are no stoves. It seems terrible not to be able to help them, but we have to confine our efforts to non-Russian refugees or to cases of special emergency, leaving the Siberians to look after the great bulk of the Russians who are now pouring in. We are pushing westward as rapidly as possible so as to get our doctors and nurses started on work in the evacuation hospital that we have been asked to establish near the fighting front."

October 20th (near Omsk) (To my Mother)

There is not much encouragement for letter writing in this part of Siberia, as the postal service is not working. Further east we sometimes found a messenger to carry letters to Harbin, but no one here goes beyond Irkutsk. It is just three weeks since we left Vladivostok. In normal times the trip to Omsk takes six days. We sometimes do not make more than one hundred miles a day, making long stops at every station. For my special work, however, this has been an advantage as I have been able to investigate the refugee situation pretty thoroughly. The Siberians here in the west have assumed responsibility for refugees from Russia, but there are a large number of Servians, Armenians and other non-Russian people scattered all along the railway with no one to look after them. From Irkutsk I wired the Red Cross in Washington asking for funds to enable us to deal with the situation, but have not as yet had a reply. All I can do therefore, is to make preliminary arrangements and leave some one to carry them out in case the money is forthcoming. Another difficulty is the impossibility of purchasing supplies locally. Flour can be bought in the Omsk section, but everything else will have to be ordered from Harbin or from Japan. Siberia is practically destitute of all kinds of materials. I have inspected the shops at our various stopping places and find their shelves almost empty. The little that is available is held at exorbitant prices by speculators. Transportation is so limited that it is difficult to see how we can get things here in time to prevent suffering even if we are granted the necessary funds. Winter has already commenced. For the

past four days a fierce blizzard has been raging with the thermometer down to five degrees Farenheit. Most of the refugees live in box cars with practically no heat and inadequate clothing. The railway stations which are partially heated are filled with people sitting or lying on the floor.

This section of Siberia is very flat, but is a splendid farming country, reminding one of Illinois or Iowa. I would not, however, care to live in a place where they have zero weather in October. The people look like bears, all wrapped up in furs and with enormous shaggy high caps. They seem kindly enough and one wonders what has become of the Bolsheviks who caused so much trouble last spring. We have seen abundant evidences of their ravages in shot-up houses, burned bridges and hundreds of wrecked cars. In Siberia, thanks to the Czechs, they are pretty well in hand now though reports from beyond the Urals indicate great disorder. At the various stations along our route we have heard rumors of great Allied victories. Apparently there is much reason to hope for a speedy ending of the war, but we cannot trust the news reports here in Siberia. At Omsk we hope to get something reliable from the consulate. When I last heard of Gus he was on the Ekaterinburg front. I may see him when I go to that section to investigate the groups of refugee children.

When we reached Omsk I found that none of the Czech authorities with whom I had to negotiate regarding our work were in the city. The senior general of the army had his headquarters in Chelyabinsk and the civil government as represented by the Czech National Council was at Ekaterinburg. We, therefore, stayed in Omsk only long enough to consult with the vice-consul, Mr. Gray, in regard to the possibility of securing a building for a base hospital and to get as much information as possible about the refugee relief problem. Mr. Gray was very cooperative. He took me to see some of the officials of what was known as the All Russian Government. This name represented an aspiration rather than a reality. It was one of the attempts on the part of the White Russians to establish an anti-Bolshevik regime, which like all of the others resulted in complete failure. The impression which I gathered from my brief contact with the All Russian Government was distinctly unfavorable. The official whom I visited was in charge of home affairs. He looked like a poet with his long silver-gray hair, dreamy eyes and refined face. He was very profuse in his promises of cooperation, none of which, as I afterwards learned, were fulfilled.

Later, I was told that the only way to get any action from him was through a financial contribution. This may not have been true, but the people generally seemed to think that this government was dishonest. The only exception was Admiral Kolchak, who was secretary of war. He was considered capable and scrupulously honest. The Siberians, however, suspected him of designing to bring back the old regime. This perhaps was one of the contributing causes of his failure to maintain the government when later on he assumed its leadership by a *coup d'etat*.

While in Omsk I was able to secure a good deal of information about the children whom we were instructed to look after. While I was not able to do much about them myself, through Mr. Gray I met several Russians who were interested in them, and who undertook to collect further information and to work out suggestions as to how they could be cared for to be handed over to my successor, Mr. Thompson, upon his arrival with Dr. Teusler on the second sanitary train.

The only other incident that I remember connected with this stay in Omsk was seeing a long line of carts loaded with gold bullion. This gold had been seized by the Czech army when they captured Samara. They sent it to Omsk to be handed over to the custody of the All Russian Government. The original amount was said to be 60,000,000 dollars. When that Government collapsed, the report is that General Seminoff seized 2,000,000 dollars of it and fled with it to Manchuria. However, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this rumor, nor do I know what became of the rest of the sixty million.

I do not remember much about the trip from Omsk to Chelyabinsk. Soon after my arrival there I went to call on General Sirove. His headquarters were on a train. The first man we met there looked like a janitor, but when I told him that I was looking for General Sirove, he replied, "I am he." The Czechs are very democratic and even the higher officers do not have any special insignia to distinguish them from the private soldiers. However, I soon found that the General was no ordinary man. He had a thorough grasp of the situation and wasted no time in making decisions. While he had a patch over one eye, the other one impressed you as being doubly efficient, so that nothing escaped his attention. He will be remembered as the prime minister of Czecho-Slovakia at the time when the Germans took over that country. After a brief talk he called in the chief surgeon of the army. The following telegram to Dr. Teusler sums up the results of our conference:

Arrived last night Chelyabinsk—stop—Met this morning General Sirove chief commander Czech Army who gave us warm welcome and wished us to work as a unit in way approving itself to us—stop—He requested we settle concrete program in consultation with chief surgeon Konopasek—stop—Lewis (one of our doctors) and I in interview with Konopasek agreed on following general program. Establish immediately with present personnel and equipment two hundred bed hospital at Tumen—stop—At Omsk soonest possible twelve hundred bed base hospital—stop—At nearest point where building available probably Petropavlosk five hundred bed convalescent hospital—stop—Main supplies warehouse at Omsk with probably secondary warehouse at Chelyabinsk—stop—Konopasek expects information tomorrow about building Tumen will also help secure servants and sanitary staff—stop—We work as separate section Czech medical service controlling our own work and coordinating through chief of sanitary service—stop—Later we may expand scope as seems advisable—stop—Konopasek showed every desire to meet our wishes and give us free hand—stop—Requests Gutelius (Red Cross dentist) start dental work Chelyabinsk will give him rooms in hospital and five assistants—stop—Asks we establish two more dental bases four chairs each and furnish six dentists with equipment for work with regiments—stop—Dental work pressingy needed advise you do all possible secure men and equipment—paragraph.

Full equipment needed for large base hospital. We have hardly enough for Tumen and must use any excess to supply pressing needs Czech hospitals—stop—Must hurry preparations. Already four hundred Czech wounded in trains with no place to discharge—stop—Flour, meat, butter procurable locally other food supplies for hospital must be imported—stop—Konopasek reports eighth regiment highly pleased with American doctors' (my brother Gus and Claude Lee) work in recent heavy fighting—stop—I must return to Japan by December 1st—Will get things started and put Lewis in charge pending your arrival.

General Sirove asked me to go to Ekaterinburg and submit this plan to the Czech National Council for their approval. He authorized us to begin work immediately on the Tumen Hospital. Ekaterinburg is on the northern branch of the Siberian Railroad and is connected with Chelyabinsk by a branch line. Tumen is between Ekaterinburg

and Omsk. At Ekaterinburg I left the train, sending it with its doctors and nurses to begin work on the Tumen hospital.

Fortunately for me one of our Red Cross commissioners, Mr. Preston, was in Ekaterinburg at this time performing a mission for the U. S. Government. He had a small but comfortable train on which he very kindly gave me living quarters. Mr. Preston had for some years been the representative of the Walkover Shoe Company in Russia. He knew the language and the customs of the people. I never knew the exact nature of his mission, but one part of it was the purchase of platinum, which was much needed in connection with our war activities. This had to be carried on secretly. The Russians would come to the car at night bringing little bags of platinum ore. Except for its weight one might have mistaken it for gravel or sand. We had on the car a mining engineer, Mr. Smith, who would inspect and evaluate the ore, which when the purchase was completed would be stored under our bunks. During the day we were besieged by men from the mountains, who wanted to sell us all kinds of precious stones. We were not very good customers, though I did buy a few stones, which our mining engineer recommended as a good bargain, although neither Mrs. Tucker nor I ever found any use for them. Ekaterinburg apparently before the war had been a great center for furs. While there I visited an enormous warehouse, which was literally crammed full of pelts, including many which would have brought an enormous price, so I was told, could they have been shipped to our western cities. However, I resisted the owners' plea to purchase them at what they claimed was a ridiculously low price, as my knowledge of furs was a minus quantity.

General Gajda, who was the commander of the northern Czech army, had his headquarters in the house where the Czar and Czarina with their children had been confined. He gave me a room for our Red Cross office. He and Mr. Preston accompanied me in my visits to the Czech National Council. After what seemed like endless discussions, they gave approval to the plans which General Sirove and his surgeon general had suggested for our work, except that they wanted the convalescent hospital located at Tomsk rather than at Petropavlosk.

While I was in Ekaterinburg, General Gajda was investigating the circumstances connected with the assassination of the Czar. The balance of evidence tended to show that he and the members of his family were shot in the cellar of the house in which they were imprisoned. I was shown what was said to be the Czar's pencil writing

on the wall of his room and also some rough writing on a window pane that the Czarina was supposed to have scratched with her diamond ring. In the cellar where it is thought they were shot there were bullet holes and blood stains. After they were killed, their bodies were taken out to an old mine and covered with lime, according to reports which General Gajda received from people who claimed to be eye-witnesses. The reliability of these reports is somewhat doubtful. There was no question, however, as to the cruelty of the Bolsheviki regime in Ekaterinburg. They shot in cold blood without any provocation a large number of quiet inoffensive citizens, and leading men of the city. The Czechs showed me photographs of the bodies of these men which they had found in the surrounding fields to which they had been taken and shot. By the time I reached Ekaterinburg the Bolsheviki had either fled or were keeping out of sight so that there was no opportunity to hear their version of what had taken place.

The Czech northern front was about 120 versts beyond Ekaterinburg. Just at the time I was there, the Eighth Regiment, with which my brother, Gus, and Claude Lee were serving, was called back for a rest. At my request the division surgeon allowed the two doctors to come to my car for a week's furlough. Despite the fact that they had just been through two battles and had been several times bombed by Bolsheviki planes, they were in good condition except for a few bruises from a train wreck. The Czechs spoke highly of the fine service they had rendered and of their coolness under fire.

After about nine days in Ekaterinburg I was fortunate enough to secure transportation to Tumen, where I wished to inspect the hospital that our doctors were establishing. A young Cossack Colonel offered me a place in his car. He was dressed in a very elaborate uniform of bright red lined with ermine. When I met him at the car at two o'clock in the morning, he insisted upon my joining him in a repast of bread, cheese and tea. Our conversation was limited by the fact that he spoke only Russian, although a veterinary surgeon who accompanied us did his best to interpret for us in very broken English. His car was a kind of caboose, so that we were rather crowded for bed space, but on the whole it was an interesting trip. At Tumen I found that the doctors had made fine progress in converting a college building which had been turned over to them, into a hospital ready to receive patients. It was one of the best-equipped educational institutions that I have ever seen, with fine laboratories, marble stairways, a good

library and all the other accessories needed for high grade educational work. Unfortunately, it was situated in a community where there were few elementary schools and where most of the people were illiterate, so that, as was so often the case in Russia, it served only a small proportion of the population. As it had been closed for some time owing to war conditions, the Russian authorities were willing to comply with the Czech request that it should be loaned to the Red Cross for use as a hospital. By the time that I arrived our doctors were ready to receive patients, though they gave me a long list of articles needed to enable them to operate at full capacity.

After two days at Tumen I secured passage to Omsk on a Bolsheviki prisoner train. I had a bunk in a passenger car reserved for the Czech officers. The prisoners were huddled together in box cars. They were a miserable looking lot and I felt sorry for them as they were apparently given very little food and no heat at all though the temperature was below zero. Even the car in which I rode was cold and extremely dirty. After my arrival at Omsk I was told that many of these prisoners were ordered to be shot in retaliation for the treacherous conduct of the Bolsheviki in the battle in which they had been captured. They had put up a white flag in token of surrender and then had fired on the Czechs when they approached to negotiate the terms, killing a large number of them.

I spent a busy week in Omsk helping Dr. Teusler get the base hospital opened and making the final arrangements to hand over the relief work to my successor, Mr. Thompson. On my arrival there I was very hungry as I had not been able to secure any food during the long trip from Tumen on the Bolsheviki prisoner train. In order to reinforce my inner man, I rushed off to a very fine Russian restaurant. They handed me a long menu which without my interpreter who had been left behind in Ekaterinburg, I could not read. So I pointed to an item about the middle of the sheet in the hope that it would be something nourishing, but when the waiter returned he presented a tall goblet containing a pale looking ice. As the thermometer was near zero, this was too much like carrying ice to Iceland. Fortunately, the man at the next table was being served with a steak sizzling over a pan of red hot charcoals. My waiter apparently interpreted my yearning look as a new order, so that I was soon able to join my neighbor in a steak feast.

While in Omsk, Dr. Teusler and I were invited to a luncheon party by the French Special Ambassador to Siberia to meet the newly arrived French Consul and his staff. The Consul had come to Omsk by way of Archangel and Novaya Zembya over the frozen, barren regions of North Siberia. He had brought with him a wireless outfit and expected that mornnig to get a direct message over it from the European war area. The message which he brought to the luncheon was an account of the Armistice which had been concluded just a few hours previously. As this was the first reliable news that we had received from the war zone for several weeks, the reading of the message created a tremendous sensation. Some of the guests were French officers who had been incapacitated by wounds and sent on a mission to Siberia. They wept from joy, so that altogether it was a very affecting scene. The Ambassador and his French cook must have known what was coming, for they had prepared a meal worthy of the occasion.

A day or so later Colonel Preston arrived at Omsk with his train. As I was due to meet Dr. Wood in Kyoto in early December, I had arranged to go east with him. After turning over to my successor the superintendence of refugee relief my official responsibilities came to an end, though Dr. Teusler asked me to check up on relief activities in the various places where our train made sufficiently long stops. Also he wished me to find some way to deal with the groups of Armenian refugees scattered along the railroad. They were causing a good deal of trouble because of their refusal to stay put in places where they could be looked after. Our instructions were, not to let them proceed to Vladivostok—which was already overcrowded—until some provision could be made for transporting them by ship to their final destination. One group near Irkutsk brought me a telegram from Vladivostok asking that they be sent on, as a ship had been secured to carry them to America or wherever it was they were going. The Irkutsk consul who had had a great deal of trouble with them was delighted to let them proceed. When he wired to the consulate at Vladivostok that they were on their way, he discovered that the telegram which they had produced was a fake, sent at their request by friends or fellow countrymen in Vladivostok in the name of the American authorities. They were halted somewhere down the line. While the Irkutsk consul was provoked at the deception, I think that he was rather pleased to be relieved of the responsibility of caring for this particular group.

When we reached the zone occupied by the Japanese troops who had been sent into Siberia from Korea, we had difficulty because they always insisted upon inspecting our train. Preston was afraid that they might discover the platinum which he had concealed in one of his cars. The entrances to this car were kept locked, but the Japanese soldiers would try to climb up on the coupling pins and get in through the end door. We had on the train a sergeant who had served for many years in the U. S. regular army. He was a hard-boiled, fierce looking individual. While we were stopping at stations he would stand guard at the end door. Generally, the Japanese soldiers would take a look at him and turn away. Once, when I was standing just back of him, I saw a Japanese soldier climbing up on the coupling pin. The sergeant waited until he had attained a position of precarious balance and then gave him a kick which sent him sprawling back on the station platform. I thought we were certainly in for trouble, but the soldier got up and walked quietly away. There was something about that old sergeant that seemed to inspire awe even in the most officious Japanese private soldier.

At Harbin I left Preston's train and went to Dairen by the south Manchurian railway. As I was given a compartment which was ordinarily reserved for General Stephen's use, it was a very luxurious trip. At Dairen I secured passage on a steamer to Kobe and after a pleasant voyage reached Kyoto on December 5th, just three weeks from the time I had left Omsk. My effort to get back in time to meet Dr. Wood proved fruitless. He had come to Kyoto a few days before I arrived and as I was not there went on to Manila, postponing his visit to my diocese until the following January. This was very fortunate as it gave me an opportunity to get reacquainted with my family and to catch up on the business which had accumulated during my four months' absence. A letter written to my father on December 19th will give some idea of my activities after my return.

"I have just finished reading two very delightful home letters. Mother has had bad luck with the censor. Her letters look as though the children had been cutting paper dolls out of them, but what gets through is so interesting that we feel amply compensated. My work in Siberia was fascinating, bringing me into contact with nearly all the leaders in East Russia and Siberia and enabling me to play a part, albeit a very minor one, in many of the scenes of the tragic but exciting drama that is being enacted along the great railway that connects the

Ural Mountains with the Pacific. It was not all tragedy, being interspersed with comic episodes that gave opportunity for many a good laugh. I feel that I was able to render some useful service. I was away much longer than I had planned, but left as soon as someone could be found to take my place. Dr. Teusler wishes me to return after Christmas but the need for me here is so great that unless an unforeseen emergency arises, I shall stick by my duties in the diocese.

"During my absence a great deal of work has accumulated. Our staff is much depleted owing to sickness, war service, furloughs and resignations. I have, therefore, to do many things that ordinarily would fall to the clergy of the diocese. On the whole the work is going well, though the influenza epidemic has played havoc with advance evangelistic efforts and high prices combined with unfavorable exchange have brought about a crisis in our finances. Our Japanese workers have been measuring up splendidly to their responsibilities. I have just had word from the Church in Sakai that it will become completely self-supporting from January 1st. The congregation of St. John's, Osaka, have raised 6,000 yen towards the building of a parish house. Altogether I feel that our clergy and congregations are realizing more and more their responsibility for the spiritual welfare and the financial support of their church. On Saturday I shall ordain three men to the priesthood, one of them being Mr. Abe who was formerly a student at the Virginia Seminary.

"The family are all well except Lillian (Mrs. Tucker). She has never been really well since our last return from America. Japan is a bad country for one who is run down. I do not know whether it is the climate or the conditions of life, but we find that the only way to ensure recovery is to send people home for a rest. I have reservations for the family on the *Shinyo Maru* leaving Kobe on March 16th. While I hate the idea of letting the family take the trip without me, it will be impossible for me to get away until after I have finished my confirmation visitations."

Shortly after my return I received a commission as Major in the American Expeditionary Force. Apparently it was sent to me in Siberia, but never caught up with me there. So far as my work there was concerned, I do not think that the military title would have added to my efficiency, so that I did not regret my ignorance of it.

Preparation for Future Japanese Leadership

1919

As the General Convention was to meet in Detroit in October, Mrs. Tucker and I decided to postpone the family's departure for America until the summer when I could accompany them. We also decided—on the advice of our doctor—that she and the children should remain in America until the following Convention. We were much concerned about the health of our elder son, so that it seemed advisable to see whether a change of climate would not enable him to regain his strength. This proved to be a wise decision. His physical condition proved to be much more serious than we had realized, for after a long period of observation, our American doctors decided that both of the children must be kept permanently in the United States. This was to raise a problem about the continuance of my own service in Japan, which, however, I did not anticipate when I was making plans for their prolonged stay at home.

In my visits to the various mission stations during the winter and spring of 1919, I found encouraging evidence of the progress being made in self-support and self-leadership. For example, I find the following account in my diary of a visit made on January 5th to two small churches in the Nara Prefecture. "In the morning I went to Yagi, where I preached, administered the Holy Communion and confirmed a class of one. The work here is promising. The congregation have of their own accord and with their own money purchased a fine piece of land next to the Middle School. They are also making an effort to raise a building fund and ask the mission's assistance. Sometime ago I had told them, that if they would buy suitable land, I would do what I could to help them place a building on it. In the afternoon I went to Takata. I met the vestry and congregation in Mr. Sue's house, where

we had dinner together. Despite the death of two members of the vestry, the church is in good condition. At the evening service we had the largest congregation that I have ever seen there. The catechist presented a confirmation class of six." In this Prefecture we had no foreign priests. The responsibility for evangelistic work and for its financing was assumed by the Japanese clergy. Each year they made up a budget for the Prefecture as a whole and after determining how much of it could be raised locally, made application for mission help in providing the extra amount needed to carry out their plans. It was gratifying to find that this resulted in an increase in local giving and a decided decrease in mission subsidies. The same principle was followed in the provision of equipment.

In order to furnish an incentive for self-support, we had a rule that a church would be entitled to have an ordained priest for its pastor provided it paid at least one-third of his salary. During the spring the churches in Fukui and Kanazawa notified me that they were ready to meet this condition and asked for the ordination to the priesthood of the deacons who were serving them. In the case of Kanazawa this was mere routine as they had been meeting this condition for many years and just happened at this period to have a deacon pastor, but in Fukui it signified real progress in self-support. I may add that both of these deacons had fulfilled the canonical requirements for ordination and had demonstrated their eligibility for the priesthood by their Christian character and their practical ability. It is interesting to note that the Kanazawa deacon, Mr. Sasaki, is at present the Bishop of the Diocese of Kyoto. Mr. Yagi, the deacon at Fukui, was one of the seven men, whose irregular consecration to the Episcopate during the late war, created a real problem in the rehabilitation of the Church after peace had been restored. Most of the seven have been received back into the Church and are serving as priests with the status of "bishops without jurisdiction."

This policy of developing Japanese leadership and of putting responsibility for support and government upon the Japanese workers and people was not uniformly successful. As is always the case, its success depended upon the quality of the worker. In reading through my diary I find occasional comments like the following: "During the two years that this catechist has been serving in . . . we haven't had even a nibble." What to do with such men was a real problem, especially when they were comparatively young and their only fault

was incompetence. Some few of them responded to treatment. The rest we had to endure until we could find some other more suitable occupation for them or provide for their "honorable" retirement. On the other hand, a few of our catechists who were sadly lacking in scholarly attainments were splendid evangelists. Two such men, Nagata and Urabe, who were outstanding for their evangelistic work, were, after more than 40 years of faithful and successful service, with the consent of the Standing Committee and the courtesy of the examining chaplains ordained deacons. The Japanese invented the title, "Honorary Deacons," for these two patriarchs.

This emphasis upon Japanese leadership, quite apart from its merits, was rendered necessary by the gradual depletion of our force of foreign clergy. With the retirement of Messrs. Ambler and Dooman, and the return of Mr. Gifford to America in 1920, we were left with only three priests, Chapman, Smith and Hubard Lloyd. Practically all of the more developed places were under the charge of Japanese clergy. The foreigners were for the most part used to superintend pioneer evangelistic work and small stations where we had resident catechists. They also rendered valuable service as advisers of the Japanese clergy and in training the younger men. There were also certain student centers where a foreign worker would have been extremely useful. As the prospect for securing new foreign clergy, who could adjust themselves to the kind of work for which they were needed, was very uncertain, it seemed wise to formulate plans on the assumption that the future leadership of the church would be overwhelmingly Japanese. We were rapidly approaching the point where foreign missionary bishops would be replaced by Japanese in Tokyo and Osaka. This process once begun would, in my opinion, gradually be extended to cover the whole of the work. It was the part of wisdom, therefore, to prepare for this eventuality. In addition to the emphasis upon the development of qualified leadership and local self-support, there were three problems which required attention—equipment, the financing of advance evangelistic work, and the maintenance of schools, hospitals and other philanthropic institutions.

In 1919 I began a study of the equipment needs which I thought should be met during a ten year period. While this survey was not completed until the following year, it will be convenient while on this subject to give a summary of my findings. Of the fifty-four places where we had organized work, there were 15 in which we had neither

land nor buildings. In others, the land owned was insufficient for present needs. Bishop Williams in purchasing property gave no thought to future development, which was unfortunate as in his time, land could have been secured for a fraction of what it cost later on. Our work usually began with one building, which served as church, parish house and rectory. My problem was to study each place in order to determine the additional equipment needed to enable the work to be properly carried on during the first stage of Japanese leadership. Also, I had to estimate how much the Japanese, themselves, could reasonably be expected to furnish of the amount needed. The results were arrived at after frank and long conferences with the people in each place and with our experienced Japanese workers, so that the estimates were not mere guess work on my part. I also made an estimate of what would be needed for new work in places which I felt sure we would enter during the next ten years. The amounts needed for these two purposes were as follows:

(a) Work already established	\$352,500 (gold dollars)
(b) New evangelistic work	50,000
	\$402,500

I also worked out a method of financing:

Money available from revolving building fund	\$ 50,000
Money available, sale of old property	15,000
Japanese contributions (12½% of amount needed for work already established)	44,00
Saving from rentals	25,000
Unavoidable postponements (10%) in (a)	35,250
	\$169,250

When this was deducted from the total amount needed it meant that during the 10-year period we would have to secure from the American Church 223,500 dollars. I felt reasonably sure that we could obtain this amount of aid. At least it represented the amount which I felt the home church could reasonably be asked to invest in the effort to carry its missionary work in Japan forward to the next stage in its development. As a matter of fact I think that more than this amount of equipment was provided during the next ten or fifteen years. The benefits which I prophesied would be derived from it were, however, rudely interrupted by the outbreak of the Second World War.

The revolving building fund mentioned in the above table was made possible by the sale in December of St. Barnabas' Hospital property and foreign residences in Kawaguchi, the former foreign concession in Osaka. We had had no missionaries resident there since old Dr. Laning's retirement, with the exception of Miss Bull. Kawaguchi had become a business area, which, while enhancing the value of the property, made the location very unsuitable for hospital purposes. The old wooden building was in bad repair and was a fire risk. Young Dr. Laning had moved his residence to Kobe and a large part of his time was given to practice among the foreign residents there. His successor, Dr. McSparran, had hardly begun his efforts to resuscitate the work at St. Barnabas' when he was called to lend a hand at St. Luke's, Tokyo, during Dr. Teusler's absence in Siberia. We were faced with the alternatives of abandoning our medical work or selling the property and rebuilding the hospital in a more suitable location. The following extract from a letter written March 2nd will indicate what a tedious process the sale involved. "I am busy trying to engineer a big real estate transaction, the sale of our St. Barnabas property and foreign residences. We have been offered 450 yen a tsubo, but are holding out for 500, which everyone but the prospective purchasers consider the proper price. The Japanese method of buying and selling land always reminds me of that famous mercantile transaction between Abraham and Ephron about the cave of Machpelah, but somehow I cannot emulate Abraham's skill in trading. However, as the land originally cost us about 2 yen a tsubo, we shall in any case make enough profit to pay for everything the Mission has spent for work in Osaka since its beginning." When I left in June, the negotiations were still going on, so that I gave Dr. McSparran a power of attorney with instructions not to sell for less than 475 yen a tsubo. By some misunderstanding he finally let it go for 450 yen, the price which I had already turned down. However, as the survey showed that there was more land than we had estimated, the amount received in cash 582,754 yen, was, even after deducting commission fees more than I had expected to receive. The Mission Board granted my request to set aside something over 100,000 yen for a Kyoto Diocesan Loan Fund. The balance, with the interest which it earned, was sufficient to build a new St. Barnabas and to help our Osaka churches provide the equipment needed in preparation for the establishment of Osaka as an independent diocese.

Our strongest congregation was Christ Church, Kawaguchi. For years they had been worshipping in a small, rather dilapidated frame structure. They had been accumulating a building fund which though very substantial was still not large enough to erect the kind of church and parish house that would be needed in the new diocese. We were able to supplement what they had themselves raised from the proceeds of the sale sufficiently to make possible the building of a fine brick church. Christ Church was not only our strongest parish numerically and financially, but also under the aggressive leadership of its pastor, Mr. Naide, it gave a valuable lead to the diocese in evangelistic work. While during the last two years of the war, there had been throughout the diocese gratifying progress in financial self-support, I was somewhat concerned at a noticeable decrease in the number of confirmations. This might be attributed to the absorption of interest in war activities and to the phenomenal increase in the opportunities for making money. Financial prosperity and evangelistic zeal do not always go hand in hand. The adverse influence of these conditions did not seem to affect the evangelistic efforts of Christ Church, whose congregation was composed largely of Osaka business men. In the spring of 1919, Mr. Naide presented an unusually large class of 36 for confirmation. I mention this to indicate that in assisting them to build a new church we were following the principle of helping those who help themselves. Confirmation statistics are not by themselves an adequate gauge of evangelistic effectiveness. With a certain type of worker an unusually large class arouses the suspicion that you are being presented a harvest of tares rather than good wheat. In new places several years may pass before one can expect even aggressive evangelism to produce the right kind of converts. Then again, some of our catechists, after they had skimmed the cream from the community, lacked the capacity to bring Christianity to bear upon what was left with transforming effect. My experience, however, tended to show that when in the diocese as a whole, confirmations fell below 10 per cent of the existing number of communicants, one needed to feel some concern about the efficiency of our evangelistic work. After coming back from Siberia, in my visitations to places where we had catechists or young workers, I tried not only to stir up a more aggressive evangelistic spirit but also to do some "clinical" work along with the local man. Then I secured the cooperation of some of the older and more experienced evangelistic workers in following up my efforts. While the results were

not spectacular, both the size and quality of confirmation classes in the two years following showed a marked improvement. On the whole my visitations during the spring of 1919 gave me much cause for encouragement as an extract or so from my letters will indicate. (March 15th) "There was a very significant confirmation in Tsuruga on my visit there last Monday. The class consisted of a man and his wife. He is a very well known man in Tsuruga, notorious formerly for his dissipated life and his opposition to Christianity. Last year, without any warning, he sent for our pastor, Mr. Fukuroi, and told him that he wished to reform and become a Christian. Since that time his life has completely changed and he has become a very earnest member of the church. Tsuruga is one of our most difficult fields but the conversion of this man will undoubtedly make a dent in the general attitude of unfriendliness among the permanent residents." (April 29th) "Friday, I started off on my annual trip to the southern part of Wakayama Ken. Hubbard Lloyd met me at Wakanoura where we took a diminutive and very dirty craft for Yuasa. We were allowed to spread a blanket out on the top of the boat just in front of the pilot house. This kept us out of the dirt and allowed us to get full benefit of the beautiful scenery. Yuasa, itself, is an unattractive town, with narrow, filthy streets and many evil smells, lying between the mountains and a lovely harbor. We have a good old man there, who like Ambrose, was dragged from civil life into church work, but who unfortunately does not possess Ambrose's qualifications. This, combined with the difficulty of the field, makes progress almost imperceptible. There was to have been a confirmation but the two candidates were both ill. However, I baptized a woman and her baby, which was interesting as it gave us the first complete Christian family in Yuasa. There is one feature of infant baptisms in these rural places which might seem inappropriate to those not acquainted with Japanese customs. The mothers, in order to keep their babies quiet, nurse them all during the service. The following morning we embarked in another small steamer and after dodging in and out of a number of small ports reached Tanabe about four in the afternoon. For many years our work in this town seemed to make no progress. The people were opposed to Christianity and our catechist, Mr. Horiuchi was suspected by the authorities of holding socialistic views. However, his faith and determination finally prevailed over these obstacles. The policemen who were set to watch him were nearly all converted to Christianity, including the chief. During

the past five years the congregation has grown steadily until now we have some 40 communicants. On Sunday morning I confirmed a class of seven, all of them substantial citizens. Last December, Mr. Horiuchi was ordained Priest and has been put in charge of all the mission stations in the Tanabe section of the province. He is a great believer in the efficacy of street preaching. On this occasion we had a service just outside of the house of a man who is interested in religion, but who like Nicodemus is timid about making a public appearance in the Church. In this way we gave him the opportunity to hear two sermons!"

As attendance at the Detroit General Convention would necessitate absence from my diocese during the latter half of 1919, I had to spend the first half in almost continuous travelling. The ordination to the priesthood of a number of very able young deacons provided welcome leadership in places where I had been acting as Priest-in-charge. In one of my home letters written during this period I find the following remark: "It is wonderful what a variety of things a missionary bishop has to do. In addition to his responsibilities in the purely religious sphere he ought to be an expert carpenter, plumber, bookkeeper and be able to do a lot of other things which unfortunately were omitted from my training. However, I try to look wise and even venture to discuss tunes with the committee on the revision of the hymnal." Ideally, he ought to be able to delegate responsibility for some of these functions to members of his staff, but during this period, furloughs and sickness rendered this procedure impractical. Moreover, in debatable matters, the Japanese look to the "head-man" for the final decision. The broad interpretation which they seem to give to the "Grace of orders" while flattering is sometimes unrealistic.

As I mentioned before, on my return from Siberia to meet Dr. Wood I found that he had left for the Philippines with the intention of returning to Kyoto in January. While there he again changed his plans and notified me that he would make his visit to China first, and stop by Kyoto on his way back to America. He finally arrived on May 10th. As we were scheduled to go to America on the same steamer, I decided that the best plan would be for him to accompany me on my visitations, which had been arranged to cover practically every section of the diocese. In looking through my diary I find that we went to 32 churches and mission stations, ranging all the way from our largest church in Osaka to our smallest country preaching place. In each

place there was a Kangeikwai (welcome meeting) and some sort of religious service and a conference with the local workers. I was amazed at Dr. Wood's ability to grasp the pertinent points in each place that we visited. He knew almost as much about the Kyoto Diocese as I did and his suggestions as to what needed to be done to strengthen the work were nearly always constructive. Almost as amazing was his patience in listening to innumerable Japanese sermons and speeches. From the expression of interest in his face, you would conclude that the experience of Pentecost was being repeated, where everyone heard the disciples "speak in their own language." During the course of our trips we had three ordinations, many baptisms and confirmations, a two-day meeting of the diocesan convention, evangelistic preaching services for non-Christians and meetings of practically all of our diocesan committees. In short, Dr. Wood was given an opportunity to see almost every phase of our work in actual operation. It was a strenuous three weeks, but he seemed to enjoy eating Japanese food as though he had been brought up on it. The intimate knowledge which he acquired of the problems and opportunities of work in the Orient through such experiences enabled him to be both helpful to the missionaries and an exceptionally competent interpreter of the significance of our work to the church at home.

During the spring some of the representatives of the Church Missionary Society had approached me with a very interesting proposition, the transfer of the Momoyama School for boys to the American Mission. As this would involve a large capital expenditure for the purchase of the property and an annual appropriation for maintenance, I suggested that they be prepared to make the terms of their offer definite by the time of Dr. Wood's arrival. It seemed that the C.M.S. were finding it increasingly difficult to provide financial support for their two institutions, Poole School for girls and Momoyama for boys. I felt that it was exceedingly important to keep Momoyama going as it was the only Christian boys' school in Osaka. The first Episcopal school for boys in Japan had been established in Osaka by our American Mission. St. Timothy's, as it was called, for several years rendered splendid service, but was later on amalgamated with St. Paul's in Tokyo. The C.M.S. therefore, in suggesting that we take over the Momoyama School were asking us to reassume responsibility for educational work among boys. Just at that time, however, we were faced with the problem of rebuilding St. Barnabas' Hospital and we were in the midst of a very expensive

building program at St. Agnes' School, Kyoto. Dr. Wood felt, therefore, that it would be unwise for us to assume any additional financial commitments. He did undertake to present the proposal to the Board of Missions in New York, which proved to be a polite way of turning down a proposition by referring it to a committee. Fortunately the C.M.S. finances, which had been hard hit during the first world war, began in the following year to show signs of improvement. They were therefore, not too much disappointed when in the following year I announced the declination of their offer by the Board of Missions. The school continued to prosper under C.M.S. management. Its value from an evangelistic point of view is indicated by the fact that it furnished the Osaka area with a large proportion of its candidates for the ministry. During the Second World War its buildings were demolished in the bombing of Osaka. Our National Council has very properly, in my opinion, agreed to include in its rehabilitation program, financial aid to the rebuilding project.

There was considerable difference of opinion as to the future of St. Barnabas' Hospital. The Japanese clergy were in favor of having it rebuilt on a new site in Osaka. Dr. McSparran was in favor of transferring it to Kyoto. Dr. Wood and I had a conference with Drs. Teusler and McSparran at which after a good deal of discussion, it was decided to continue our medical work in Osaka. Some time later Dr. Teusler suggested the advisability of concentrating the funds available for medical work on the building of one large and well-equipped hospital in Tokyo. While I was heartily in favor of his plans for a new St. Luke's, I felt that the discontinuance of medical work in Osaka would be a serious mistake. For many years St. Barnabas' Hospital had been one of the mainstays of our evangelistic work. Even the finest hospital in Tokyo would not compensate for the loss of the influence exerted by a local institution. If the plan for the establishment of an independent diocese in Osaka was to be carried out, its success would be endangered by the use of the proceeds of the sale of our hospital property for an institution in a city so far distant as Tokyo. Should St. Barnabas be discontinued, I felt that the only alternative would be to use the available money for the purchase of the Momoyama School. This would at least assure the new diocese of one institution and remove the impression that it was being deserted and left to shift for itself by the home churches. Dr. Wood agreed with my point of view and the two medical doctors very graciously concurred. I may add

that the evangelistic value of St. Barnabas to the Osaka Diocese was seriously diminished by a decision which was made after I left Japan to place it under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Kyoto. This anomalous arrangement has recently been corrected so that in the future St. Barnabas should be an asset rather than a "thorn in the flesh" to the Bishop of Osaka.

On our visit to Sakai, Dr. Wood and I were lavishly entertained by old Mr. Yanagihara, whose Christian virtues I have mentioned in a previous portion of these memoirs. The old gentleman had two factories, one of which specialized in the manufacture of celluloid articles. After the luncheon, with a great deal of ceremony he presented Dr. Wood a celluloid bas-relief bust of President Wilson. As Dr. Wood was a good, conservative New York Republican, it was amusing to note his embarrassment when he realized the nature of the gift. Fortunately the interpreter transformed his rather halting acknowledgment into a glowing expression of appreciation so that the old gentleman did not suspect the inappropriateness of the gift.

When Dr. Wood notified me in 1918 of his proposed visit, I wrote a letter to our clergy and catechists. After explaining the significance and purpose of his visit, I made the following appeal:

In view of the importance of Dr. Wood's visit, I wish to urge the pastors and people to begin preparations to receive him. As to what kind of preparation is needed, the most important thing to my mind is to show Dr. Wood a work which is being thoroughly, zealously and successfully carried on.

We shall doubtless have many requests to make of the American Church through Dr. Wood. The best recommendations which we can offer for our requests is a work which is in vigorous and successful operation. There are two grounds upon which appeals for help are made. For example: Here are two congregations which wish to ask for help in erecting a church building. One says, "See what a small congregation we have, how few converts we make. Please help us to get a church building in order that by means of it we may succeed where we have hitherto failed." The second congregation says, "See how our congregation already more than fills this present building. Please help us to build a new one, because our success hitherto gives us every reason to believe that with better facilities we can accomplish a larger work."

When Dr. Wood comes, I hope that we shall be able to appeal to him for cooperation on the part of the American Church, not on the ground that we are not able to do anything at present because of lack of equipment, but rather on the ground that our past success has been so great that our present equipment is already inadequate and we need more to accomplish our expanding work. . . . I urge this particularly because so far this year the number of baptisms and confirmations throughout the diocese has been unusually small. Last year and the year before we had good results. We do not wish to welcome Dr. Wood with a falling off from that record. I sometimes wonder whether like boys in school who take a rest on the day following an undokwai (athletic field day), we have not to a certain extent relaxed our efforts after the strenuous evangelistic activities of the past two years. If so, let us bestir ourselves so that we may be able to show to this representative of the American Church, a work in active operation, which though it may seem small at the present time, holds out promise of accomplishing great results in the future." This part of my letter sounds like a specious appeal to self-interest, but at any rate it produced results. A year later at the Diocesan Convention, which Dr. Wood attended I was able to report:

"In a recent pastoral letter, attention was called to the comparatively small results of evangelistic work in the Diocese last year. The prospects for the present year are much brighter. Already this spring there have been nearly 50 per cent more confirmations than during the whole preceding twelve months and I have encouraging reports from all quarters as to inquirers. None of us, however, will feel that even this justifies satisfaction. If our Church is to fulfill the mission with which God has entrusted it, if it is to become an influence for righteousness in the communities of this diocese, it must address itself more zealously and more efficiently to the work of evangelization."

While the statistics for 1919 showed marked progress both in the number of converts and in financial contributions, yet they do not necessarily give a clear indication of the quality of the religious life of the diocese. David was punished for "numbering" the people. The following extract from a Lenten message is given to show that in Kyoto we were not unmindful of the danger of self-complacency arising from too great reliance upon numerical progress.

"In our own Church here in Japan we need carefully to remember the connection between service and worship. As I look over the

statistics for 1919, there is much room for encouragement in the fact that in almost every point they show progress over the preceding year. Especially do the financial contributions show a marked increase. If this is the result of increased spiritual strength, then we have much reason for congratulation. On the other hand, when we look at the statistics, we find that there is a decrease in the number of services and that apparently, there is an alarmingly large number of communicants who have not received the Holy Communion even once during the year. It is proverbially unsafe to rely upon statistics, but should these mean that the church is tending to neglect its worship, then the increase in money would be of no value. A church which stops praying, though it may seem to flourish for a while, will in the long run lose its power to render service. Of course the decrease in the number of services does not necessarily mean a decrease in true worship, but it does give reason for reflection as to whether the services of our church are really occasions of true communion with God for the people who attend them. Where the services are mere forms, sooner or later people begin to neglect them. When we go to church it must be with the determination to meet God there and to receive what He has to give us. Then when we leave the church it must not be with the feeling that our religious duty has been finished, but rather with the realization that what we have received in worship has been given us in order that we may go forth and perform some useful service to God and man. If we learn in this way to combine in our religious life Prayer and Service, then we may be sure that the progress which we find in our table of statistics will be real and we will have reason to hope for even greater growth in the years ahead." This admonition did not imply that our Japanese Christians fell exceptionally below the standards of devotion prevalent in other churches. Like the eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell they were not sinners above all men. The real difficulty was that in this respect they were too much like their brethren in the home churches. Also, it should be observed that a considerable proportion of the non-attendance at the Holy Communion was due to the fact that so many of our church members had moved to places where there was no Christian work. Our attempts to follow them up were handicapped by the inadequacy of our working staff.

After seven months of strenuous work it was a relief to board the steamer in June and look forward to seventeen days of uninterrupted

leisure. During the first half of the year I had visited every section of the diocese at least twice.

Practically all of the problems which require a missionary bishop's attention had been cleared up. While a new crop of them would undoubtedly grow up during my absence, I had come to know the diocesan situation well enough to anticipate their general character. I no longer felt as though I was standing on the brink of the crater of a volcano which might erupt at any moment. I had left behind me a group of Japanese leaders who were quite capable of steering the ship while the captain was, as it were, taking a nap. In my Convention address I had said that I thought the time was at hand when the Japanese church should have a bishop of their own race. Some of the clergy came to me afterwards and with customary politeness said, "We already have a Japanese Bishop." I replied that while I considered this a great compliment, yet I noticed that when some disagreeable question arose in which a decision would involve "loss of face" to some one, they always referred it to me. Then when my decision was announced, the loser would comfort himself with the reflection, "Well the Bishop is a foreigner. You could not expect him to know any better the real issue involved." What you need for real self-government is a leader of your own race in whose fairness and wisdom you have such confidence that you are willing to accept his decisions without making that kind of reservation.

As I have no letters written during the time that I was in America, my recollection of activities during that period are vague. After the death of Bishop Randolph in 1918, my father became automatically the Bishop of Southern Virginia and transferred his residence to Norfolk. Mrs. Tucker and I were able to rent a house not far from his home. The Detroit Convention changed the old Board of Missions into what we now know as the National Council, which meant among other things, combining religious education, social service and domestic and foreign missions in one organization.

The Doubling Movement

1920

I ARRIVED at Yokohama on February 3rd. Bishop McKim asked me to come to Tokyo for a conference concerning the increase of the salaries of Japanese workers. The phenomenal rise in the cost of living since the end of World War I worked great hardship on those who were dependent on salaries which had been adjusted to the era of cheap living. Our Japanese congregations had responded to this situation by a substantial increase in their contributions. This, however, did not help those workers whose salary was paid in part from the mission appropriation for under the existing rule we paid only the difference between what the congregation raised and the amount fixed in the old salary scale. The only remedy, therefore, was to adopt a new scale and for this we would have to get the approval of the National Council in New York. It took some time to secure this. I mention this incident as an illustration of the inconvenience caused by the system which did not allow the foreign missionary bishops any leeway in the use of funds. We had the money but we were bound by the terms of a budget which had been fixed almost a year previously. Personally I felt this so strongly, that I once offered to take a reduction of ten thousand dollars in my total appropriation, if I were allowed to use the remainder in accordance with the needs of changing situations. Thanks largely to Dr. Lewis B. Franklin this system was subsequently changed. The larger freedom given the bishops in the use of funds added greatly to efficiency and economy in the carrying on of our work.

From Tokyo I went to Kobe to attend a meeting of the Trustees of the Theological College with the Bishops to discuss the proposed affiliation of the Divinity School with St. Paul's College. Personally I was somewhat doubtful as to the wisdom of this proposal, but after a good deal of argument pro and con it was approved. From the point of view of St. Paul's it had the advantage of enabling the college to obtain

recognition as a University from the government. It also enabled the Theological College to confer degrees upon its graduates. My own fear was that the atmosphere of the Divinity School might become secularized and its freedom in adjusting its curriculum to the needs of the students might be restricted by government regulations, which apply to recognized universities. Some years later the arrangement was, I believe, discontinued, but whether this was for the above reasons I do not know.

As my family were in America, the Bishop's House was turned over to the Chapman family. I was provided with a room in the office building. The following extract from a letter written on February 21st gives a general description of living conditions in Japan at this period. "My room in Kyoto is very comfortable, with a grate fire that lends cheer and warmth as long as you sit close to it. I have the adjoining room fitted up for anyone who happens to stray in. My meals I take with the Chapmans. Everything is so expensive out here now that people have to live simply. Meat and desserts are out of the question, but Mrs. Chapman is very clever in providing substitutes. Beef is two yen a pound and coal forty-eight yen a ton. Other things are in proportion, so that even our ordinarily generous salaries do not enable people with families to make both ends meet. In fact most of my time since my return has been occupied with matters of finance. During my absence the extraordinary rise in prices brought about a deficit in every department of the work. The Churches, themselves, are doing well and if we can make the money hold out we shall have a good year."

Towards the end of February, I had to make a trip to Shanghai to act as one of the co-consecrators for Mr. Mosher, who had been elected Bishop of the Philippines at the Detroit Convention. During the few days that I spent in Shanghai, I was kept busy attending conferences. Bishop Graves and I discussed at length the problems involved in the creation of a native episcopate. He was interested in the prospect of establishing independent dioceses in Tokyo and Osaka within the next few years. He also favored the plan of having native suffragan bishops in the various missionary districts of China and Japan. In view of his reputation for being very conservative in regard to the transfer of authority to the native church, I was much gratified at his strong advocacy of the suffragan bishop policy. Believing as I did that the time was near at hand when we should have native leadership in the

episcopate, this seemed to me a real step in that direction. In Japan, however, after consultation with Dr. Motoda and other Japanese leaders, it was decided that we had better postpone any effort to have the Sokwai (General Convention) adopt the suffragan bishop plan until after the establishment of Tokyo and Osaka as independent dioceses.

Among the Japanese clergy of the Kyoto District there was a considerable amount of opposition to the plan of setting Osaka apart as an independent diocese. Some of the older men were fearful of being cut off from the financial aid of the home churches. While those of them whose parishes were not in the area of the proposed diocese would not really be affected, it seemed to them like the beginning of a process of diminishing foreign aid. The most troublesome opposition, however, came from two of our ablest clergymen who were leaders of what might be called the anti-Naide faction. It seemed very probable that Mr. Naide would be chosen as the Bishop of the proposed diocese. As the parish of one of the two was in Osaka Fu, the prospect of serving under the leadership of one with whom he had always been in violent disagreement was, to say the least, not very pleasant. He was a fine Christian man and while I did not agree with his attitude towards Naide, I could understand that with him it was a matter of principle. The problem was ultimately solved by leaving this parish in the Kyoto District. The opposition of the second clergyman was largely of a factional or political character. I had very little sympathy with him as his parish would not be under the jurisdiction of the new bishop. Another violent opponent was one of the English trained clergymen in the city of Osaka. The responsibility of clearing the way to the consummation of a measure that seemed of tremendous importance fell very largely on me. Bishop Foss of Kobe was whole-heartedly in sympathy with the proposal, but as his diocese would not be affected as much as mine, he let me take the lead in making the necessary arrangements and in conciliating the opposition. One of his clergy, whom I mentioned above as being violently opposed, used to pay me weekly visits. After discussing the matter at length, he would suggest that we kneel and pray about it, but as after each prayer his opposition was stiffened, I began to doubt the efficacy of prayer on the part of one whose mind was already made up. We had already decided not to bring the proposal up for final action at the 1920 Sokwai, so that I had three years in which to arouse enthusiastic backing for the establishment of the

diocese among our clergy and lay people. As the larger part of our Japanese contributions came from the Osaka churches, some of the laymen were fearful of the financial effect upon what was left of the Kyoto diocese. In the end, however, most of them were led to realize that the diocesan sacrifice would be more than compensated by the stimulating effect of an independent, Japanese led and supported diocese, upon the Church as a whole.

After my return from America in February of 1920 I sent a pastoral message to the clergy and people of the Kyoto Diocese describing the Nation Wide Campaign and urging the inauguration of a similar effort in Japan.

"My six months in America coincided with a great movement in the American Church known as the Nation Wide Campaign. The World War gave rise to serious social, moral and religious problems. It also aroused in the hearts of people a feeling of responsibility and a readiness for service. Their experience in the war taught the American people what great things can be accomplished when all of the people are aroused and their strength and wealth concentrated on some one purpose. The Church learned from this that if she is to fulfill her mission in the world she cannot leave the responsibility for her work to the clergy and to a small minority of her members, but that her whole membership must be mobilized and brought into action. The purpose of the Nation Wide Campaign was to engage the prayers and active support of the whole membership of the Church in the mission entrusted to it by God.

"It seems to me that the Church in Japan must also catch the spirit of the new age. . . . At this time when responsibilities press so heavily upon us, shall we not make an effort to enlist the interest of the whole membership of the Church in God's work? If in our Church there are large numbers who have grown cold, let us strive to bring them back into contact with God's Spirit. Let us pray and labor for a spiritual awakening. Let this message from one of the old prophets be our rallying cry in the present crisis:

'Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.'"

In response to this suggestion, a mass meeting of representatives from the parishes was held in Christ Church, Osaka. To quote from my diary: "After a celebration of the Holy Communion at ten o'clock, a

business meeting was held which lasted until five. A great deal of enthusiasm was developed and at the end, resolutions were passed to the effect that an effort should be made to double everything in the Diocese including the interest and spiritual life of our Christians. Also, it was resolved to concentrate upon a definite number of places with the purpose of bringing them up to self-support. A committee was appointed to take charge of this forward movement and over 300 yen was contributed by those present towards the expenses of carrying it on.

This Baikwa Undo, i.e. doubling movement, began with what the Japanese called Record Day, that is an attempt to bring the whole membership of the various parishes together at the Sunday morning service. The result of this attempt was very gratifying as far as numbers were concerned. In my report to the diocese after giving the attendance in each parish, I wrote: "What is the significance of these figures, what permanent use do we propose to make of this increased attendance on Record Day? If we simply write this record in our parish register and then return to our former attendance, Record Day will be of small permanent value. There are two things which Record Day should mean to us. First, it is the gathering together of the forces of Christ's Church for the purpose of enlisting the full strength of Christ's army in a great forward movement for the extension of His Kingdom. Secondly, the numbers on Record Day will represent to us a standard of attendance on public worship which it is our purpose to maintain in our various churches. It is easy to get together a large number of people on one Sunday, but the question which this suggests is, how many people can we get together every Sunday and how can we use these people in the work of Christ's Church?"

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." These words of Isaiah suggest to us three essentials for the success of our Forward Movement. They shall mount up with wings as eagles means enthusiasm; they shall run and not be weary, effort; they shall walk, perseverance. Record Day shows that it is comparatively easy to arouse enthusiasm, but if that enthusiasm is to produce permanent results, it must be followed by strenuous effort and strenuous effort must be accompanied by perseverance, which enables it to be maintained day after day in spite of obstacles, disappointments and weariness. This verse suggests one other requisite. The promise of enthusiasm, effort and perseverance is made to

those who wait upon the Lord. If our Movement is to succeed, those who gathered together on Record Day must make up their minds to draw near to God at least once every day in private prayer and once every week in public worship that they may renew their strength and derive from Him the enthusiasm, power and endurance necessary for success in His service."

I have described this movement at some length for two reasons. First, it did mark a turning point in the development of our work in Kyoto and secondly, it was planned and conducted by the Japanese themselves. After the effort had been well started, I was away from the diocese for some four months. On my return I made a careful study of the diocesan reports for 1920 and found that they showed a gratifying increase in church attendance, baptisms, confirmations, Sunday School membership and contributions. In another pastoral message after congratulating the diocese on this good achievement, I wrote: "The question now is what about the year 1921? A great effort to move forward is of value only when it is persisted in. One of the dangers of Christian work is the doing of it by fits and starts. First, a short period of intense activity and then a long period of exhaustion and indifference. It is important therefore, that we should in 1921 not only keep up the good record established in 1920, but even surpass it. We must be careful to include thoroughness in our idea of progress. We must strive for good Christians as well as many Christians. During 1920 many members have been added to the Church. 1921 will show us whether we have, with the help of God, been successful in converting the many into real Christians."

These quotations are taken from pastoral messages which were published monthly in our diocesan paper. As they were printed on the first page or two of the paper, I could be fairly sure that they would be read, so that they afforded a convenient method of conveying my ideas about the work to the clergy and people. Also, I tried to include in them a certain amount of sermon material for the catechists in outlying stations, whose libraries were very limited and their capacity for reading theological treatises still more so. In the May number of the paper, I gave my impressions of the General Synod which met in Kobe in early April. An interesting action of this Synod was an amendment to the canons making women eligible for election as members of vestries and as delegates to diocesan conventions. Also the six Northern provinces of North Tokyo were set apart as a separate missionary district

called Tohoku. A resolution was adopted concurring with the action of the Chinese Synod in regard to work among Japanese in China and Chinese in Japan. This affected me personally as I was subsequently chosen as the bishop to superintend the Japanese congregations in China and Manchuria. My concluding observation was "On the whole the attitude of the Synod was rather conservative. The tendency was either to defeat or to entrust to committees (which amounted to the same thing) all proposals for changes or for forward action. The great exception to this was the unanimity and enthusiasm with which a resolution declaring that all salaries of workers should be doubled was passed. One's impression in regard to the Synod is that the Japanese Church is fully capable of legislating for itself and to manage its own business. At the same time one feels that there is a tendency on the part of many of the delegates to spend too much time on questions of procedure and technical canonical points, and not to give enough consideration to the merits of questions which have a practical bearing on the welfare of the Church."

Unfortunately very few of the letters which I wrote to my family during 1920 have been preserved, so that I have to rely upon my diary and upon the English manuscript of the articles written for the diocesan paper, in writing my recollections for that year. There is a gap in my diary from July 2nd, 1920 to October 20, 1921. Apparently the volume covering that period has been lost. A few extracts from my diary will indicate the variety of the problems which fall to the lot of a missionary bishop.

March 14th. Went to Shinmaezuru. Mr. Murata says that the Navy Yard is to be largely expanded, so that there will be an increased opportunity for evangelistic work both in the town and in the surrounding country. I inspected the new lot which is well located. Mr. Murata is anxious to have a church and rectory built as quickly as possible. The estimated cost is 15,000 yen. There was a good congregation at the evening service with four presented for confirmation.

Saturday, March 27th. Confirmed three Nishijin candidates in office chapel. Went to Nara in afternoon. Sunday 28th. Morning Yagi, confirmed three; afternoon Tatsuta, confirmed three; night St. John's, Osaka, confirmed six. Good congregations in all three places. Work in Tatsuta progresses slowly but is in good shape.

March 29th. Went to Fukin and confirmed three at evening service.

March 30th. Interview with Mr. Yagi and vestry in Fukui. Work there is progressing although they have lost many Christians by removals. They do excellently in the way of giving. Tried to stir them up to more energetic evangelistic work. In the evening preached and confirmed one in Tsuruga. Mr. Fukuroi is anxious to have a rectory built, estimated cost 4,200 yen.

April 2nd. Good Friday. Preached at three-hour service, St. John's, Kyoto.

April 4th. Morning. Easter service at St. John's, Osaka. Excellent congregation with a class of 20 presented for confirmation. Congregational meeting after service to discuss plans for new parish house. Afternoon English service, St. Mary's Kyoto.

April 6-10. Attended Bishops' Meeting and General Synod in Kobe.

April 11th. Consecrated Christ Church, Osaka. Congregation of 300 with about 200 communicants. Interview with Dr. McSparran at which it was decided not to do anything with regard to the new hospital at present on account of high prices.

April 12th. Consecrated St. Timothy's Church, Sakai. Evening preached at Sekkyokwai (evangelistic service) Holy Trinity, Kyoto.

I have selected these particular items from my diary not because they are interesting in themselves, but they indicate trends. The expansion of the Navy Yard was one of the early steps in the building up of Japan's military strength. The confirmations in the various small places were the first fruits in outlying points of the Doubling Effort. The consecration of two new churches and the meeting to formulate plans for a parish house for St. John's were steps in the preparation of Osaka for the establishment of an independent diocese.

April 19th. "Interview with Miss Holland of the C.M.S. in which I agreed to give 13 yen a month towards the salary of a worker among the Osaka factory employees." Osaka was a great manufacturing center. Many thousands of young women drawn largely from rural districts were employed in the factories. They worked 12 hours a day and often had to spend three additional hours in so-called training. Their pay was small and their living quarters and conditions both uncomfortable and unsanitary. They were exposed to moral dangers which they were utterly unprepared to meet. The inevitable result was an alarming amount of physical and moral collapse. Miss Holland and Miss Uta Hayashi of the Widely Loving Society were leaders in a

movement which not only gave present relief to these workers but which also brought about a transformation in the treatment of factory employees.

April 19th. "Mr. Hayakawa reported he thought it would be well to let the girls in the first and second classes leave the church before the sermon on Sunday morning as they were too small to understand it and simply went to sleep. I had no objection to this, but suggested that the Pastor's consent ought to be obtained and that some substitute for the instruction given in the sermon should be arranged for them." Holy Trinity Church and St. Agnes' School occupied the same compound. In the early days when both were undeveloped this did not cause any confusion, but both the parish and the school had grown to the point where their claims to space overlapped, so that I was frequently called upon to act as arbitrator. Mr. Matsushima, the Pastor, was an energetic worker, who collected excellent Christian fuel, but lacked the imaginative spark to kindle his fuel into a fire. I could therefore, sympathize with the little girls, who became drowsy. Subsequently this problem was solved by the removal of the parish to a different site and using the Church as a Chapel for the school.

May 5th. Went to Hakuaisa (Widely Loving Society Industrial Orphanage). There, I confirmed five in the morning and attended a meeting of the Board of Trustees in the afternoon. I was much impressed with the state of the work and with Mr. Kobashi's report as to what had been accomplished during the past year. The confirmees were young men and women who had been brought up in the institution. Mr. Kobashi reported that much of the financial support of the Hakuaisa came from non-Christian Osaka Japanese.

May 10th. Mr. Kim (a Korean) came to consult me as to the possibility of providing a meeting place for the Korean community in Kyoto. I promised to see what could be done. The first requisite was to get permission from the Japanese authorities who suspected that the purpose of the Koreans was to protest against the Japanese control of their country. I assured them that the proposed meetings would be limited to a religious service and a social get-together. They agreed to permit the meetings to be held in our office chapel with the proviso that I and a Japanese policeman should be present at them. I explained to Mr. Kim that political questions must be eliminated from their discussions. He agreed. I was amused, however, when in the first meeting they read for a scripture lesson the passage in Samuel

where David says: "The King of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountain," and used for the Psalter the Seventh Psalm, which begins, "O Lord my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me: lest he tear my soul like a lion." The policeman apparently did not notice the implication, for he joined in the social meeting following the service with great good humor. They used the Japanese Prayer Book, but my Japanese sermon was interpreted into Korean by Mr. Kim.

May 20th. "Went to Kobe with Dr. Teusler to investigate ships with a view to chartering one for the transfer of the Petrograd children whom we were caring for in Siberia back to Russia." This proved to be a very complicated procedure, but we finally secured a Japanese ship. The children were sent first to Finland, where they were cared for by the Red Cross until they could be reunited with their families.

June 5th. "Went to Wakamatsu to visit for Bishop McKim, the country stations in the mountains of Minami-Aizu." As I have described my previous trip to this section in some detail, I will only say that this time instead of blizzards we had almost perfect weather, so that I enjoyed the long walks through the mountains. On my return to Wakamatsu I met Dr. Tsurukawa, who showed me a daguerreotype taken on one of Commodore Perry's ships on the occasion of his famous expedition to Japan. One of the four figures in the picture was his father, who was a doctor attached to the feudal lord of Minami-Aizu. Another was a Mr. Williams, who acted as interpreter for Perry. He wanted me to identify the other two, which of course was impossible, though I told him that one of them was probably the ship's doctor and the other one an American naval officer.

The only other item in my diary which I will mention was a notification that a man in Osaka was bringing a suit against me for breach of contract in connection with the sale of our Osaka property. I had given Dr. McSparran a power of attorney to sell the property during my absence. It seems that he had given this man an option which, however, did not come into effect until some date in the future. He then sold the property before the time when the option was to become effective. The plaintiff arranged to have the case tried in his native province on the West Coast where the prejudice against foreigners was still strong. Fortunately, the Japanese judge who tried the case bent over backwards in his effort to be fair to me. He wouldn't allow the opposing attorney to cross-examine me directly. His questions had

to be addressed to the judge who repeated them to me in very polite language. The matter was decided in my favor on the technical ground that my power of attorney was not marked transferrable, so that Dr. McSparran had no right to give a third party an option to sell the land. As the man announced his intention of appealing to a higher court my Japanese lawyer suggested offering him a small sum in partial compensation for his alleged loss. The man agreed to this so that the matter was amicably settled without further legal procedure. I was relieved as I was dubious about getting another judge who would be so well disposed towards a foreigner.

After July 2nd when my diary comes to an end, I have only a few letters to refresh my memory of happenings during the summer and autumn of 1920. Mrs. Tucker, upon whose capacity for recollecting past events I have hitherto been able to rely, was in America. I will therefore, cover this period with some extracts from letters preserved by my mother.

July 5th. The past few days have made me long to join you at the Beach. It has been hot and sticky here, the kind of weather that saps one's energy without destroying the uncomfortable feeling that one ought to be hard at work. I have really been quite busy, making two or three short trips every week. This morning I returned from Tokyo, where I went to confirm a class and preach at the tenth anniversary of the independence (i.e. financial self-support) of Christ Church, Kanda. It is with the possible exception of Christ Church, Osaka, the strongest of our Japanese congregations. Mr. Minagawa, the Pastor, is a fine man and an indefatigable worker. In the afternoon we went to the opening service of the Laborers Union Club, a society in Mr. Sugiura's church which is doing splendid work in the slum district of Tokyo. Several of the vestrymen are ex-criminals, which will give you some idea of the good that Mr. Sugiura has been able to do.

I am all alone here now except for an Englishman, Mr. Saunders, who is staying with me in the office building. He is a very interesting man, having been born in South Africa, educated at Cambridge, and engaged for the past ten years in missionary work in Burma and Ceylon. During the war he had charge of YMCA work in the Indian army in France and later in Mesopotamia. He has been given eight months' furlough to write a book on the history of Buddhism. I do not plan to go off anywhere during the summer, as I hope to do some reading

and writing in preparation for the Reinecke Lectures which I am to give at the Virginia Seminary next January.

August 24th (to my sister Lila). This is my first comparatively free day for a long time. August is usually a holiday month out here, but everybody seemed to think it a good time to find me at leisure, so that I have had a continuous stream of visitors. Most of them wanted money for something and timed their visits on the principle of staying until they got it. Japan is much stirred up at present over the World Sunday School Convention that is to meet in Tokyo during October. It is the first time that it has had any gathering representing the whole world. The delegates are going around the country in parties of about 40 each and are being elaborately entertained. For example, the Governor and Mayor of Osaka have given 15,000 yen to a Welcome Fund. What the Convention itself will accomplish I do not know. The delegates whom I have met so far do not impress me as being over-intelligent. However, it will render useful service in advertising and stimulating our own Sunday School work. In many ways it is our most important activity. In some of my churches practically the whole congregation is made up of former Sunday School scholars. The great difficulty is to get qualified teachers. Next year we plan to start a special course in Sunday School methods at St. Agnes' School. The trouble is that none of us know much about them ourselves.

St. Agnes' is in a most flourishing condition. We have 250 girls which is about all that we can care for in our present buildings. Have you met Miss Hallie Williams of Lynchburg? She comes to us next April to be the head of our foreign teachers' staff. I have not seen much of her, but everyone in Tokyo speaks highly of her work. We have now a very efficient group of young women missionaries. My only fear is that some of them are so attractive that they will be lost by marriage. In this diocese we have no eligible men, but Karuizawa is a dangerous place in the summer time."

October 3rd (to Mrs. Tucker). I am just back from preaching at the English service at St. Mary's. We had a big congregation, mostly Sunday School Convention people. This morning I confirmed four at St. Mary's, two of them being University students. We shall have 50 per cent more confirmations than last year, thanks largely to the Baikwa Undo (Doubling Movement). On the 18th of this month, the 21st anniversary of my landing in Japan, I am to ordain five men to the diaconate, three of them men for whose training I was responsi-

ble, the other two being old Mr. Urabe and Mr. Tsutsui, an Imperial University graduate. It makes me feel that I have accomplished something during the 21 years. Certainly the Sei Ko Kwai is very different now from what it was at the time of my arrival. It was then a very weak organization. Now we have many vigorous congregations and a group of young clergy who give promise of even better things for the future. I can't say that I personally have done much to bring about this development, except that I have had a hand in the training of many of these young men and in getting some of them properly started in their work. Mr. Takamatsu is doing splendidly at St. Mary's. The other day at the Sunday School Convention Delegates' Welcome Meeting, he interpreted the Mayor's speech into English. Everyone was full of praise for the Mayor's splendid effort, but it turns out that Takamatsu not only translated the speech but wrote the Japanese manuscript which the Mayor read. With it all he is very modest and simple.

November 8th. This is the busiest season I have ever spent in Japan. Not only am I kept going about like a drummer, but the most amazing lot of complex problems have been let loose upon me all at once. Fortunately, most of them are constructive problems, whose solution makes for the progress of the work, though there are some of a less agreeable nature. Last Sunday I was over in the West Coast district. I had the pleasure of holding the first confirmation service that ever took place in Daishoji, a town that is noted for its anti-Christian sentiment. Several missions have attempted to start work there and have had to retire. We have in Daishoji as catechist an old ex-Samurai, Mr. Yajima, who doesn't know as much theology as my son Jim, but whom no opposition can daunt. We put him there two years ago and despite violent antagonism on the part of the people he stuck by his post, with the result that we have now quite a sizeable group of inquirers. Mr. Smith goes down once a week to help the old man instruct them. We had a lovely service Saturday night at the house of the married couple who were confirmed. I also baptized their baby. It is good to see a Church start in this way and to feel that a center has been established from which Christian influences will go out, gradually transforming the hearts and lives of people, who would welcome Christianity if they understood what it really meant.

One of the "less agreeable problems" referred to in the above letter was a request from the vestry of Holy Trinity Church, Kyoto, that I remove their Pastor, Mr. Matsushima, to some other place. He is a

hard worker, but rather prosaic and long-winded. He is meticulously careful about details and though they did not say so, I knew that they were bored with him. He came over to see me and began the interview by saying that he felt a divine call to remain at Holy Trinity. I did not question this and we kept talking for about an hour. Nothing was said by me about the advisability of his leaving Holy Trinity, but towards the end of the interview, he said, "I am going to ask you to permit me to resign my present position and be transferred to some place where I can do pioneer missionary work." I mention this as an illustration of how one gets things done in Japan by indirection and without "face-losing."

In early December I left Japan for a short trip to America. I had undertaken to give a series of three lectures under the Reinecke Foundation at the Virginia Seminary in January of 1921. Ordinarily I would not have felt justified in making the long trip for such a purpose, but I was anxious about the health of my family and felt that it was imperative that I should go home and make some decision as to plans for the future. If it should prove, as seemed likely, that the health of the children would prevent their being brought back to Japan, the question would arise as to the permanence of my remaining in the work there. It was a difficult decision to make, but I finally became convinced that after the accomplishment of what had been my main purpose for some years, the establishment of independent dioceses in Tokyo and Osaka and the election of Japanese Bishops, I ought to retire from my work there and rejoin my family in America. They were living in a house near my father's home in Norfolk. I have no clear recollection of my activities during this visit. The lectures were later published under the title, *Missionary Problems and Policies in Japan*. In the preface to the printed edition, I find this statement: "The following lectures were delivered by Bishop Tucker in January 1921. Some months later, when the Bishop was on the point of returning to Japan, a few Church people who had been given the opportunity to read the manuscript, believing the lectures to be of great and permanent importance, asked the privilege of arranging for their publication." This and the manuscript of a pastoral message written for the May number of our diocesan paper indicate that the date of my return must have been in late March or early April.

Visit to Japanese Congregations

1921



I HAVE no records for the period following my arrival in Japan. Apparently my time was too much taken up with visitations around the diocese to do any writing except to Mrs. Tucker. As a result of the "Doubling Movement" of 1920 I found that even the smaller places had confirmation classes awaiting my return. The first letter which I have is dated August 20th. It indicates that by the end of July, I had pretty well covered the diocese and that my week days were being spent in Kyoto catching up on office work and studying.

August 20th. This is Saturday night, a time when I am usually either in some Japanese hotel or if in Kyoto, busy getting ready for my Sunday sermons. Tomorrow I am to be at St. John's in this city. My sermon preparation is completed and as I have already put in two hours of study, I will devote the balance of the night to a letter. There is not much to write about, for the only active things in Kyoto during August are the cicada (Locusts), who keep up a perpetual humming. There is a Japanese proverb to the effect that they raise the temperature five degrees. Most of my time is taken up with official correspondence and studying. No sooner had my secretary left for the mountains than letters began to pour in. When one has become accustomed to a stenographer the labor of writing long business documents with a pen in a 95 degree temperature is somewhat oppressive. My reading this summer has been of a rather solid character. I am preparing for some writing that requires preliminary work in philosophy. One thing I have discovered is that the philosophers, whatever other merits they possess, have produced an infallible cure for insomnia. . . .

Life in Japan is in some respects much less attractive than it was before the country became so prosperous. I do not feel, however, as many do that the Japanese are not as cordial to foreigners as they used to be. They are not indeed as dependent upon us as formerly and they do not fail to charge us Western prices. We sometimes resent this,

but otherwise I find them courteous and well-disposed. The missionary's position has been greatly altered, because the Japanese are able now to do for themselves most of the things for which we were formerly needed. There is still room for the right kind of foreign workers, that is for those who are willing to let the Japanese take the lead in the work of their own church and to stand beside them as unofficial counsellors. Also, there are special lines of work in which the foreigner can render valuable service. I am becoming more convinced that the time is at hand when this same principle should be applied to the Episcopate, even if it means ousting me out of my present job.

September 4th (to my sister, Mrs. Luke White). Last week I met Ellis (my brother on his way to China) in Yokohama. He looked in the pink of condition and reported not a meal missed on the trip across the Pacific. I had two days with him sightseeing in Tokyo and Kyoto. Tomorrow I start on a trip through Korea, Manchuria and North China. I am in charge of the Japanese congregations in the latter sections.

My next letter written from Peking gives an account of the first part of my visit to the Japanese congregations in Manchuria and North China

September 19th. "As you will see by this letterhead, I am in Peking after an interesting trip through Korea and Manchuria. By a fortunate coincidence, Gus (my brother) had to come here at the same time to attend the opening ceremonies of the Rockefeller Medical Centre. We have been "doing" the city together in the intervals between meetings.

"I travelled through Korea at night, as I had seen it before. This gave me a day at Seoul. It is a charmingly situated city, lying at the foot of a range of rock peaks. Many of the old buildings are beautiful, showing that the ancient Korean civilization was highly developed artistically. The Japanese have done much to improve material conditions. Nevertheless the total effect is depressing, for the people have a lifeless air, as if they were mere onlookers at a process in which they have no part. They use what the Japanese provide, yet resent the loss of their national independence.

"Manchuria is a wonderful country and has the prospect of a great future, whether Chinese or Japanese it is hard to say. I had a very satisfactory visit there from the point of view of my special mission. Today I made my report to Bishop Norris, who approved of all my suggestions. If we can carry them out, we shall be able to build up a

strong work in Southern Manchuria, where already we have a surprisingly large number of Christians in proportion to the total Japanese population. In Dairen the church is self-supporting and the congregation has raised 15,000 yen towards a church building. I stayed there with the acting British Consul, Mr. Cunningham, whom I knew years ago in Tokyo

"The trip from Mukden to Peking was rather monotonous, the country being flat, but it gave me a good idea of rural life in North China. In the villages the houses looked more substantial than those in rural Japan, many of them being of brick construction. The people are physically, finely built, but dull looking. What impressed me most was the amount of noise they make. Their loud harsh voices make even an amicable conversation sound like a tremendous row."

In my report to the Japanese Church I give a more detailed description of the work in Manchuria and North China: We have Christians in a great number of places. In Dairen the Church is self-supporting with a congregation of over one hundred members, many of whom hold responsible positions in the official and business life of the city. The government and public opinion in general are sympathetic with Christian work and there is an entire absence of the influences which in Japan often prevent people from openly identifying themselves with the church. Mr. Okagaki, the Pastor, is at present a deacon, but expects to be ordained to the priesthood next spring. In Port Arthur I found a flourishing though small congregation. Mr. Okagaki visits them once a month. There is quite a large group of Seikokwai Christians in Mukden. We should have a resident pastor there. Also, we should purchase land and put up a building as soon as possible. In Chanchung and in several other places in the general neighborhood of Mukden, there are groups of from five to fifteen of our people, who could be visited more or less regularly by a pastor stationed in Mukden.

In China I found that there were a considerable number of Seikokwai communicants in Tientsen and in Tsingtau, although no attempt had been made to provide services for them. In Peking we have a few church members, most of whom attend the English services of the Church of England. From Peking I went to Hankow, where there is a Japanese community of about 1,500. There we have a resident clergyman, who ministers not only to our own communicants, who number only about 15, but to the Christian community as a whole. The Consul is a Christian. He arranged for a meeting in the

Japanese Club at which I spoke to an audience of about 400. He also invited the heads of the leading business firms to his house to confer with me in regard to our work and the various problems which arise in relation to Japanese residents in China.

From Hankow I went down the river to Shanghai, where there is a Japanese population of about 15,000. The Congregationalists, Baptists and Presbyterians have organized work here with resident pastors. The Presbyterian minister is a former St. Paul's student. Our own Christians go to his church and contribute towards his support, though many of them also attend the English communion services at the Church of England Cathedral or at the St. John's University Chapel. In my conferences with them they were of the opinion that it would be wise to let the present arrangements continue for a year or so. Then, if an aggressive worker could be sent to Shanghai, they felt sure that a self-supporting congregation could be developed within a short time. (This I gathered signified a certain embarrassment about withdrawing their support too suddenly from the Presbyterian Pastor.)

Practically everywhere in Manchuria and China I met former St. Paul's students. Some of them held prominent positions and many of them were leaders in Christian work in the places where they lived. The Shanghai St. Paul's alumni gave me a dinner at which twelve were present. On the whole I was impressed with the importance, not only from the evangelistic point of view, but also from that of international goodwill, of pushing vigorously Christian work among Japanese residents in China.

October 26th (Letter to Mrs. Tucker). "My visit to Tanabe was full of interest, though getting there and back was a nuisance. The steamer going down was so crowded that I could secure only a third class ticket. When you can get out on deck, third is not so bad, but on a wet night when one has to stay inside, where the floor is filled with seasick, groaning—to say nothing worse—passengers, it is not my idea of pleasure. We reached Tanabe about midnight. The church people had arranged for me to stay in the second story of the new parish house. They fed me royally in Japanese style. I had services Sunday morning and evening, confirming a class of eleven. Mr. Horiuchi and I went over all the results of the past year's work and made plans for the future. Mrs. Horiuchi served innumerable cups of sugar cube coffee, a vile concoction to which I, as a foreigner, am supposed to be particularly partial. I talked with the vestry individually

and collectively. There is something very enjoyable in the intimate contact one has with the Christians in these out-of-the-way places. No one can be nicer than a Japanese when you really get his confidence and respect. I believe that I can deal with them more satisfactorily than I could with a congregation of my own race, certainly in regard to religious matters. They discuss them more freely and naturally. Then, too, we have an unusually large proportion of intelligent, well-educated people in the Tanabe congregation."

On November 6th all the Churches of the Kyoto Diocese held special services to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the American Church. In connection with this celebration, I wrote a message to the churches, from which I quote the following extract:

"My hope is that as we celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Society which was responsible for the beginning of our work in Japan, we will consecrate ourselves anew to this same cause and make every effort to show by our own work that the spirit of missions is strong in the life of the Church that owes its origin to the missionary vision of the Church in America. Last year, as the result of the Baikwa Undo, we accomplished more in this diocese than had been done in any one year since I became your bishop. This does not by any means represent all that the diocese is capable of doing, but it does serve to show what great things we have reason to expect when all the churches and every individual in each church join together in an effort to bring men to Christ. Having made this good beginning, shall we not use this anniversary celebration as an opportunity to dedicate ourselves to the continuation of this effort." In response to this appeal it was decided to follow up the special services with a missionary conference to make plans for the future development of evangelistic work throughout the diocese. Proddings of this sort were needed to stir up evangelistic activity in the smaller places where the catechists lacked initiative and needed, like one-day clocks, to be wound up frequently to keep them running. They also served to arouse the interest and enlist the cooperation of laymen. While during the next two or three years there was no phenomenal increase in the number of new converts, real progress was made in the revivification of the spiritual life of many Christians who had become indifferent. On the material side there was substantial progress made in self-support and in the readiness of

the congregations to accept responsibility in the provision of needed equipment.

In the late fall of 1921, our plans for the Osaka Diocese were threatened with a serious set-back by the critical illness of Mr. Naide. He had an acute attack of erysipelas and for awhile there was grave doubt as to his recovery. When I went to see him in his room at the leading hospital in Osaka, I recognized more than ever before the deficiencies of Japanese hospital methods. The building was thoroughly modern. The room occupied by Mr. Naide was large and well ventilated. A rope was stretched across the middle of the room from which hung a series of curtains. On one side of these was the patient. The other side of the room was crowded with relatives and friends. In their midst was a hibachi (charcoal fire-box) which was used to cook the patient's food. The doctor had ordered liquid diet and when I arrived quite a discussion was going on as to what this meant. The hospital did not provide food, which had to be bought and prepared by members of the family. Fortunately Mr. Naide survived this, from our point of view, unorthodox treatment. He was much comforted by my promise to take his Christmas service. As I had already agreed to go to several other places for the Christmas season, this meant that most of the festival season would be spent on trains. The following is an extract from a letter begun late on the night of December 25th: "My Christmas has been a busy one. It began on the evening of the 24th with a service at Kaseda, a village in Wakayama Province. After the service the congregation gathered together in the parish room for a tori-nabe feast. Tori-nabe is a stew of chicken and various vegetables cooked with soy sauce, very appetizing, but not altogether digestible at that hour of the night. I took a late train to Wakayama and spent the remainder of the night at Hubard Lloyd's house, but had to leave early before anyone was up to reach Osaka in time for the Christmas service. There was a splendid congregation, all the members, even the backsliders, coming out to show their sympathy with Mr. Naide and, I hope, repentance on the part of the backsliders. In addition to the regular service I baptized eight infants and thirteen adults. After the service I was entertained with a foreign style Christmas dinner. The *piece de resistance* was croquettes and beefsteak, brought in so long ahead of time that the meat was encased in the hard grease like a ship in arctic ice. In the afternoon, I presided at the Sunday School Christmas celebration and then caught a train in order to attend an-

other one at St. Mary's, Kyoto. On Monday morning I left to hold Christmas services in a number of country stations where there was no resident priest, travelling steadily until Thursday night."

The above quotation will show what a hold the spirit of Christmas has upon Japanese Christians. New converts are always eager to be admitted as catechumens or baptized on that day. From our point of view it sometimes results in an unduly long service but the Japanese do not seem to mind this. They bring with them their non-Christian friends so that the Christmas service is a potent means of evangelization.

Conditions during the early nineteen twenties were on the whole very favorable for Christian work. The rapid increase in wealth had produced a large number of *nouveau riche* whose materialism and ridiculous lavishness in spending their money, instead of influencing the people, generally offended their sense of propriety. This reaction against an improper or undignified use of money brought about an exceptional susceptibility to Christian influences. I had a vague uneasy feeling that it would be unsafe to rely upon the permanent continuance of this attitude. There were signs of growing resentment against the exploitation of the East by the Western nations, especially on the part of the militarists. They promulgated an increasingly extreme form of nationalism and were assiduous in their efforts to use Japan's new wealth to strengthen its military efficiency and to store up supplies that would be needed in time of war. Business men were equally desirous of replacing Western dominance in the sphere of commerce by that of Japan. The only difference was that they hoped to attain this goal by peaceful means. Whichever viewpoint prevailed, it seemed to me that the time was approaching when the Christian Church would have rough sledding if it continued to depend upon Western leadership and financial support. The wise policy, therefore, was to use the evangelistic opportunities afforded by the present calm, in a way that would prepare it to weather the storm whenever it should break. For this three things seemed to me essential—a fuller understanding of the basic principles of the Christian religion on the part of the Japanese themselves, capable and consecrated Japanese leadership, and sufficient self-support to enable them to carry on without undue dependence on foreign financial aid.

Decision to Retire

1922

NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO opened quietly so far as my work was concerned. New Year's Day fell on Sunday and as very little business is done by the Japanese during the first week of the year, I remained in Kyoto and used the time to catch up on office work. We had no full-time mission treasurer, so that I had to delegate that responsibility to one of our missionaries, Mr. Chapman. As he had charge of a number of mission stations, the time that he could give to keeping the mission accounts was very limited. While he was meticulously careful in keeping a record of receipts and payments on little slips of paper, he rarely found time to assemble these so as to be able to tell me what was the balance on the various accounts. I find in my diary an entry to the effect that I asked Dr. McSparran to be responsible for all payments during January in order to give Mr. Chapman an opportunity to settle up the accounts for 1921. The inconvenience of this system in which the Bishop had to authorize payments without knowing how much money was available became so acute that I asked the Board of Missions to give us a full time treasurer. They finally sent over Miss Foote who proved to be an expert accountant. She was greatly shocked at the method of bookkeeping which had prevailed in Kyoto. It took her about a year to get our accounts straightened out to her satisfaction. In justice to Mr. Chapman, I should say that while his methods were technically unorthodox, he was careful to see that all mission money was spent for the purposes for which it had been appropriated. No request for money was granted until he was assured that it was to be spent for something of real value to the work. His judgment in regard to this was so good that I felt sure there was no wastage in our use of missionary funds.

Mr. Takamatsu, the Pastor of St. Mary's, was very proficient in Greek. For our mutual benefit he came over once a week to read the Greek classics with me. An entry in my diary says that we chose the

plays of Aeschylus for 1922. My own Greek must have been better than it is now or else Takamatsu did most of the reading. I mention this as an illustration of my efforts to encourage the Japanese clergy to keep up their study and reading. A very useful help in accomplishing this was the Bray's Library. This was an English organization founded and endowed, I suppose, by a Mr. Bray. In any case, they would send twelve books. I selected twelve of the clergy, each one of whom read—or was supposed to read—a book a month. At the end of the year they were given the privilege of purchasing the books at a ridiculously low price. Whenever I met any of them I would question them about what they had read, which at least gave me an opportunity to discuss the subject of the book they were supposed to have read. In addition to this we had a summer school for workers at which I would lecture on some pertinent theological subject. In Osaka the clergy met together each year before Lent for a day of preparation. As I was usually the leader of the meeting it gave me the opportunity to say something about the life and responsibilities of a pastor. The preparation that I had to make for such occasions was exceedingly helpful to me personally. The effect upon the clergy varied, but some of them made gratifying progress in their understanding of Christianity and in their capacity for leadership.

The preparation for the establishment of the Osaka Diocese had been progressing satisfactorily in two of our churches there, but the third of our self-supporting congregations showed but little interest in the project. I was, therefore, much gratified when in a meeting with the vestry in January they informed me that at a congregational meeting it had been decided to raise 30,000 yen towards a new church building. They asked my help in securing the balance that would be needed to provide a church and parish house that would enable them to take a proper part in the work of the new diocese. They also agreed to take their full share in the support of the bishop and of the missionary work. This removed the last obstacle so far as the American side of the work was concerned. The canons required that there should be at least six self-supporting parishes and an assurance of provision of the bishop's salary to set up a diocese. This action of the St. Paul's vestry meant that we would have four parishes, including the Church in Sakai and in addition the Widely Loving Society Chapel, which though not technically a parish was fully self-supporting. As I knew that among the English trained churches, there were at least three that

could meet the canonical requirements and that would join with us in applying to the next General Synod for permission to organize a diocese in Osaka-fu, I felt reasonably sure that in another year our long desired and much worked for purpose would be realized.

After becoming reasonably sure that the Osaka Diocese plan would be consummated in 1923, I wrote to Dr. Wood, my father and Bishop McKim informing them of my decision to retire from work in Japan, after the diocese had been organized and a bishop elected. The suggestion was made that I continue on as bishop, spending six months of the year in Japan and six months in America. I do not remember what I wrote to Dr. Wood, but in a letter to my father I gave the following reasons why I considered such a plan unwise.

February 22nd, 1922. "It is needless to say that my own inclinations lead me to give every possible consideration to solutions that would enable me to retain my connection with Japan. It is the one thing that I would wish to do. Any decision to the contrary therefore is made in the face of powerful inducements to accept such a solution and solely because of what seems to me clearly my duty in the circumstances. Apart from any other consideration, it would not be fair to the work here to spend six months out of every year away from my diocese. It would be far better to have another resident foreign bishop or to place a Japanese bishop in charge with a foreign council of advice to represent the interests of the American Church.

"While my withdrawal from the work, like that of any other experienced missionary, will involve loss, I am not vain enough to consider my remaining here a *sine qua non* to its progress. Next year Osaka should be set apart as a diocese. This represents the fulfillment of what I have felt to be my peculiar responsibility. What will be left of the Kyoto Diocese involves no particularly complex problems. The lines of development are already laid down. I shall be leaving a body of Japanese clergy, most of whom I have trained up myself, many of them from the time they were school boys in St. Paul's. I am confident of their ability to carry on the work under any reasonable leadership, whether Japanese or foreign. The foreign missionaries left here know my policy and are in sympathy with it. In general, a cause like that of the evangelization of Japan does not depend on one individual, so that if contrary to his own will he is taken away, the cause will go forward, though for a time there may be some inconvenience."

In March, a letter from my father gave the welcome news that he and my mother and my sister Lila were coming out in May to visit me and my two brothers in China. Later, an arrangement was made for my wife to come with them. They arrived at Yokohama about the first of June. Fortunately I had meetings in Tokyo just at that time, so that I was able to meet them and show them something of the Tokyo section of Japan. We then came down to Kyoto. I had arranged my appointments so that they could go with me to see some of the sights and at the same time see the Japanese Church in action. Everywhere the Japanese arranged elaborate welcome meetings for them. Old Mr. Yanagihara entertained us at his own house, where he had constructed what was supposed to be a foreign style bed for my father and mother. He and my father exchanged compliments on the size of their respective families. My father's thirteen slightly outnumbered his ten, but the old gentleman could boast of a larger number of grandchildren. After two weeks my father and mother went on to China, Mrs. Tucker remaining with me in Kyoto.

As I look over my diary for this year, most of my time seems to have been occupied with the purchase of land and with building operations. We had opened work on several new places. Also, I was trying before I left, to provide places in which our work was carried on in rented houses, with land and buildings. In most cases the initiative came from the local Christians whose ambition to own their own property had been aroused by the evangelistic efforts of the past few years. They would come to me saying that they had raised a certain amount for land or for a building and ask for a loan or a gift of the balance needed. One of the most interesting of these transactions was the erection of a new church in Nara. Our church property there was badly located for religious purposes, but as it was in the business district we were able to sell it for a good price and buy a larger piece of property in an ideal situation. Just about that time the city fathers enacted a regulation that only Japanese style buildings could be erected in that zone. This gave us the opportunity to try the experiment of using either Buddhist or Shinto architecture for the church. I think that I have already mentioned the plans drawn by a young American architect, Mr. Bouta, along the lines of a Buddhist temple. These proved a little too radical for the older missionaries, so that we turned to Shinto and finally succeeded in getting plans which were approved both by the missionaries and the city authorities. When the land was first purchased the

Christians planted on a portion of it trees, the wood of which is used for geta and various articles of furniture. This tree is sometimes planted when a girl is born with the idea that by the time she is married it will be large enough to supply the wood needed for her domestic uses as a bride. The idea of the Nara Christians was that in the course of time the wood from these trees could be used to help in the furnishings of their future church.

One of the chief hindrances to a modern bishop's pastoral and evangelistic work is the inordinate number of committee meetings that he has to attend. In Japan, any question about which there is a difference of opinion is referred to a committee, probably to avoid loss of face should the matter be voted on. Most of the General Church committees met in Tokyo, so that once or twice every month I would have to lose time in making a trip there. In April I had to go to Shanghai for a conference of the Far Eastern Bishops. These frequent meetings during the spring interfered with my diocesan visitations, so that a large proportion of them had to be made in June, July and August. In July I made a trip to Peking, which combined business with pleasure, as I had arranged to have my father come there at the same time. Mrs. Tucker went with me, so that in the intervals of my conferences with Bishop Norris, we had a very enjoyable time sight-seeing, including an expedition to the great Wall of China. I still remember with amusement our attempts to persuade my father to mount one of the very diminutive donkeys provided for our transportation. He laughingly agreed with the man in one of *Aesop's Fables* who said that the boy ought to carry the donkey. Another queer incident of this visit was an out-of-door dinner given us by Bishop Norris. The waiter had just placed the food on the table when a sudden dust storm literally covered it and us with a layer of sand from the Gobi Desert. As there were no candidates ready for confirmation I did not this year visit the Manchurian stations, but arranged to have a Japanese Priest go over for preaching missions.

In July of this year I was surprised by a visit from a committee notifying me that arrangements had been made to celebrate the tenth anniversary of my episcopate. At this celebration I was still more surprised when the committee presented me with a fund for the purchase of books and a beautifully bound document on which the names of more than eight hundred contributors to this fund were inscribed. This document lies before me on my desk as I write. It begins with the

following greeting, written both in Japanese and English, the latter of which I will copy:

TO OUR BELOVED BISHOP

It is now ten years since you came to this Diocese of Kyoto as our Bishop, and during that time you have been tireless in your unceasing care for us individually and as a Church. The obligation which we feel seems ocean deep and mountain high, and we can never repay you for all that you have done for us. Nevertheless, we wish today to present to you this slight token of gratitude which we feel but which we cannot express, and we beg that you will accept it as a reminder of the loyal affection of the clergy and laity of this Diocese.

Presented by the undersigned committee on behalf of the Diocese of Kyoto.

J. D. YOSHIMURA, *Chairman*
P. A. SMITH
K. MATSUYAMA
J. KOBASHI
K. FUJINO

Kyoto, July the fifth, in the year of Our Lord, 1922.

Needless to say, I was deeply moved by this wholly unexpected expression of confidence and affection, particularly so as I knew that they realized that my work with them was nearing its completion. I am afraid that I expressed my gratitude rather incoherently. Before starting for the General Convention I wrote the following message to the people of the Diocese:

“As I am leaving on the 17th of this month (August) to attend the General Convention of the American Episcopal Church, I wish to say a word of farewell to my fellow workers and to my brethren in Christ, the members of the Seikokwai in this diocese. Also, I wish to express my appreciation of the loyal cooperation which you have given me during the past ten years and particularly for your recent expression of confidence

It is my purpose while in America to arouse interest in our Japanese Church and to appeal for needed financial aid. It must be remembered, however, that while outside help is needed, yet the primary responsibility for the progress of Christ's cause in Japan rests upon those who bear His name in this country. The American Church can help equip you with the material tools needed in your work, but it is

your own zeal and faithfulness, and the power of God manifesting itself in your lives and efforts, which alone can win Japan for Christ.

The past years have been largely years of education and preparation. The purpose of this preparation has been to enable you to carry the Gospel of Christ to your own people. The time has come to put your training to the test. As you look out into society, you can see clearly its need for Christ as Saviour. God is asking, Whom shall I send? It is for you, who for many years have been taught the Gospel message to reply like Isaiah, Here am I, send me. God is calling you to a great task, the evangelization of Japan. You doubtless feel insufficient for such a responsibility. Your resources and numbers are small, but God says to you, "Not by power nor by a host, but by my Spirit you shall succeed." You stand face to face with this task. Have faith then that God means for you to undertake it now. Give to it all the energy, all the enthusiasm of which you are capable, believing that God will pour out His Spirit upon you and bless your efforts with success. I would leave with you as my parting message the words of the great English missionary, William Cary, "Attempt great things for God, expect great things from God."

During the latter half of April 1922, a visit from the Prince of Wales aroused great excitement among the Japanese. So far as I can remember it was the first time that a representative of Western royalty had come to this country. Soon after his arrival in Tokyo I received a letter from one of his entourage, saying that the Prince planned to spend Sunday, April 30th in Kyoto and wished to have the opportunity of attending an English service in one of our Churches. As his time was limited, the services must be only thirty minutes and he wished it to include a sermon. I complied with these instructions and limited my sermon to four and one-half minutes. After the service the Prince said that he would like to have an interview with Mr. Chapman and myself in the Parish House. He asked a number of questions about Christian work in Japan and on the whole impressed me as being a young man of unusual intelligence. During a lull in the conversation, Mr. Chapman appropos of nothing asked him, "Do you hear regularly from your father and mother?" The Prince smiled and replied, "O yes." Apparently he was impressed by the brevity of the sermon, for later on he told someone that he had heard an unusually good sermon by a bishop in Kyoto only four minutes long.

Mrs. Tucker and I joined my father, mother and sister on the *Empress* steamer leaving Kobe on August 17th. In the letter quoted above I spoke of my intention to appeal for financial aid. St. Agnes' School, because of the deterioration of its original building and the increase in its student body, was in desperate need of a new classroom building and a dormitory. The architect estimated that these would cost some sixty thousand dollars. I undertook to try to secure 50,000 of this amount while in America. When I reached Portland where the Convention was to meet, I asked Mrs. Monteagle of San Francisco for an opportunity to present this appeal to the triennial meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary. A day or so later she informed me that she had arranged for me to have half an hour for this purpose, but that she wanted me to use only 15 minutes of this time. After I had finished my talk, she asked for pledges with the amazing result that during her fifteen minutes she secured promises amounting to \$37,000. The next day a page notified me that someone outside wished to speak to me. We were in the midst of an interesting debate, but after a few minutes I went out. A very attractive young woman apologized for troubling me, but said she wished to make a small contribution to the St. Agnes Building fund. I thanked her and stuck the check which she handed me into my vest pocket. A day or so later in looking through my pockets for some other paper, I pulled it out and to my surprise found that it was a check for \$2,500. These two experiences gave the Portland Convention a firm place in my memory. I have very little recollection of my activities during the remainder of my stay in America, but I was able to authorize Mr. Hayakawa to proceed with the erection of the new buildings.

Osaka Diocese Organized

1923

BEFORE leaving America I received a letter from Bishop Brown of Virginia saying that he wished me to take my brother Beverley's place at the Virginia Seminary. Bev had accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Richmond. As teaching was the only kind of work in America for which I had any qualifications, I wrote him that I would be glad to accept, subject to the Trustees' approval of his nomination, provided of course conditions in Japan made it possible for me to return to America in time for the opening of the fall term of the Seminary. While I had already announced my decision to retire from the work there after the establishment of the Osaka Diocese and while there was every prospect that this could be accomplished by the summer of 1923, one could never lay down a definite time schedule in Japan. When I arrived in Kyoto about the first of April, everything seemed to be running smoothly, as the following extract from a letter written soon after my arrival will indicate:

April 12th. "Since getting to Kyoto I have been kept busy disposing of all the problems that accumulate during a six months' absence. Fortunately there is nothing very formidable. St. John's, Kyoto, has become self-supporting, the fifth church in the diocese to attain this status. The Osaka people are busy making preparations for the organization of the new diocese. I spent Sunday there, confirming 13 at St. John's and 26 at Christ Church. The vestries of our four churches entertained me at a welcome luncheon. They reported that over 20,000 yen had been collected towards the endowment fund of the proposed diocese and that the first year's salary of the future bishop had already been deposited with the Executive Board as the canons require.

We have a splendid lot of new women missionaries. Those that came out last autumn have made remarkable progress in the language and the new arrivals are starting their work enthusiastically. There

are six in all, which is the largest re-enforcement we have had since I came to Kyoto. Work has been begun on the new St. Barnabas' Hospital, much to Dr. McSparran's delight. The nurses' home will be finished by the fall. We will begin our work in it with a clinic and four rooms, so as to get things in running order by the time the main building is finished next spring."

As I wished to make a final visit to all of our churches and mission stations, I was kept busy travelling. Wherever I went, I was greeted by large congregations and given an elaborate farewell ceremony. Their attitude reminded me of the scene described in Acts when St. Paul said goodbye to the Elders of Ephesus. The innumerable speeches to which I had to listen would have been very trying except for the evident sincerity of the expressions of affection and real grief at parting. Another gratifying feature of these visitations was the large number of candidates presented for confirmation. It was proof that the evangelistic efforts of the past few years had made a real impression upon non-Christian elements in the various communities, whom we had previously been unable to reach. Transportation in Japan at that period was sometimes difficult as the following extract from a letter describing a trip to Tanabe will illustrate:

April 30th. "When I reached Wakayama, the weather was stormy and at the ticket office, I was greeted with the notice, "Konnichi yasumi" (today is a rest), which meant that no steamers were going out. However, we were told that if five people would pay ten yen each we could hire an automobile to take us to Tanabe. Unfortunately we found six who wanted to go, so that with the two chauffeurs we had to crowd eight men into a small and very dilapidated Ford car. The road to Tanabe was not meant for automobiles. It ran along the edge of a sea cliff. In theory it was nine feet wide, but in many places landslides had taken substantial bites out of it. Whenever we met a wheeled vehicle, the passengers had to get out and help pull it back to a place where passing was possible. The scenery was beautiful, but one's enjoyment of it was marred by the fear that at any moment you might plunge down several hundred feet to the shore below. We did go over the edge once, but were saved by a tree from dropping more than a yard or so. We had a strenuous time getting the car back on the road. However, we finally reached Tanabe at four, having taken eight hours to make the sixty mile trip. We had a splendid congregation at the evening service with eleven confirmed. After the service

we gathered in the parish house for a farewell meeting. The usual speeches were made and many extempore prayers offered. At the close the congregation formed a circle around me and came up one by one to shake my hand, an added touch to show their regard for their foreign friend."

During my absence there was a resurgence of opposition to the setting apart of Osaka as a diocese. Much time had to be spent in attempts to modify this to the extent that it would not form an obstacle to the carrying through of the plan. Fortunately, at the meeting of the Sokwai (General Synod) in April, the legislation required by the canons for the erection of dioceses of Tokyo and Osaka was adopted by an overwhelming majority. This had to be approved by the various diocesan conventions within thirty days after the adjournment of the Sokwai. While I was confident that there would be a substantial majority in my convention in favor of giving approval, I was anxious to avoid having to push the proposal through in a way to create bitter feelings and leave behind permanent disharmony. I therefore, postponed the convention until the latest possible moment in order to try at least to reconcile the opposition leaders to acceptance of the inevitable. When the convention met I gave Mr. Yoshimura, the chief advocate of the opposition, ample time to state his objections and to make his arguments. Then I refused to recognize any of the Osaka men and undertook myself, to answer his objections in as polite and reasonable a way as possible. After this typical face saving operation, Mr. Yoshimura bowed politely and everything proceeded smoothly.

The next problem was to prepare for the first meeting of the Council of the new diocese and to get a Bishop elected. The canons required a two-thirds majority in both orders for such an election, and the general opinion was that it would be extremely difficult to get two-thirds of the delegates in either diocese to agree on any one individual. However, in Tokyo Dr. Motoda was elected on the second ballot. The situation in Osaka was somewhat more difficult. In Tokyo there was a decided preponderance of American trained clergy and congregations. In Osaka about one-half of the clergy were C.M.S. trained. While able and earnest they were "rugged individualists." One of them even refused to come into the new diocese unless I would promise him that the man of his choice would be elected Bishop. This of course I refused to do and decided that we had better go ahead without him. I called the meeting for June 5th. In letters written to my wife and

my mother I find the following description of the proceeding of the Council:

June 5th. "This has been a red-letter day for the Church in Western Japan. The Osaka Council held its first meeting and elected Mr. Naide, Bishop. I am very happy over the result not only because I consider him the best man for the work in Osaka, but even more because of the splendid spirit that prevailed in the Council. There were 12 clerical and 27 lay delegates present. Mr. Fujimoto and his congregation refused to join with us. The delegates apparently came to the Council determined to disprove the predictions that had been made as to their inability to unite on any one person as their choice for Bishop. Although on the first ballot the delegates from the English Churches voted for Mr. Fukada, yet I think that this was largely complimentary, for in the preceding election of the standing committee Mr. Naide received only one or two votes. On the second ballot for Bishop, he received eight clerical and 18 lay votes, which was exactly a constitution majority. Mr. Fukada after the result was announced graciously proposed that the election be made unanimous, which was done by a standing vote. We followed practically the procedure that is used in the House of Bishops in the election of missionary bishops, except that the ballots were counted in public. The tellers stood on either side of the ballot box and I behind it. The secretary called the roll and each delegate as his name was called came up and deposited his ballot. When all had voted we remained in the same position. One teller would take a ballot from the box, hand to the other one. He in turn would give it to me and I announced the name written on it. After the final result was announced we had a few minutes of silent prayer, after which there were some extempore prayers. We then rose and sang the *Gloria in Excelsis*. It was in truth a history making event, which interestingly enough took place just 50 years after the confirmation by Bishop Williams in Osaka of his first class.

The only record that I have of my activities during the period before I left for America is my diary, from which I will quote the following extracts:

June 6th. Interview with Mr. Kim, who asked me to address the Koreans in Osaka. I agreed, fixing June 15th as a tentative date.

June 7th. Went to Obama. Preached and confirmed six. Authorized Mr. Yamada, the Pastor, to open a preaching place at Hiogo.

June 7th, afternoon. Preached and confirmed four at Shinmaezuru. Excellent congregation here despite the transfer of many members belonging to the navy, to other places.

June 8th. Preached and confirmed eight at Miadzu.

June 10th. Preached and confirmed two at Gojo.

Afternoon. Preached and confirmed eleven at Yagi. Long conference with vestry, who told me that they were raising 10,000 yen for a permanent church building and rectory and asked help from the mission in securing the balance needed. At night I spoke at a sekkyokai to a congregation of more than 200, including the mayor and many leading citizens.

June 11th. Laid the cornerstone of the new St. Barnabas Hospital in Osaka.

June 12th. Ordained to the diaconate Mr. Naide, a son of the newly elected Bishop.

June 13th. Conference with foreign missionaries.

June 14th. Went to Hikone and spoke at the Higher Commercial School, where a Christian professor has a Bible class of 40 students.

June 15th. Attended a farewell meeting given by the pastors and representatives of the churches in Osaka.

Night. Preached and confirmed six in Kishiwada.

June 17th. Preached and confirmed two at Nishijin. *Afternoon*—Preached and confirmed two at Otsu. *Evening*—Preached and confirmed six at Holy Trinity, Kyoto.

June 19th. Laid the cornerstone of the Kyoto Day Nursery building.

This was my last official act, as I sailed from Kobe the next morning by the *Empress of Russia*. The quotations from my diary are given because they represent the completion of various tasks which I wished to perform before leaving Japan. One was to visit every station in order to bring as it were to its consummation the evangelistic efforts of the past few years and to enlist the congregation in the continuance of this advance program. The ordination of young Mr. Naide brought to its conclusion the training of a group of young men who would furnish leadership in this forward movement of the church. The laying of the cornerstones meant the provision of necessary equipment for those invaluable adjuncts of evangelism—educational, medical, and social service work. Concentration upon the accomplishment of these aims

left me little time for lamenting my inability to share in this future progress, though as I boarded the train for Kobe to catch my steamer I could sympathize with Moses when on Mt. Nebo he gazed upon the promised land which he, himself, was not allowed to enter.

As I thought over my twenty-four years of missionary work in Japan, I was reminded of the reply made by Morrison, the pioneer missionary to China when he was asked whether he had opened the door for the entrance of Christianity into that great country. "No," he said, "but I shall be satisfied if I have been permitted to oil its hinges." My function in Japan had been largely that of hinge oiling. In my first station, Hirosaki, just when the opportunity for constructive advance seemed to have been opened up, I was transferred to Tokyo. In Toyko no sooner had the way been cleared for the development of St. Paul's College and of All Saints Church than I was called to go to Kyoto. There again my function was confined to preparation for the establishment of the Osaka Diocese and to giving a start to a forward movement in the Missionary District as a whole. I was comforted, however, by the realization that this is the providentially assigned function of the foreign missionary. He is charged with the responsibility of carrying the work forward to the point where the indigenous church can take it over as the proper agency through which the evangelization of the nation as a whole is to be achieved. This preparatory work does, however, involve a great deal of personal evangelism. Through this the missionary helps to provide the membership of the indigenous church. He is also given the privilege of helping to train its future leadership. The coming of a time when he, himself, can be eliminated is a proof that his function has in a degree been faithfully performed. Ideally, he ought to rejoice when that time comes, though actually he finds it difficult to reconcile himself to the fact that the work can progress without his guiding hand. Perhaps the greatest lesson for the missionary to learn is that while we human agents plant and water, it is God that giveth the increase. Our work is but the preparation for the great miracle of transformation in those for whose conversion we are sometimes tempted to claim the credit. Phillips Brooks perhaps had this in mind when he said, "Our task is to take Christ to Japan and leave him there."

A month or so before my final departure, I received a cablegram notifying me that I had been elected Bishop of Michigan. While I appreciated greatly the honor of being chosen to succeed Bishop

Williams, I had sense enough to recognize that this was a task for which I was totally unqualified, so that I promptly declined the call. Whether I was qualified for any kind of work in America was doubtful, but when the news came that Bishop Brown's nomination of me as Professor of Practical Theology at the Virginia Seminary had been approved by the Trustees, I accepted the appointment in the hope that this was a post in which my missionary experience would enable me to be of some little use. These memoirs, I trust, indicate that my twenty-four years in Japan had been so full of happiness that I had no right to worry about what the future might have in store for me. When I responded to the call to Japan, like Abraham I went out not knowing whither I was going. In my return to America I at least knew what my starting point would be. There was no use in being concerned about whether it would prove to be my permanent post of duty or only a starting point for some other field of service. That question could be safely left in the hands of God.

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